

Author of *White Identity* and *Paved with Good Intentions*

Jared
Taylor

IF WE DO NOTHING

Essays and reviews from 25 years of white advocacy

Author of *White Identity* and *Paved with Good Intentions*.

Jared
Taylor

IF WE DO NOTHING

Essays and reviews from 25 years of white advocacy.

If We Do Nothing

Essays and reviews from 25 years of
white advocacy

Also by Jared Taylor:

Shadows of the Rising Sun: A Critical View of the Japanese Miracle

The Tyranny of the New and Other Essays

Paved With Good Intentions: Race Relations in Contemporary America

White Identity: Racial Consciousness in the 21st Century

Also available from New Century Books:

Paved With Good Intentions:

The Failure of Race Relations in Contemporary America

A Race Against Time:

Racial Heresies for the 21st Century

Race and Reason: A Yankee View

The Affirmative Action Hoax:

Diversity, the Importance of Character, and Other Lies

The Real American Dilemma:

Race, Immigration, and the Future of America

Why Race Matters:

Race Differences and What They Mean

Essential Writings on Race

White Identity:

Racial Consciousness in the 21st Century

Face to Face With Race

IF WE DO NOTHING

*Essays and reviews from
25 years of white advocacy*

by
Jared Taylor

Copyright © 2017 by New Century Foundation
New Century Books

Cover design by Kevin I. Slaughter

Published in conjunction with:
American Renaissance (www.AmRen.com)

ISBN No. 978-0-9838910-4-8

Introduction

For several years, friends have urged me to collect my best writing from the last 25 years into a single volume. It is flattering to think there could be a demand for such a book, but I resisted the idea. First, a collection of my “best work” at age 65 has a disturbing air of finality. Will I write enough good pieces over the *next* 25 years to justify “Volume Two,” or is this the end of the line?

Second, there is the problem of what to put in and leave out. I have written several books, in which I developed what I think are my best contributions to the questions of race relations and what they mean for whites. *Paved With Good Intentions* (1992) and *White Identity* (2011) are full of serious stuff of that kind, and I have tried to avoid covering the same ground. Still, most of my other writing is related to the central themes of those books; for those of us who have a correct understanding of race, the failure of Western man to take the most basic steps to ensure his own survival is a tragedy that is never entirely out of our minds.

The first chapter therefore touches on those themes, but from various angles. In “The Ways of our People,” for example, I have tried to understand *why* Western man seems to have chosen oblivion rather than survival. This is such an unnatural choice it cries out for explanation.

The second chapter, on history, is a different way of trying to understand the strange inability of whites to defend their own interests. In “The Racial Ideology of Empire,” I describe the surprising reluctance of Europeans, even at the height of the Age of Empire, to act in explicitly racial ways. We assume that the men who built the French and British empires had a strong racial consciousness, which has simply been lost. Not so. The white man’s ambivalence about race goes back a long time.

“The Real Story of *Brown v. Board*” is a much more recent case of the white man’s failure to understand race. It is the most praised and admired Supreme Court decision in American history; it is also a misreading of the Constitution, was arrived at through unethical collusion, and led to the agony of forced school integration, which drove whites out of America’s

cities. None of this matters to *Brown's* admirers because it was based on delusions they share to this day.

The third chapter, on current events, contains the passage that is the favorite of those who want to prove that I am a "racist." It is the conclusion of an article about the degenerate behavior of blacks in New Orleans after Hurricane Katrina:

The races are different. Blacks and whites are different. When blacks are left entirely to their own devices, Western Civilization—any kind of civilization—disappears. And in a crisis, it disappears overnight.

This is probably the harshest thing I have ever written about blacks, but I will stand by it until proven wrong. It will be hard to prove me wrong because blacks are never left entirely to their own devices. Even in the darkest corners of Haiti and Africa there are automobiles, cell phones, and electric generators. When misery reaches front-page proportions, there is foreign aid. But even with the technology and charity of the white man, is there an entirely black-run country—or even a city—that rises above survival and contributes to what can honestly be called "civilization?" If there is, readers will doubtless let me know.

The fourth chapter is called "A Different Perspective," and I have tried to include articles that justify that faintly self-congratulatory title. The first piece expresses my genuine bewilderment at the adulation Rosa Parks got all her life and especially after she died. People love myths and heroes, but can I really be the only person who thinks that sitting down on a bus does not make someone a hero? Every other article in this chapter is likewise an expression of bewilderment; maybe a better title would have been "Out of Step."

The last chapter says a few things about me. I think many writers talk more than they should about themselves, so this chapter is shorter than the others. It also includes my recollections of two men whom I was lucky to know well: Sam Francis and Joe Sobran. It is sobering when members of your own generation die; it is tragic when truly brilliant minds are snuffed out. I have tried to convey something of what it was like to be in the company of those remarkable men.

Finally, I would like to thank Chris Roberts and Henry Wolff of the staff of American Renaissance for pestering me to the point of actually putting this collection together and for proofing the text. They made excellent

suggestions on what to include; I overruled them only a few times, even though they were probably right.

I would also like to thank Kevin Slaughter for managing to turn a photograph of me into an attractive book cover. Even a collection of my own previously published articles has turned out to be very much a collaborative effort.

Jared Taylor, Oakton, Virginia

June 21, 2017

Contents

1. BASIC PRINCIPLES

[If We Do Nothing](#)

[The Ways of Our People](#)

[Is a Multiracial Nation Possible?](#)

[White Survival: Beyond Conservative and Liberal](#)

[Diversity Destroys Trust](#)

[Pathological Altruism](#)

[What We Owe Our People](#)

2. HISTORY

[The Racial Ideology of Empire](#)

[*Brown vs. Board*: the Real Story](#)

[Miscegenation at Monticello?](#)

[Africa Since Independence](#)

3. CURRENT EVENTS

[Hot Times in the Big City](#)

[Thoughts Worse Than Murder](#)

[Africa in Our Midst](#)

[Hard Time](#)

[Open Letter to Eric Holder](#)

[President Obama on Ferguson](#)

[The *New York Times* Stumbles onto the Truth](#)

[How New Americans Are Made](#)

[Is This the Death of Europe?](#)

4. A DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVE

[A Curious Madness](#)

[The Truth About Tuskegee](#)

[Milking the Dream](#)

[La Raza Eyes the Supreme Court](#)

[Noble Fiction—Or Noxious Poison?](#)

[Transition to Black Rule?](#)

[Race and Literature: Why Is It Always Liberal?](#)

[An Open Letter to Conservatives](#)

[The Folly of Women in Combat](#)

[The Rush for the Lifeboats](#)

5. SPEAKING PERSONALLY

[Why I Hate the Super Bowl](#)

[The White Magic of Anthony Trollope](#)

[Unsexing the Language](#)

[150 Years After Fort Sumter](#)

[Heroic Violence](#)

[Remembering Joe Sobran](#)

[Sam Francis, RIP](#)

1. Basic Principles

If We Do Nothing

THE NATION WE ARE BUILDING IS ONE IN WHICH WE WOULD NOT WISH TO LIVE.

This is the text of the speech I gave at the first American Renaissance conference, in Atlanta in 1994. The statistics with which I began the speech are now out of date—and even more worrying. Whites are now expected to become a minority in the United States by 2043. In 2013, there were more births to non-white mothers than to white mothers, and the disproportion has grown every year since then.

In March, the Census Bureau released its periodic projection of the ethnic makeup of the United States during the next few decades. It reported cheerfully that if current immigration and birth rates hold steady, by the year 2050 the percentage of Hispanics will have increased from 10 to 25 percent, that of Asians from three to eight percent, and that of blacks from 12 to 14 percent. All these increases will come at the expense of whites, who are projected to fall from 74 percent of the population to about 50 percent.

Within 54 years, therefore, whites will be on the brink of becoming just one more racial minority. And because whites are having so few children, they will be an *old* minority. Within just 34 years—by 2030—they will already account for less than half the population under age 18, but will be three quarters of the population over 65. Some of the people reading these words will be alive when these things come to pass.

As usual, the Census Bureau's projections stirred little interest. The *New York Times* did note that the projected changes would represent “a profound demographic shift” and that the future mix of old whites and young blacks and Hispanics might give the debate about Social Security “a racial and ethnic tinge.” This seemed to be the most disturbing thing the *Times* could think of.

Why is there almost complete silence about a population shift that, if it takes place, will transform much of the country beyond recognition? Why is

there no debate about what this would mean in terms of education, politics, democracy, the jury system, national unity, racial friction, crime, foreign policy, labor productivity, or virtually any other national indicator?

The demographic future of the United States is perhaps the most important question we face, yet it receives no attention. Most whites simply refuse to think about what is happening to their country or about the third-world future they are ensuring for their children and grandchildren. Those who do think about demographic change have been browbeaten into believing that it is inevitable and that resistance would, somehow, be immoral.

What makes the silence so unaccountable is that there is very little mystery about the nature of the changes we can anticipate. Miami and Detroit and Monterey Park, California are good examples of what happens when a city becomes Hispanic, black, or Asian. The details of the transformation are interesting, but it is sufficient to note the obvious: Once the concentration of non-whites reaches a certain level, whites cannot or will not live among them. Except in a few gilded enclaves, there are virtually no whites left in Miami or Detroit or Monterey Park. "White flight" is a universal fact of American life. Liberals may deplore it, but no one can deny it.

In the 1960s and 1970s, whites were generally fleeing blacks, but the great black migrations have largely come to an end, and whites have reestablished distance between the two races. In recent decades, it is massive, non-white immigration that most often drives whites from their neighborhoods, and continuing immigration only hardens the alien character of these places. No one believes that the arrival of yet more Haitians, Guatemalans, Mexicans, Jamaicans, or Vietnamese will somehow restore the former character of South Central Los Angeles or Miami and induce whites to move back.

The process works the other way. As their numbers increase, non-whites continue to expand into adjacent areas. Whites, many of whom fled their homes in the face of the first incursion, move away once again.

This, then, will be one of the certain effects of demographic change: More and more parts of the United States will become, for whites, essentially uninhabitable. It will be *physically possible* for whites to live with the Mexicans of Brownsville, Texas or the blacks of Camden, New Jersey but such places will be almost as alien and as uninviting as Oaxaca

or Mombasa. They will actually be more uninviting. The people of Oaxaca and Mombasa like and admire white Americans, whereas those of Brownsville and Camden have a strong and sometimes violent dislike for whites.

There is much irony in the course on which our nation has been set. Most white Americans can think of any number of communities or neighborhoods in which they might want to live. Not one is likely to have a non-white majority. Likewise, most whites cannot name a single non-white community in which they could bear to live. Furthermore, if one were to ask whites what countries they might move to if they had to leave the United States, almost all will mention a European country, Canada, Australia, or New Zealand. All are white. Our country has therefore embarked on a course that will make ever larger parts of it inhospitable, even off-limits, to whites. Eventually the country as a whole could become one in which whites would not wish to live.

At some level, everyone in America understands this. Not even the most deluded white liberals live in Harlem or Watts or South Central Los Angeles, or in any of a thousand other neighborhoods that have been transformed by non-whites. Despite their pronouncements about the vital importance and desirability of integration, virtually no white is willing to take the most obvious step towards making it happen: buy a house in a black neighborhood.

Destroying the Infrastructure

Where it matters most—where they make their homes and rear their children—even the most liberal whites suddenly demonstrate a grasp of reality at odds with what they claim to believe and stand for. Even they have noticed that although the details of non-white dispossession differ according to the part of the country and the people who arrive, something essential is always lost when whites move away.

Blacks frighten even the most ardent integrationists. East Coast blacks, in particular, have the disconcerting habit of physically destroying the cities they move into. Detroit, Newark, the South Bronx, Camden, North Philadelphia, and the South Side of Chicago now have huge expanses of vacant lots and derelict buildings.

Detroit can no longer afford to serve some of its most blighted, sparsely inhabited neighborhoods. It is considering moving out the few remaining people and decommissioning whole sections of itself—shutting off utilities,

stopping mail delivery, pulling out bus lines, ending police and fire service, and letting nature take over. There are similarly stark proposals for parts of down-town Detroit, where empty skyscrapers tower over deserted streets. Some people want to turn the area into a theme park for urban architecture—like the ghost towns in the West.

Blacks have destroyed cities in several ways. One is arson. Many East Coast neighborhoods never completely rebuilt after the race riots of the 1960s. Today, black youngsters in Detroit, Newark, and elsewhere celebrate Halloween eve—which they call Devil’s Night—by burning down as many houses as they can. Other buildings, often charming turn-of-the-century townhouses, become uninhabitable because no one bothers to maintain them. Others are simply abandoned as the decent, responsible blacks flee crime and degeneracy. The result is the blasted, vacant look of so many Eastern black ghettos. Entire cities have slowly shifted away from the parts that blacks have occupied, as whites build homes and businesses away from the expanding blight. In what were once the centers of important cities, whole chapters of urban history have been wiped away. Not a trace remains of generations of industrious whites who worked hard, reared children, and hoped for a better future.

Hispanics do not ordinarily tear cities down, though the 1992 Los Angeles riots showed that they can sometimes burn and loot their own neighborhoods just as blacks sometimes do. Likewise, the Puerto Rican sections in New York’s outer borough can be as menacing as any inhabited by blacks.

Hispanics have a different effect. They bring crime and lower the quality of public schools—reasons enough for whites to move out—but they also bring an alienness blacks do not. Many are willing to live ten to a room, turn garages into bedrooms, park cars in the front yard, keep chickens, and practice a gaudy, third-world version of Catholicism. But the greatest sign of alienness is Spanish. The airwaves, magazine racks, storefronts, and the very air itself ring with a language most whites do not understand. The occasional passing car marked “Police” rather than “Policía” is a reminder that this is still, theoretically, the United States.

In 1991, the president of a black homeowners association in South Central Los Angeles explained her opposition to a wave of Mexicans moving into a formerly black area: “It’s a different culture, a different breed of people. They don’t have the same values. You can’t get together with

them. It's like mixing oil and water." The now-forgotten and long-departed white residents may well have said the same things about blacks.

When Asians arrive in large numbers, their effect is more ambiguous. Some North Asian groups commit fewer crimes than whites, make more money, and do better in school. Others, like the Hmong and the Cambodians, have fantastically high rates of poverty and welfare dependency. However, *it does not matter* whether Japanese or Chinese build societies that are, in some respects, objectively superior to those of Europeans. It matters only that they are *different*.

When large numbers of North Asian immigrants moved into Monterey Park, California, the long-term white residents did not leave because the newcomers rioted, opened crack houses, covered walls with graffiti, or were rapists and robbers. They moved because Monterey Park, in countless ways, ceased to be the town in which they had grown up or the town to which they had moved.

The merchandise in the stores and the faces behind the counters changed. So many signs appeared in strange languages that the fire department insisted that at least street numbers be legible to English-speakers. Even city council meetings began to include exchanges in languages other than English. The new-comers reworked zoning laws to permit businesses in what had been residential neighborhoods. Asians bought the little bungalows whites had lived in, bulldozed them, cut down all the trees, and built huge new houses nearly out to the property line.

All these changes and many others—some of them vastly more troubling than issues that are routinely put to the voters to decide—took place without the permission or consent of the whites who had lived there for years. One unhappy resident paid for a billboard that said, "Would the last American to leave Monterey Park please take down the flag."

Once again, the significance of racial change does not lie in the particulars. It lies in the fact of unwelcome, uncalled for, irreversible change. People have every right to expect their children and their children's children to be able to grow up and walk in the ways of their ancestors. They have a powerful, natural desire that their grandchildren be like them—that they speak the same language, sing the same songs, tell the same stories, pray to the same God, take pride in the same past, hope the same hopes, love the same nation, and honor the same traditions. The crucial elements of peoplehood cannot be preserved in the face of a flood of aliens, especially

when the central institutions of the nation itself preach fashionable falsehoods about the equivalence of all races, cultures, and peoples.

Most people who grew up in America want to grow old in America, not in some bustling outpost of Mexico or Southeast Asia. They should not have to move to Montana or Idaho in order to grow old with people like themselves. Eventually, of course, if the foreign outposts continue to expand, there will be no refuge in Montana and Idaho either. This, then, is the effect of racial change at the local level: Whites become refugees in their own land.

What will happen at the national level? We cannot be sure but we can guess. Many non-whites now seem genuinely to believe that equal treatment requires preferences for themselves. It may yet be possible to abolish racial preferences while whites are still a majority, but what will prevent their reappearance when whites become a minority?

Whites will still have higher incomes than blacks and Hispanics, but this will be seen only as proof of white wickedness and exploitation. Is it so outlandish to imagine outright confiscation of property owned by whites? supplemental taxes for whites? sumptuary laws? exclusion from certain professions? Asians will also be a small but successful racial minority, and their wealth, too, is likely to attract unwelcome government attention.

What sort of foreign policy would a non-white America have? What would it do—or not do—with nuclear weapons? What sort of public health standards would it maintain? How would a third-world America treat its national parks, its forests, its rivers? So far, only whites have shown much interest in the environment.

In the long term, there is some doubt that a non-white America could even maintain a functioning democracy or any semblance of the rule of law. The record of non-white nations suggests not. Even if our forms of government survive, what fanciful, anti-white readings will a black and Hispanic Supreme Court find in the Constitution? What subjects or opinions will be found to lie outside the protection of the First Amendment?

Not an Ounce of Sympathy

But these will be future concerns. To return to the present, in the United States today, there is not an ounce of public sympathy for whites who escape when the neighborhood turns black or Mexican. The theory is that only ignorant bigots run away from non-whites, but the fact is that people with money never even have to face the problem. As Joseph Sobran once

explained, “The purpose of a college education is to give people the right attitudes about minorities and the means to live as far away from them as possible.”

And, indeed, college-educated, right-thinking people have come up with a whole set of mental exercises for the working class unfortunates who do not have the money to send their children to private school. The first exercise is to try as hard as possible to believe that aliens and strangers are bearers of a special gift called diversity. We are not being displaced; we are being enriched and strengthened.

Of course, the idea that racial diversity is a strength is so obviously stupid that only very intelligent people could have thought it up. There is not one multiracial anything in America that doesn’t suffer from racial friction. Our country has established a gigantic system of laws, diversity commissions, racial watchdog groups, EEO officers, and outreach committees as part of a huge, clanking machine to regulate and try to control racial diversity—this dangerous, volatile thing that is supposed to be such a source of strength. People are so exhausted by this source of strength that they run from it the first chance they get. Families, churches, clubs, and private parties—anything not yet regulated by the government—tend to be racially homogeneous.

Nothing could be more obvious: Diversity of race or tribe or language or religion is the main reasons people kill each other on a large scale. Diversity—within the same territory—is strife, not strength.

Another comical idea is that a “diverse” workforce is somehow a great advantage for business or world trade. This is one of those giant, untested notions that otherwise skeptical people swallow without a gurgle. Ninety-nine percent of the things we buy have nothing to do with “diversity.” No one cares whether his computer was assembled by a Chinaman or a Dane or whether his bread was baked by a robot or a chimpanzee.

It does *not* take an Irishman to sell things to the Irish. The world’s most successful trading nations today are Japan, Korea, Taiwan, and China, none of which has even heard of “diversity” or “tolerance.” American companies are full of blather about multiracial workforces that “look like America”—and are constantly being whipped in their own markets by workforces that look like Yokohama.

At the same time, people seem to be too dazed by this incomprehensible diversity argument to notice that it seems to be only whites who suffer from

the paralysis of homogeneity and for whom diversity is going to be such a tonic. No one is urging Howard University, which is overwhelmingly black, to recruit Hispanics or Asians so its students can benefit from racial diversity. No one is suggesting that Mexico should start an immigration program to reduce Hispanics to a minority in a few decades. But if racial diversity is such a great thing for the United States, why not for Mexico, too? Why not for Howard and for all the other “historically black” universities?

If white Americans were pouring across the border into Mexico demanding that their children be educated in English, insisting on welfare, demonstrating for ballot papers in English rather than Spanish, demanding voting rights for aliens, celebrating July 4th rather than Cinco de Mayo, could anyone trick the Mexicans into thinking this was joyous diversity? No. The Mexicans would recognize an invasion when they saw one. They would open fire.

There used to be much talk about “ugly Americans,” who traveled overseas expecting to find hamburgers and English-speakers, and who ignorantly deprecated the quaint customs of the natives. We were supposed to be deeply ashamed of them—and they were only tourists! “Ugly Mexicans” and “ugly Haitians” come here *to live permanently*, but we are supposed to be endlessly sensitive to their peculiarities, and revel in the diversity of toadying to their ethnic demands.

“Racial diversity,” therefore, is strictly a one-way street. Only whites are ever expected to practice it or benefit from it. The ultimate insult is to expect whites to *celebrate* diversity. This is nothing less than asking them to celebrate their own capitulation, their dwindling numbers and declining influence. The astonishing thing is that so many whites actually do go through the motions of rejoicing in their decline.

Just Deserts

Of course, a few whites refuse to believe that dispossession is a fine thing. For these stubborn cases, there is a completely different argument to justify demographic shift: Whites took America away from the Indians, so it is now someone else’s turn. This argument is made by the same people who chant the mantra of diversity, but it implicitly concedes that diversity is a fraud.

Diversity advocates *never* suggest that what happened to the Indians was a good thing. But have Indians not benefited more than any other people in

history from the joys of precisely the kind of diversity whites are, today, supposed to welcome? If diversity is to be celebrated, it should be Christmas all year 'round for the Indians. Of course, no one tries to make this point. The you-took-it-away-from-the-Indians argument recognizes that the European conquest of the continent was a catastrophe for Indians and that what is happening now is a catastrophe for whites. It is a catastrophe whites are supposed to accept cheerfully because they took America from its rightful owners.

But this, too, is a completely one-sided argument. The Indians repeatedly took land from each other, exterminating entire enemy villages. It was only when whites did the same thing—more successfully—that it became a crime.

If whites are supposed to stand aside while every third-world tribe marches into the United States because whites took the country from Indians, then the Lakota should have stood aside for the Europeans—because they took land away from the Pawnee, Ponca, Arikara, Iowa, Mandan, Hidatsa, Assiniboine, and Crow. Needless to say, current orthodoxy holds that for Indians it makes no difference how many people they killed to get the land or how recently; it was theirs to defend with every means at their disposal. Whites, on the other hand, have an unending debt not just to the descendants of the peoples they refrained from exterminating but to every other non-white people on the face of the earth. Just like fairy tales about the joys of diversity, the land-title argument is used exclusively to criticize and demoralize whites.

Successful Societies

What is it, though, that gives rise to movements of peoples and debates about who has rights to the land? It is the fact that whites build successful societies non-whites want to move into. Generous Nicaraguans and Haitians do not come to America eager to share the gift of “diversity” with poor, benighted white people who are about to expire from an advanced case of homogeneity. They come because their societies don’t work and they know life will be better here.

The same process is at work in Europe, Australia, Canada, and New Zealand. Whites establish the most desirable societies in the history of man. Desperate people from failed, non-white societies are willing to risk nearly everything—sometimes even their lives—for a chance to live in these societies.

If Europeans had turned North America into a giant pesthole no one would want to come. No one would then have to think up reasons why everyone had the right to come, or why whites actually benefit from being outnumbered and pushed aside by people unlike themselves.

The same is true on a smaller scale. Rarely is it ever said, but in the United States virtually every desirable place to live, work, or go to school is desirable because whites made it that way. Non-whites naturally want access to these places even if they did not—and could not—create them. This is why it is always non-whites who are pushing their ways into white institutions—never the other way around—and why all the overblown dramas of “exclusion,” “tolerance,” “justice,” and “racism” are played out on white territory and put whites on the defensive.

Whites are not, of course, clamoring to get into Howard University, live in Harlem, or to move to Guatemala. But if there were something rare and desirable in those places, the non-whites who made them desirable would fight to keep others out.

The sad truth is that, generally speaking, once non-whites have gotten what they want, and have arrived in large numbers in what were previously white institutions or neighborhoods, those institutions and neighborhoods slowly lose the qualities that attracted non-whites in the first place. Whites leave, and the spoor of European man begins to fade. For the most part, third-world immigrants eventually recreate in the United States the societies they left behind—with all the shortcomings that prompted them to leave home in the first place.

The mystery in all this is not why non-whites want the benefits of white society, but why whites are so willing to hand over to strangers the land of their ancestors—why they appear to be so willing to permit aliens to occupy and transform their nation. Just like every other argument about race in America today, white passivity is based on yet another double standard: Non-whites have powerful and legitimate group interests but whites act as though they do not.

Before he was assassinated, Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin explained that what mattered most to him as an Israeli was that his country remain at least 80 percent Jewish. No one suggested that Mr. Rabin was a bigot or hatemonger—and of course he was not. He was merely stating the obvious: That if Israel ceased to be predominantly Jewish it would change in irreversible ways that would be intolerable to Jews.

Mexicans, Japanese, Algerians, Senegalese—all non-whites understand that demographic transformation is a national calamity. It is so obvious it need not even be stated. For whites it is just as much a national calamity, and the morality and reasoning of a white who wants America to stay at least 80 percent white are exactly the same as those of Yitzhak Rabin.

The forms of civility, the folkways, the demeanor and the texture of life that whites take for granted cannot survive the embrace of large numbers of aliens. The things whites love most about culture and human society have not survived in Detroit and Miami. It is not considered “nice” to say so; it prompts shouts of “racism” to say so. But it is because the things they love have not survived that whites have moved away from Detroit and Miami. Individually, whites react in an entirely natural way to racial change. *American Renaissance* is unusual only in making explicit what virtually all whites feel but never say.

The crisis that whites face today is that for fear of being called “racists,” for fear of being thought not nice, they seem prepared to let their country change in ways that they know will not be an improvement. How can it be good for America—or good for whites—for it to become increasingly like those very parts of the country in which they refuse to live?

Whites are so fearful of the charge of “racism” that they are unwilling even to discuss what they might do to avoid leaving a third-world nation to their grandchildren. Whites are therefore preparing to pass on to future generations a nation in which they might well be unwilling to live.

The colonists did not fight for independence from Britain in order for our generation to turn this country over to Mexicans and Haitians. The Founders did not frame the Constitution to celebrate diversity. Americans did not spill their blood at Gettysburg or in Europe or the Pacific for multiculturalism. And yet, the rightful heirs to what could have been a shining beacon of Western Civilization are giving up their country without a struggle—for fear that to do otherwise would be “racist.”

What we are witnessing is one of the great tragedies in human history. Powerful forces are in motion that, if left unchecked, will slowly push aside European man and European civilization and then dance a victory jig on their collective grave. If we do nothing, the nation we leave to our children and grandchildren will be a desolated, third-world failure, in which whites will be a despised minority. Western Civilization will be a faint echo,

vilified if it is even audible. There is no other tragedy that is at once so great, so unnatural, and so unnecessary.

This article originally appeared in the June 1996 issue of American Renaissance.

The Ways of Our People

WHAT ARE WE FIGHTING TO PRESERVE, AND WHY IS IT THREATENED?

Are the white man and his civilization unique? Do they deserve our loyalty? Why have so many whites lost all racial consciousness?

These questions should never have to be asked. No healthy people ever doubts its own legitimacy—even its *superiority*. According to the French proverb, every nation thinks itself better than its neighbors, and every nation is right. Not even the most primitive tribe of New Guinea is likely ever to take an inventory of its characteristics to determine whether it should step aside so other people can take its place. No matter how squalid or degenerate they may appear to others they are, in their own minds, the finest people on earth.

All non-whites think this way. Neither the Japanese nor the Mexicans nor the Malays nor the Israelis tolerate alien incursion or displacement. They fight these things instinctively, without having to explain to each other why they fight them and why they should survive as a people. Only whites pretend that pluralism and displacement are good, and that the measures necessary to ensure group survival may be immoral.

This article is a reluctant investigation of some of these questions. It is a survey of characteristics that I believe distinguish whites from other races, but it is also an attempt to understand why whites, all around the world, seem to have lost their racial consciousness and their will to survive as a group. This matter of capitulation is the most troubling of all, but an explanation for it may lie in a better understanding of the distinctive traits of whites. In describing the ways of our people we may find that the very things that set us apart from others are what paralyze us. What we think of as our virtues have become, through degeneration, potentially fatal weaknesses.

After all, our enemies are not Africans or Latin Americans or Asians. Other races are happy to take whatever we are foolish enough to give them. It is we who have brought dispossession upon ourselves, so we must look to our own natures if we are to understand why we have done so.

Who Are We?

There is a common thread to the modern characteristics of European man, and he carries these characteristics wherever he migrates. This common thread is an abiding sense of reciprocity, a conviction that others

have rights that must be respected. This conviction, which can be described as a kind of public morality, is at the heart of the institutions that are common to most white societies and absent from most non-white ones: democracy, free speech, and the rule of law.

European societies have also given rise to a broad range of non-political traditions also based on concern for others. These established the unique texture of life among whites, but now virtually all of these traditions have changed in ways that make them threats to our survival.

Given the self-centered nature of man, democracy is an unlikely development. It is based on the assumption that the opinions of all voters are of equal worth. This is remarkable, even excessive respect for others. History records few examples of people with power who willingly gave it up just because a majority of voters asked them to. This requires the powerful to subordinate their ambition to the opinions of strangers and, for the most part, only whites can manage this. A few Asian nations have developed a tenuous tradition of democracy, but only among whites is it taken for granted.

The same can be said for the rule of law. The idea that power is not self-justifying requires an understanding that others have legitimate rights. In virtually every non-white society, the power-holding clique enforces laws in a corrupt way that serves its own interests. Everyone accepts this. Although powerful whites sometimes evade the law, white societies are built on the assumption that justice is blind and that everyone is equal before the law.

One of our peculiar government rituals requires that American politicians disclose their incomes and net worths. Africans and other third-worlders are astonished at how small they are. Many non-whites take it for granted that political power is a license to steal and cannot understand how our presidents and governors manage to steal so little.

Another almost uniquely European characteristic founded on recognition of the rights of others is legal protection against censorship. The temptation to suppress the speech of others is always strong; most non-white regimes give in to it without a second thought. Though we will return to this question, the rise of anti-“hate” laws in Europe and Canada that prohibit speech thought to offend protected minorities, is a significant step backwards in the evolution of European principles. It is a good example of the disease that now afflicts us, however: the perversion of good qualities into their opposites. Guarantees of free speech, enacted out of respect for

human rights, are being abridged—in the name of even greater respect for human rights.

Another white expression of concern for others is the elimination of hereditary class distinctions and the provision of public education. Westerners take for granted the ideal that citizens should rise or fall according to their abilities rather than according to status at birth. This is still an infant concept in many non-white societies.

Sportsmanship and chivalry

Respect for others suffuses the other qualities we think of as typifying Western man. Ideals of sportsmanship, for example, curb triumphalism and protect the loser from humiliation. They are also meant to instill in competitors a respect for fair play that is more powerful than the desire to win. In its most extreme form, fair play requires that a player refuse to believe he was cheated.

In his younger days Teddy Roosevelt pursued “the strenuous life.” Historians write of the time he was in a boxing match when the gong sounded the end of the round. Just as Roosevelt dropped his guard his opponent let fly and hit him square in the face.

Blood gushed from Roosevelt’s nose. A growl of disapproval rose from the crowd. Roosevelt went to the edge of the ring and shouted: “He didn’t hear the bell. He didn’t hear the bell.”

The history of the penalty kick in British soccer reflects the same tradition. The kick was granted on the assumption that a player who was fouled within scoring distance must have been deliberately fouled. When soccer became a professional sport, many former British amateurs would not take the penalty kick. They refused to believe that anyone in their sport could commit a deliberate foul.

Rooting for the underdog is another European sporting tradition. This, too, shows Western man’s concern for the other person’s point of view. Some competitors may be no-hopers, but we cheer their efforts and hope for the unexpected upset. For many non-whites, this is incomprehensible.

The swaggering, “trash talk,” corner cutting, and absence of gentlemanly play common in sports today are largely the importation of non-white behavior into a previously white arena. Sadly, many whites have been infected and act just as loutishly.

One of the most dramatic ways, though, in which whites differ from all other peoples is in their treatment of women. For American Indians and

Africans, women were beasts of burden. Muslims kept women out of sight, and Confucianists reserved for them a distinctly servile role. A recent Prime Minister of Japan, Kakuei Tanaka, urged a new son-in-law to slap the prime minister's daughter around occasionally. It was the best way to keep her in line, he explained, giving some substance to the view that in Japan the status of a woman is somewhere between that of a man and a bird.

Only in the West was the objectively weaker sex elevated and protected through an elaborate code of chivalry. Only white men traditionally stand in the presence of a woman, hold doors for her, carry her burdens. Nearly 2,000 years ago, the Roman historian Tacitus was struck by the high regard in which Germanic tribesmen held women. He thought it remarkable that even the most powerful men were content with only one wife and that women were admitted to councils of war. Like all members of white societies, women have rights and sensibilities that must be respected.

The idea of love and romance is likewise almost exclusively European. Nowhere but in the West has it ever been supposed that men and women could share a romantic love that lasted until death. Many couples fall short of this standard, but the standard itself is virtually without parallel. What passes for "love" in such famous non-white literary works as *The Tale of Genji* or *Tales From the Arabian Nights* is brutish womanizing by the standards of Western romance.

It is unlikely that the concept of *noblesse oblige* has non-white parallels. It is probably only Europeans who believe that the wealthy and high born have particular, unwritten obligations. It is no accident that the welfare state is an almost exclusively white enterprise. It is a logical extension of the tradition of private charity and philanthropy—likewise fully developed only in the West. Muslim societies have the *zakah*, or obligatory alms for the poor, but among the people of no other race are found the habits and institutions of charity common to Western man. Nowhere else is there so much volunteer work or even an understanding of what it is.

Another exclusively European expression of concern for others is the missionary calling. Although it is fashionable to mock Christian missionaries, they made tremendous sacrifices to bring what they believed were truth and salvation to people who would otherwise burn in hell. Other people—even foreigners—not only had rights, they had immortal souls that it was the white man's duty to save.

Whites also show concern for others by protecting wildlife and the environment. People preserve the environment for future generations because those not yet born have rights, too. Third-world nations are notoriously unconcerned about the environment, partly because they may be too poor to afford to care, but also because they do not share Western preoccupations. The green movement was inspired by whites and continues to be the work, almost exclusively, of whites.

One need go no further than a multiracial city to see who cares about the *immediate* environment. For example, the annual celebration of Puerto Rico Day in New York City leaves the streets clogged with trash. The rather different clientele that picnics on the Great Lawn in Central Park before a free symphony concert leaves scarcely a scrap of paper behind. We are told that differences in income explain differences in behavior, but the poor can pick up trash as easily as the rich.

Efforts to protect wildlife are a lopsidedly white concern. The Japanese, who are as rich as Westerners, would rather eat whales than save them. Hong Kong Chinese, many of whom are millionaires, continue to pep themselves up with doses of rhino horn without regard to what this may cost the rhinoceros. Nor do they seem to care that every serving of bear paws means another dead bear.

Campaigns to protect the wild life of Africa are likewise mainly a white concern. African leaders who, themselves, take little interest in lions or elephants, use the threat of extinction to extract aid from whites. Similarly, South Americans play on European worries about shrinking rain forests.

The black sociologist, Elijah Anderson, in his 1990 book, *Street Wise*, describes how differently blacks and whites feel about dogs. Inner city blacks do not think of dogs as companions but as useful animals that can be trained to terrify and attack people. Prof. Anderson reports that they are disgusted to see whites, on their knees, hugging dogs and burying their faces in their fur.

A strictly utilitarian, even exploitative attitude toward animals is common in the third world. It is rare to see a sign of affection or kindness for the donkeys, camels, and draft animals that still power much of the non-white world. A Tunisian would be amazed at the homes for retired donkeys that are found in Britain. Laws against cruelty to animals are an almost uniquely white phenomenon—not even the Japanese have them.

Like all European virtues, this one can get out of hand. Animal “rights” activists don’t mind putting lumberjacks out of work in order to save the spotted owl, and have disrupted scientific experiments that use animals. Some would make it illegal to eat meat. Extreme or not, this concern about the rights of others, even the rights of other species, is a white preoccupation.

Champions at ‘Saving’

Whites are the world’s unsurpassed champions at “saving” and improving things. They have fought wars to end wars, make the world safe for democracy, and—some say—to end slavery. They launch “wars” on inanimate enemies like poverty and drugs. They are always running off to feed the world, save the ozone layer, stop global warming, spread democracy, liberate women, stop acid rain, promote human rights, end child labor, legalize same-sex marriage, and persuade every man on earth to wear a condom. Much as liberals may think they disdain the missionary impulse, they far exceed their ancestors in righteous zeal. There is nothing on the planet that escapes the white obsession with doing good. For non-whites it must be an astonishing spectacle.

Where does all this moral energy come from? There is increasing evidence that personality traits—including such things as introversion/extroversion, respect for authority, strength of religious convictions, and impulsiveness—are under considerable genetic control. Fifty percent seems to be about the average figure for heritability of such traits. This means it is entirely possible that there are biological bases for racial differences in what one could call “average personality,” just as there are for differences in average intelligence.

Prof. Michael Levin has speculated about the origins of racial differences in altruism, or the capacity to respect the wishes of others. He cites evidence for inherent differences in morality, and suggests that just as local environmental pressures directed group evolution towards different levels of intelligence, they probably produced different levels of moral perception.

The way whites organize their societies may therefore reflect inherent racial traits. Respect for others, formal restraints on political power, support for the weak, the desire to keep the planet habitable—these typically white traits are all altruistic and find only incomplete parallels among non-whites.

Ways of War

Aside from these general principles for the organization of society, there are many specific historical examples of white behavior that are difficult to imagine in other races. Some of the most striking come from the conduct of war.

In the spring of 1863, the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia were camped on opposite sides of the Rappahannock river. Here is a passage from Bruce Catton's *Mr. Lincoln's Army* about one evening when massed Union bands gathered by the river in earshot of the Confederates:

Northerners and Southerners, the soldiers sang those songs ['Tramp, Tramp, Tramp,' 'Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes,' 'John Brown's Body,' etc.] or sat and listened to them in their thousands on the hillsides . . . Finally the Southerners called across, 'Now play some of ours,' so without pause the Yankee bands swung into 'Dixie,' and 'The Bonnie Blue Flag' and 'Maryland, My Maryland.' And then at last the massed bands played 'Home, Sweet Home,' and 150,000 fighting men tried to sing it and choked up and just sat there, silent, staring off into the darkness; and at last the music died away and the bandsmen put up their instruments and both armies went to bed. A few weeks later they were tearing each other apart in the lonely thickets around Chancellorsville.

Here were men whose duty was to kill each other and who, indeed, did so with great ferocity. This did not prevent the Union bandsmen from playing the tunes they knew would most please and inspire the Confederates.

Here is Mr. Catton again, in *A Stillness at Appomattox*, describing an incident that took place during the battle of Petersburg:

The 39th Massachusetts won an advanced position, losing three color-bearers, and at last was forced back, leaving its colors on the ground. Its colonel asked for volunteers to go out and get the flags. A corporal and a private responded and ran out to get them, and suddenly—and quite unexpectedly—the Confederates stopped firing, allowed the men to pick up the flags, and as they went back to the regiment the Rebels waved their hats and raised a cheer.

This was four years into the bloodiest war Americans ever fought. If these soldiers were ever going to despise their enemy, give him no quarter, and kill him at every opportunity, that point would have been reached long ago. Can we conceive of common soldiers in an African or Arab or Asian army showing as much consideration and magnanimity as these hard-pressed Confederates?

The Battle of Saratoga in 1777 produced another incident that illustrates both the gallantry of warfare among whites and the unusual status of

women. Major Ackland, on Gen. Burgoyne's staff, was shot through both legs and left on the field as the redcoats retreated. His wife was with the British forces and was deeply worried about her husband. She had had a very rough retreat along with the soldiers—12 hours without food in a driving rain—but she asked Gen. Burgoyne to petition the American commander, Gen. Gates, to let her through the lines to tend to her husband. Burgoyne was impressed that she would undertake to go several miles in the dark, cross a river, and go over to the enemy, and was moved to write this letter to General Gates:

Sir—Lacy Harriet Ackland, a lady of the first distinction of family, rank, and personal virtues, is under such concern on account of Major Ackland, her husband, wounded and a prisoner in your hands, that I cannot refuse her request to commit her to your protection. Whatever general impropriety there may be in persons in my situation and yours to solicit favors, I cannot see the uncommon perseverance in every female grace and the exaltation of character of this lady, and her very hard fortune, without testifying that your attentions to her will lay me under obligations. I am, sir, your obedient servant, J. Burgoyne. (Quoted in Edward Creasy, *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*)

She was accepted through the lines and cared for her husband. Within a week Burgoyne's army had surrendered.

This letter may strike modern ears as fantastically mannered, but it reflects a conception of the antagonist and a respect for women not likely to be found in non-white histories.

Admittedly, white armies do not always behave chivalrously, and during the Second World War, both the Axis and the Allies bombed civilians without much compunction. The Soviet Army was notoriously barbaric. A gallant attitude towards the enemy may require war on a more intimate, technologically primitive scale. Moreover, modern wars—especially those fought by democracies—are mass wars that mobilize an entire nation. The best way to do this is by demonizing the enemy and it is much easier to kill civilians if we are convinced they are demons.

Even so, armies of whites rarely commit the barbarities that have often been common among their enemies. American Indians seldom took prisoners unless it was to torture them for sport. They liked to strip the bodies of enemy dead and mutilate them, as the U.S. Cavalry found when it arrived, too late, at what was left of Custer's last stand. The Viet Cong frequently killed wounded Americans they found on the battlefield, and the cruelty of Japanese troops in China and the Pacific is well recorded. A few

unfortunate exceptions in the Balkans notwithstanding, what soldier today, given a choice, would surrender to a non-white rather than a white army?

Of course, it is the fashion today to describe whites as uniquely violent. Our critics point to the butcheries of the Second World War as proof. Of course, the scale of the killing only reflected European and American technological genius.

Far more remarkable than the violence done by whites is the violence they have not done. In the history of that near-universal institution, slavery, only whites ever thought up philosophical justifications for it because only they had bad consciences about it. Other peoples simply took slaves when they could. When whites persuaded themselves that slavery was wrong, they not only abolished it within their own realms but forced abolition on reluctant non-whites. It is pure, anti-white nonsense to pretend that American slavery was somehow uniquely shameful.

Whites in this century have treated non-white nations with remarkable forbearance. The European powers had established empires that included most of the rest of the world. Non-whites did not win independence; they were given freedom by whites who decided this was the moral thing to do. Now, when former colonies stumble under the weight of independence, European countries prop them up. In the colonial era, there was a name for this: the white man's burden. It was in many cases a sincerely felt desire to raise up less fortunate races.

In the 19th and 20th centuries, whites had the power to organize the planet into a system of exploitation entirely for their own benefit. They could have kept all of Asia as client states rather than permit Japan, Korea, and—soon—China to become real competitors. Whites could have dominated other races—even exterminate them—but this is simply not part of their moral repertoire.

What would the world be like if some other race had the tremendously disproportionate power that whites have had and continue to have? Would Africans or Asians act with the restraint whites have shown? Would they voluntarily sheath their weapons and instead give aid to help races less successful than themselves?

Only in the last century has the history of the world been much other than a chronicle of aggressive tribal or national aggrandizement. If, in the 1880s, the United States had decided to colonize Mexico or Central America would there have been much outcry? Today's international morality of self-

restraint is not universal, but it was established entirely by whites. It is this self-restraint, first practiced upon themselves by whites and then forced upon aggressive non-white powers *by* whites, that has changed the character of international relations. Since 1945, it has curbed large-scale war. Yet whites, ironically, are supposed to be the villains of world history.

What does any of this have to do with the defeated state of mind now common among whites? Every one of these institutions and characteristics reflect the particular morality of whites. In recent decades, every one has been perverted into something dangerous and self-destructive. Institutions that once balanced respect for the rights of others against inegalitarian reality now serve blind egalitarianism. The history of this century is the history of an almost hysterical assault on distinctions of all kinds.

Distinctions require *judgment*, and judgment is painful for those who are judged. Some people are found wanting when a society distinguishes between criminal and non-criminal, competent and incompetent, worthy and unworthy, healthy and perverse, our people and those who are not. White societies have pushed their consideration for others to impossible limits; they have lost the capacity to judge. Distinctions that are vital for survival are blurred and smoothed over in the name of “sensitivity” and “tolerance.” Recognition of inequality is now a violation of the liberal vision of man (now known, of course, as humankind).

For example, it was in the name of equality that the work of the Founding Fathers was dismantled so as to reduce representative government to something like mob democracy. Most of the restrictions on the franchise have been stripped away. Some kind of qualification is necessary to drive a car or become a barber, but any fool who turns eighteen can vote. Presidents and U.S. Senators are now chosen directly by mass ballot. The Founders were careful to distinguish their republic from a democracy, which they feared; we now have a democracy. Why has their work been undone? Because it recognized that some men are wiser than others—a subversive sentiment in this egalitarian era.

In like manner, because we can no longer judge, law has been perverted to serve the so-called rights of criminals and convicts—now sometimes thought to deserve more consideration than the law-abiding. Campus speech codes violate principles of free speech in the name of equality by fiat. High regard for women has collapsed into preposterous notions of physical and psychological equivalence of the sexes. Concern for the

common good that underlay public education has now degenerated into a preoccupation with incompetents, defectives, and other beneficiaries of “special” education. Private, voluntary charity has been overshadowed by ruthless government programs that attempt to erase distinctions by taking from the productive and giving to the unproductive.

In the military as well, distinctions are no longer permitted, so blacks, whites, Hispanics, women, and homosexuals are all thought to be interchangeable and therefore equally good soldiers. Social engineering takes precedence over effective killing. Annual efficiency reports for soldiers include an item, “Supports EO/EEO” [Equal Opportunity/Equal Employment Opportunity]. A deficiency can end a career.

The official view is that a “diverse” army is a better army. This is a demonstrated prescription for battlefield disaster. In the 19th century, under Camillo Cavour, the Italian army was made into a tool for nation-building rather than fighting. Italians from different regions were assigned to mixed units in the hope that they would develop feelings of national unity. The result was discord, desertion, and a miserable combat record. The German army, with its cohesive, homogeneous units recruited from small areas within single provinces had high morale and fought brilliantly.

One of the strangest losses of an ancient distinction has been the crumbling of adult authority. In the 1960s, all across the white world, college administrators put on fantastic displays of spinelessness as young degenerates took over buildings and issued “non-negotiable” demands. Even today, a “demonstration” or the threat of one can bring a university to its knees. The natural hierarchy of generations was destroyed in the name of equality.

All these changes have been part of an assault on virtually every difference, hierarchy, distinction, and discrimination that men have taken for granted. What we see in the United States and in other white nations is an attack on distinctions that is almost as far-reaching as the Communist attempt to destroy private enterprise.

The typical white concern for others has run amok. In public discourse and political life, not much is left of the old distinctions between man and woman, hetero- and homosexual, gifted and incompetent, citizen and alien, producer and parasite, gentleman and barbarian. This campaign has succeeded because of the altruistic inclinations that are probably inherent in whites. Down this path lies the collapse of all values.

Of course, the mandatory equality—even equivalence—of races is one of the most desperately defended illusions of this desperately egalitarian century. The illusion began to shape society first in the United States and then spread to other white nations. Racial doctrine is now at the heart of the egalitarian juggernaut that is crushing the white man. The ability to make racial distinctions has been swept away, along with the ability to make countless other distinctions.

Anyone who can see through the central lie of racial equivalence is likely to see through the other egalitarian lies. That is why whites who still make racial distinctions still make so many others.

Explanations

What has brought about the destruction of distinctions? Some people think Christianity, with its emphasis on equality before God and turning the other cheek, has fatally weakened the white man. Today, mainstream Christianity is certainly an important force for capitulation, but this is probably a symptom rather than a cause of the white man's disease. Traditional Christianity by no means requires the destruction of distinctions. Europeans have been Christian for more than a thousand years, and Christianity certainly did not undermine Stonewall Jackson's capacity to draw distinctions—nor that of the Conquistadors and Crusaders.

The faith has been pruned to suit the times. The Bible says that homosexuals are to be put to death, but today many Christians want to both ordain homosexuals and abolish the death penalty. Christianity has not changed; Christians have changed.

Some people likewise insist that Jews are to blame for the poisoned state of mind common among whites. There is no doubt Jews have taken the lead in promoting the forces of dispossession and in attacking the bases for traditional distinctions. However, they have found more than willing accomplices among non-Jews, and to blame Jews for white capitulation is a little like blaming whites for all the failures of blacks. Without a doubt, many who encourage whites in their suicidal proclivities are Jews, but those proclivities had to exist before they could be encouraged.

What precipitated the sudden cancer of egalitarianism? The devastation of the First World War made many Europeans doubt the validity of their civilization. The Second World War—another devastating blow to Western self-confidence—ended with victory by the most ideologically egalitarian nations on earth: the Soviet Union and United States. Whatever else it stood

for, the Axis fought for distinctions—national, racial, cultural, biological. Its defeat discredited eugenics and racial consciousness. It even discredited nationalism, and the United Nations was created with the goal of eliminating nationalism and national conflicts.

Material progress has also played a role in the destruction of distinctions. “Luxury is more ruthless than war,” said the Roman satirist, Juvenal. The affluence of the post-war years made it easier to cover up the disastrous results of social policy. Great wealth, forcibly redistributed to the non-productive, created the illusion of *social* as well as material progress. Higher standards of living were an excuse to ignore unspeakable degeneracy. Increasing wealth made it possible to believe that the rules of human nature had changed, and that society could be perfected.

What Whites Have Lost

However, of all the categories that the last few decades blurred, the loss of racial distinctions has the worst long-term consequences. A group cannot survive without a sense of identity. It cannot continue unless its members are aware that they are part of a group and are willing to put its interests first.

When that group is the white race, group consciousness is treated as an unalloyed evil, but in all other areas of life we take it for granted.

A family exists in a meaningful sense only if its members put family interests before the interests of strangers. A political party would dissolve if its members were not willing to assert the party’s interests against all others. A company’s employees must be willing to compete against competitors. Unless the citizens of a nation have a national consciousness a nation dissolves. No group can survive without group consciousness, and whites must rekindle racial consciousness or be pushed aside.

It is obvious that whites have not entirely lost the instinct to identify with groups. They are loyal to colleges, clubs, home towns, employers, and families. Not even the forces of one-worldism can prevent devotion to nation.

But when it comes to race, whites affirm the racial solidarity of others while denying their own. Robert Frost once defined a liberal as someone who cannot take his own side in an argument. As a race, whites cannot take their own side in any explicitly racial argument. When a non-white makes racial demands whites almost always give in.

One reason why whites do this is because the system of governance built up in white societies is based on the assumption that the interests of others sometimes require that we sacrifice our own. All principles of Western morality require this. If it is good and generous to sacrifice individual interests, then why not group interests?

It is this confusion about goodness and sacrifice that gives the fight against “racism” so much moral fervor. Liberal whites speak as *whites* only to denounce their own race and to praise non-whites—thereby assuming the aura of moral superiority that comes with sacrifice. Other whites, they imply, wallow in racial self-interest but *they* have risen so far above it they can denounce it.

Denunciations of “racism” are therefore ten a penny, but they have the same moral sheen as giving to the poor. Preachers, politicians, soldiers, teachers, judges, and Rotarians all deliver sermons blasting “bigotry.” Great merit can be accumulated this way and—this is why it is so attractive—at *no cost*. Many of those who whoop the loudest about integration send their own children to private schools. The champions of affirmative action never offer their *own* jobs to less qualified non-whites, and would probably fight to keep housing projects out of *their* neighborhoods.

Even the giddiest white liberals normally live, socialize, and marry among themselves. Daily intercourse with Mexicans and Haitians would be exhilarating, to be sure, but liberals prefer to leave it to the lower orders. The implied self-sacrifice of anti-white activism is therefore almost always pure hypocrisy. It is perfectly acceptable to thunder against “racism” and not have a single non-white friend, relative, or neighbor.

Whites claim to be bothered by sentiments non-whites would probably find absurd. In 1987, former President, Jimmy Carter confessed that when he saw starving Ethiopian children on television he could not manage to care as much about them as he did about his own daughter, Amy. He said he was “embarrassed” by this “racist” lack of sentiment.

Most whites do not abase themselves so openly. However, they are unable to act in their own interests. Most whites do not want to mix with other races. They want their children to marry whites. They don’t want whites to become a minority. Yet, they have been taught to be ashamed to think these things, and they do nothing to protect their group. They are paralyzed by their own perverted morality.

Ultimately, we might well ask whether the white race is fit to survive at all. Entirely aside from explicitly racial forms of capitulation, is a people that puts women in combat serious about survival? Is a people for which homosexuality is a valid alternative to family life serious about survival? Is a people that forces the competent to subsidize and reward the procreation of incompetents serious about survival? Is a people whose adults are unable to face down their adolescent children serious about survival? Such people—and only whites do these things—have begun to write their own death warrant, even without the threat from growing populations of non-whites.

What makes the current crisis even worse is that whites have never articulated any moral justifications for their own racial survival. Like every other people, they never had to. Now, when arguments are formulated against what everyone always took for granted, there is no stock of tested ideas on which people can draw to defend their way of life. In their bones they feel that what is happening is wrong, but they do not have the words with which to express those feelings. Without words, without convincing moral foundations, whites cannot act.

It should be no more necessary to explain why whites, as a group, have the right to a future than to explain why it is better to live than to die, but in our suicidal era we are forced to explain ourselves. And, as we explain ourselves, the terrible consequences of lost racial consciousness are slowly becoming clear to more people. Consciousness of race is returning. Affirmative action, busing, inter-racial crime, and the transparently anti-white bias of the media are opening more and more eyes every day. There are more groups and publications than ever that clearly assert the interests of whites.

Racial consciousness is on the march. Its power will only grow, and its fundamental moral legitimacy ensures that it will prevail.

This article first appeared in the September and October 1996 issues of American Renaissance.

Is a Multiracial Nation Possible?

THE ANSWER IS IN YOUR CHILD'S HISTORY BOOK.

Of all the ways in which a nation defines itself, few are more important than what it teaches its children about itself. In the history classes of its public schools, a nation retells its own story and instills a national identity in the minds of young citizens. In today's America, where competing racial, cultural, and linguistic claims now make it nearly impossible even to speak of national identity, questions about history have become a struggle for the possession of America's past.

The multicultural, multi-perspective history that has arisen from this struggle is not merely a departure from the history America has traditionally taught its children. It may be the first time that a nation has abandoned the single identity of its origins and set out deliberately to adopt multiple national identities.

Significantly, the understanding by many non-whites of multicultural history is entirely different from that of whites. For whites, the central concepts are "inclusion" and "pluralism." American history is to be rewritten so that racial and cultural perspectives that were once "ignored" or "neglected" will get equal treatment. For many non-whites, however, multicultural history is a vital step on the way to an explicitly racial, Afro-centric or Hispanic history. Their goal is separation rather than inclusion.

The "conservative" view is that explicitly racial histories are illegitimate. America, it is argued, must be united by a common history, and exclusionist histories disunite us. This position is logically correct; exclusionist histories are divisive. But as we shall see, the "conservative" position is wrong—practically, emotionally, and even morally. America is *already* disunited by race, and no approach to history can change that. Just as it would be impossible to use the same history book in both China and Japan, it is impossible to write a single American history that satisfies white, black, Indian, Hispanic, and Asian.

Schooling as Assimilation

The purpose of American public education has never been simply to impart knowledge. One of its central goals has been to make children into Americans. American schools fly the American flag and students pledge allegiance to it. The central events of history are from the American past.

The most glorious achievements are American achievements. There is nothing odd about that. Every nation gives its children a national education.

Nevertheless, American schools have had an even more explicitly nation-building purpose than others because of the need to assimilate immigrants. John Quincy Adams wrote that immigrants “must cast off their European skin, never to resume it.” Horace Mann argued that “a foreign people . . . cannot be transformed into the full stature of American citizens merely by a voyage across the Atlantic.” One of the strongest motives for building public schools was, therefore, the need to make *Americans* out of Europeans.

Europeans weren’t going to be made into Americans by teaching them about the contributions of Africans, Mexicans and Indians. The old, standard history united Americans because it had a coherent purpose and a single voice. It emphasized one point of view and ignored others. To put it bluntly, it was history about white people for white people.

This history served the country well, so long as the population was overwhelmingly white, and the two traditional minorities—blacks and Indians—did not have voices. All this changed, beginning in the 1960s. The civil rights movement gave voices to blacks and Indians, and changes in immigration laws brought a massive influx of non-whites. It was the end of a certain kind of America, and it made the traditional story of America impossible.

Non-whites began to complain about a version of history that left them out. The nation-building history that had bound Europeans into a single people had not bound whites and non-whites into a single people. “Multicultural” history was therefore to be a broader, more inclusive history that would give every American his rightful share of America’s past. At the same time, “culturally relevant” history would keep blacks and Hispanics in school and stop them from dropping out at ever-increasing rates.

Squaring the Circle

Something that well-meaning whites did not understand is that an “inclusive” history—one that would be all things to all people—is impossible. History has winners and losers, and they see the same events with different eyes. At the same time, virtually every non-white group sees the conflicts of the past as struggles with whites, so multicultural history becomes a collection of perspectives that are often not merely non-white but anti-white.

How, for example, is a multicultural history to treat the discovery and settlement of North America by Europeans? The old history called it a triumphant advance for civilization. But for Indians, the same historical events are an unending sequence of defeats and disasters. Does a multicultural textbook call this a triumph or a disaster or both or neither?

What about the Mexican-American War? At the time, it was thought a glorious success because it added huge chunks to the American West. But was it instead, an imperialist atrocity? Are today's school children to rejoice that California is part of America or are they to weep over the stolen birthright of their Hispanic brothers?

Slavery poses a similar riddle. Blacks want to make it the centerpiece of their history, and in many ways it is. For nearly 300 years, most American blacks were slaves, and virtually everything that blacks did or thought was circumscribed by slavery. Today, it is still the centerpiece of black history, because it excuses failure and can be used to extract benefits from whites.

For whites, though, slavery is a minor historical event. Except for the Civil War (which was set in motion and fought by whites) the course of the nation's history would hardly have been different if there had been no blacks and no slavery. To give it a prominent place in white history is a transparent effort to manipulate the way whites think about the present.

Once slavery is promoted to the status of unparalleled evil, much of the past becomes incomprehensible. Is George Washington *both* the Father of his Country *and* a wicked man because he owned slaves? Is Abraham Lincoln the storied savior of the Union or is he a fiend because he thought blacks were inferior and should be sent back to Africa?

Those of us who went to school when American history still had coherence are likely to learn about the new, multicultural history only by accident. One such accident is that this year is the 500th anniversary of the discovery of America. A typical multicultural problem has thus spilled out of the classroom and gotten wider notice: Was Columbus a great explorer or was he a genocidal tyrant? Are we to celebrate an inspiring half millennium of European America or are we to hang our heads in shame? Or are we to do both?

Problems and Uncertainties

Multicultural histories, by their very nature, cannot answer these questions. And because they cannot, they present American history as a bundle of uncertainties, as a series of unsolved "problems." Unlike the old

history, which viewed the past with pride and the future with confidence, multicultural histories are diffident and perplexed. Unlike the old history, which at least gave white children a firm foundation for national identity, multicultural history says, in effect, that America has no identity. The only thing left to unite a multicultural America is geography.

One way to understand the impossible task that multicultural history has set itself is to imagine how one would write a school history book to be used in both France and Britain. How would it treat Napoleon? The very geography of London—Waterloo Station, Trafalger Square—is a monument to Englishmen who killed Frenchmen. Napoleon’s tomb, Austerlitz station, and street names like Jena and Ulm all mark the pride the French take in their ancestors’ readiness to slaughter foreigners. A “multicultural” history book of the Napoleonic wars would be an absurdity, and everyone knows it. And yet, it would be no more absurd than the history books American children use today.

Non-whites have a much keener sense of their group interests than whites. They see very clearly that the future will have winners and losers, just as history had them. Thus, while virtually every school district with a white majority is trying to square the circle by teaching a history that is everything to everyone, school districts with black majorities are beginning to replace the old “Euro-centric” curriculum with one that is openly “Afro-centric.” They are not interested in supplementing the traditional history with different points of view. They want a single, African point of view.

In Atlanta, where 92 percent of the public school students are black, history and social studies courses have been rewritten from an “African-American” perspective. New York’s public schools recently authorized a curriculum revision based on an openly anti-white position paper drafted, in part, by the black-supremacist professor, Leonard Jeffries. In California, school districts in heavily-black Oakland and East Palo Alto started the 1991/1992 school year *without social studies textbooks*. They decided to develop their own black-centered materials because they could find nothing suitable.

Private black schools have gone the farthest. Some reject America, and teach their pupils that they are the African Diaspora. Many teach patent nonsense, claiming that the ancient Egyptians and even King Solomon were black. Nevertheless, even if some of their material is ridiculous, Afro-

centric teachers have recognized something that white teachers have forgotten: History has a point of view; it cannot be all things to all people.

Building a Nation

Blacks, then, are learning the kind of history that whites once learned: a history that builds identity and certitude. White children are learning that every interpretation is valid, that nothing is certain, that their nation's past is a tangle of paradoxes and unsolved problems. Patriotism will not grow in the heart of a child who cannot look back with pride upon his nation's past. We have come a long way from schooling that made Europeans into Americans. We now make Americans into nothing at all.

Multicultural history is like affirmative action. Just as whites are to step aside to give hiring preferences to minorities, whites are to set aside their own point of view and study those of others. Non-whites, on the other hand, are free to promote their own interests and exclusionist histories.

Like affirmative action, multicultural history is possible only because the majority has abandoned its position at the center. If whites insisted on their own history as strongly as non-whites insist on theirs, the inevitability of separate histories would have been recognized long ago. Nor will whites be willing to forego their own history for ever. They will eventually realize that only they are studying a past with no answers and no certainties. They will eventually see that there *cannot* be one history that satisfies all. And they will begin to wonder whether there can be one nation that satisfies all.

This article originally appeared in the February 1992 issue of American Renaissance.

White Survival: Beyond Conservative and Liberal

CONSERVING THE AMERICAN FOUNDING STOCK SHOULD BE BEYOND POLITICS.

The theme of this conference is “beyond conservatism,” and I’d like to start with a few things that really are beyond both conservatism *and* liberalism, that is to say, some things people agree on whatever their politics. What I am thinking of is related to conservatism since it has the same root. It is the idea of conserving or conservation.

There are some things that essentially all people—no matter what their politics—are conservative about. The planet, to begin with. There are probably some misanthropes who would like to blow it up, but most folks, across the political spectrum, want to conserve it.

Most people also want to keep the planet livable so we can conserve the people who live on it. Mark Twain used to say, “Sometimes I’d like to hang the whole human race, and finish the farce,” but most of the time, people don’t feel that harshly about our species.

And we want to conserve animals. We’d be sorry to see giraffes or baboons die out. Biologists want to save species you have never heard of. Take the case of the Cuban crocodile. He’s a relative of the American crocodile and said to be a noble beast. But the Cubans are interbreeding with the Americans and could be genetically swamped. As one scientist explains, “the two crocodile species interbreeding may pose a major threat to Cuban crocodiles. In a worst-case scenario, one crocodile lineage can cause the extinction of another.” Scientists are fretting about how to prevent this tragedy.

The United States government worries about conserving some *really obscure* species: the Kretschmarr Cave mold beetle, for example, or the spruce-fir moss spider. If you buy land, and one of them turns up on it, you might not be able to develop your own property.

And most people want to conserve the different places where people live, and the different ways that people live in those places. We’re happy for Uruguay or China to remain distinctive countries. We all want different languages and cultures to flourish. In that respect we’re all conservative.

We are sad when the last speaker of an obscure language dies or when a distinctive way of life comes to an end. That’s why Brazil now has an

official policy of leaving untouched tribes alone, if that's at all possible. People living in the stone age should have the choice of staying there if that's what they want.

Conserving these things literally does go "beyond conservatism," to repeat the theme of this conference.

However, there are things you are not allowed to want to conserve. Hardly anyone will oppose you if you say that the primitive tribes of New Guinea have the right to maintain their customs and their way of life, undisturbed by outsiders. But you better not say the same thing about the French or the Swedes.

If you say that the French have the right to keep their country Catholic and European, you're not a conservationist. You're a hatemonger. You're not beyond conservatism, you're beyond the pale.

According to current thinking, the French absolutely do not have the right to live undisturbed by outsiders. On the contrary, people from all over the world have the right to move there.

This is astonishing, really. I can't think of a single thing that New Guineans have contributed to the world. And yet their way of life will endure. That of the Europeans, who have immensely enriched the world, may not.

Not even conservatives argue that France is a distinctive biological and cultural entity that should be conserved. That's not the way we are supposed to think about white countries. Korea? Yes. Ghana? Pakistan? Paraguay? Fine. Those places, like all other non-white nations, have the right to maintain their identities and ways of life.

And what about conserving white people biologically? They are a small minority of the world population—7 or 8 percent—and some of them are breeding with other groups, just like the Cuban crocodile. But anyone who says maybe we should think about the long-term prospects of white people—just as we do with the Kretschmarr Cave mold beetle—is no longer a conservationist. He's a white supremacist.

And so there is not one politician in America, even among the ones who claim to be deeply conservative, who says he wants to conserve the founding stock of this country or who wants to conserve a majority-white United States.

The odd thing about all this is that it's the Lefties who act as if they had the corner on conservation. They love government power, and they love to

boss us around for our own good in the name of conserving the environment. Why aren't they all in a flutter about the prospects for white people exactly the way they are in a flutter about the ozone layer? I can see them browbeating us: "Now, you white people have to live over here, and you have to marry among yourselves." "Remember: it's for the children." That's just the busy-body sort of thing they love. Where's Hillary when we need her?

There is nothing about the idea of the United States as a nation of Europeans that is inherently a Left-Right type of *political* question at all. It should be beyond politics, just like conserving the white rhino or keeping Japan Japanese.

The racial mix of the country is not logically implicated *at all* in the position you take on the size of the government, the welfare state, abortion, the role of women, homosexual marriage, income distribution, foreign policy, public prayer, how to interpret the Constitution, or any other political question.

You can believe in cradle-to-grave welfare *or* rugged individualism, but be in complete agreement on wanting to keep the country majority-white. Jack London, for example, was very active as a socialist, but was adamantly opposed to a multiracial America.

So: Why would anyone want to conserve whites as a distinct people, and want them to remain a majority in the United States? First, these questions shouldn't even have to be answered. If the Navajo were dwindling in numbers or losing their culture, no one would say they didn't have the right to do something about it. No one would ever ask the Navajo: Why do you care about surviving as a people? Why not just fade away? If a white person asked those questions it would be the height of racism.

But for white people? It's the very opposite. The very desire to survive as a distinct people is "hate."

Remember the Cuban crocodile: "In a worst-case scenario, one crocodile lineage can cause the extinction of another." Well, strictly as biological artifacts, white people are surely at least as valuable as Cuban crocodiles, if only for aesthetic reasons. And there's a lot more than that. Europeans created the modern world. Shouldn't they have the same rights as the tribes of the Amazon: to be left undisturbed?

These are objective questions, but, of course, there is also my own subjective view of white survival as a white person. Survival is the first law,

and there is no more fundamental instinct than the desire to protect one's own kind and to want it to flourish.

That's obvious when we are talking about any group *but* whites.

The number of Hispanics is growing very quickly in this country, and Hispanics are ecstatic about this. It means their language, their culture, their physical type, their heritage, their aspirations are all gaining ground and could eventually dominate the United States. Hispanics want this very much, and they consistently try to change laws and policies to increase their numbers, and benefit their people. This is considered a sign of healthy collective pride.

But if whites tried to delay their dispossession, if whites proposed steps to maintain their majority status, that would be hate and bigotry. Why? The processes are perfectly symmetrical. The percentage of Hispanics increases as the percentage of whites decreases. Why is it right for Hispanics to celebrate their gains but wrong for whites to regret their losses?

I make no secret of my view on this. My ancestors have been white for tens of thousands of years. My children are white and I want my grandchildren to be white. I like the culture of Europe, I prefer the society that whites create. What's wrong with that?

Well, guess what? Even though they don't admit it, almost all whites feel the same way I do.

Look at what they do, not what they say. Where do they live? Who are their friends? Who do they invite over for dinner? If you ask a white person to name a single non-white neighborhood he'd like to live in, or a single non-white school he'd want to send his children to, you get a blank.

Whites know in their bones that a non-white America is not the country they want for themselves or for their children. That is why, when the part of America in which they live becomes an outpost of Africa or Mexico, they move away—to some place where whites are still the majority. And most white people still want their children to marry other whites.

They wouldn't dare say these things openly. They don't even admit these things to themselves. But look at how they behave—and lefties are no different from anyone else. As Joseph Sobran used to put it, "In their mating and migratory habits, you can't tell a liberal from a Klansman."

As the hippies used to say, white people just need to get in touch with their feelings.

Whites used to be entirely honest about their feelings, and there is no doubt that people who call themselves conservative remained honest for longer than lefties did.

In the 1960s, William F. Buckley's *National Review* supported apartheid in South Africa, and said that an immigration policy designed to keep the country white "requires no justification." Preserving a white America was a goal so obviously legitimate that it didn't have to be justified. It was "beyond conservatism" and "beyond liberalism."

National Review doesn't take that position now. It would banish anyone who did to the outer darkness of VDARE.com. And that's just one of the countless positions that conservatism has simply abandoned.

One problem is that when, 50 years ago, *National Review* said that the desire to keep America white "requires no justification" whites never came up with one. That's a big part of the problem. Whites never articulated moral reasons to justify their own survival. For hundreds of years—thousands of years—whites, like everybody else, never had to. They just took survival for granted as a legitimate goal.

But now, it means whites have no stock of tested ideas and arguments that they can draw on to justify survival. They have a deep foreboding about what is happening, but they don't have words to express that foreboding. Without words, without convincing moral foundations, whites cannot act.

And that is what makes whites different from everyone else and what makes us uniquely vulnerable. Non-white immigrants don't have to justify their conquest of the United States. They don't have to explain why they want their numbers to grow at our expense. They know instinctively that it's good for them, and that is all they need to know.

The same is true for Third-World immigrants to Europe. They don't have to justify conquest. No, it is Europeans who would have to justify even the most basic steps necessary to assure survival.

It should be no more necessary to explain why whites have the right to a future than to explain why it is better to live than to die. But that is the dilemma we face. Slowly, slowly, both in America and in Europe, we are waking up to this dilemma.

This is an excerpt from a talk I gave at a National Policy Institute conference, "Beyond Conservatism," hosted at the National Press Club in Washington, DC, on February 27, 2015.

Diversity Destroys Trust

HARVARD DISCOVERS HOMOGENEITY.

Robert Putnam of Harvard became an academic celebrity in 2000 with his book, *Bowling Alone*, which argued that society is in dire straits because so many community attachments are breaking down. Americans are increasingly mobile and isolated, with few group affiliations. Prof. Putnam wants to bring back what he calls “social networks,” because he says they make people happy, contribute to democracy, help rear children, and make the economy run better.

He later analyzed census and survey data to find out what role racial diversity plays in all this—whether it deepens attachment to community or further atomizes people. To his dismay, he found that racial and ethnic diversity destroys trust in neighbors and institutions.

Prof. Putnam did not like these findings, and was in no hurry to publish them, but a reporter for the *Financial Times* may have forced his hand. In an article that appeared on October 9, 2006, John Lloyd quoted Prof. Putnam as saying that he was studying ways to compensate for the bad effects of diversity and that it “would have been irresponsible to publish without that.”

Prof. Putnam deeply regrets his words. No one likes to admit so *openly* that he is going to bathe, barber and perfume the findings before he lets the public see them. In an interview several weeks later with the *Harvard Crimson*, Prof. Putnam implied that Mr. Lloyd quoted him dishonestly, and called it “almost criminal” that the *Financial Times* had not emphasized his belief that in the mid- to long-run, people learn to like diversity and that society is stronger for it. His unhappiness was compounded by hundreds of e-mail messages from what he called “racists and anti-immigration activists” congratulating him on discovering the obvious.

Professor Putnam has now published his study in the latest issue of *Scandinavian Political Studies* (Vol. 30, No. 2, 2007, pp. 137-174.) He does his best to give the article a happy ending, but his findings are hard to sugarcoat.

Whom Do You Trust?

The Putnam study is a survey of people living in 41 different American communities that run from racially homogeneous rural South Dakota to San

San Francisco, which is one of the most racially mixed places on earth. The clearest finding was that the more diverse the area, the less people trusted each other.

The only surprise in the data was that diversity reduces trust in *everyone*, even in people of one's own race. This is what leads to Prof. Putnam's widely quoted conclusion that diversity makes people behave like turtles—they pull into their shells. On the basis of other survey data, he lists other unhappy consequences for people who must live with diversity:

- Lower confidence in local government, local leaders and the local news media.
- Lower political efficacy—that is, confidence in their own influence.
- Lower frequency of registering to vote, but more interest and knowledge about politics and more participation in protest marches and social reform groups.
- Less expectation that others will cooperate to solve problems through collective action (e.g., voluntary conservation to ease a water or energy shortage).
- Less likelihood of working on a community project.
- Lower likelihood of giving to charity or volunteering.
- Fewer close friends and confidants.
- Less happiness and lower perceived quality of life.
- More time spent watching television and more agreement that “television is my most important form of entertainment.”

This is a convincing set of reasons to oppose the sort of diversity we are always told to celebrate. Indeed, it confirms what immigration activists and race realists have been saying for decades. These findings alone, and the publicity they have received, are worthy of, well, celebration.

Prof. Putnam admits he did not like the results, and carefully sifted and diced the data to find something other than diversity—poverty, age, crime, population density, education, commuting time, home ownership rates, *anything*—that seemed to be destroying trust. He did learn some useful things: Young people are less trusting than old people, blacks and Hispanics are less trusting than whites and Asians, people who live in high crime areas are not very trusting, nor are the poor and uneducated. Still, the

master variable was diversity. “Diversity *per se* has a major effect,” he writes.

However, let us consider interesting information Prof. Putnam did not include in his report. The most homogeneous neighborhoods he investigated are overwhelmingly white. There are census tracts that are overwhelmingly Hispanic or black—and therefore homogeneous—but he did not report results for them. This research therefore should more properly be thought of as a study of the effects of diversity *on whites*. It would be interesting to know its effect on blacks or Hispanics.

If homogeneity is an advantage, blacks who live in the ghetto should benefit from it just as whites do. Compared to blacks who live in mixed neighborhoods, do they trust white people more, do a lot of volunteer work, spend less time watching television, and have more confidence in local government? Probably not.

It may very well be that homogeneity does not affect non-whites the same way it affects whites. It has been known for years that whites in racial isolation have a higher opinion of blacks than do whites who live close to them. During Jesse Jackson’s campaigns for US president in 1984 and 1988, his percentage of the white vote was highest in areas with the fewest blacks. This is probably because whites whose knowledge of blacks comes only from the media have a better opinion of them than whites who have direct contact with them. This alone could explain why people in homogeneous white areas think highly of people of other races.

Would the same be true for blacks and Hispanics? Maybe not. The media routinely blame whites for racial tension in America, so blacks and Hispanics who have the least contact with them may have the most reason to distrust them. On the other hand, heavily black and Hispanic neighborhoods are not usually nice places. People who live in them may think white people are not so bad after all.

A Dizzying Spin

Now that Prof. Putnam has found that diversity makes people watch more TV, distrust local government, stop voting, suspect the local media, give less to charity, and makes them just plain unhappy, how does he defend it? He spins his story two different ways, first by arguing that people eventually learn to like it. His proof? That WASP-run, WASP-founded America managed to absorb the European ethnics who swarmed in at the turn of the 20th century. This lesson in happy history ignores blacks and

Indians, who have been here a lot longer than the white ethnics but are still not absorbed. Prof. Putnam does mention in passing “the possibly more visible distinctiveness of contemporary migrants,” but doesn’t seem to think it will make any difference.

He also ignores the fact that European ethnics were absorbed because they learned English and became largely *indistinguishable* from WASPs by such measures as income, education, crime rates, etc. It was a one-way street: They became Americans. People didn’t learn to like diversity; the newcomers became more like the old-timers, and the diversity went away.

Prof. Putnam’s second assertion is that diversity is inherently good. Once we have overcome our dislike for it, as we surely will, Prof. Putnam’s big argument in its favor is that it stimulates creativity. He tells us immigrants have been four times more likely than the American-born to win the following honors: Nobel Prizes, Academy Awards for film directing, Kennedy Center awards in the performing arts, and membership in the National Academy of Science.

Assuming this is true, it is one of the silliest arguments for “diversity” anyone ever tried. We keep hearing “diversity” is good for us. If Prof. Putnam were somehow able to show that immigration so stimulated native-born Americans that they won Nobel Prizes at four times the rate they would have *without* immigration he would be on to something. His figures show only that we have had some smart immigrants. Did they become smarter or more creative because they met WASPs? Very unlikely—though they probably had better opportunities. Virtually all these paragons were certainly white, many were probably Jews, and most would undoubtedly have had distinguished records wherever they lived. The idea that “diversity” had something to do with what they achieved is nonsense. They were smart and creative before they got here.

There is another way to show the absurdity of Prof. Putnam’s argument. Let us imagine the United States had never had mass immigration, never pretended diversity was a strength, but had let in only white people with IQs over 140. Immigrants might then be 100 or even 1,000 times more likely than natives to win Nobel prizes. Would Prof. Putnam call that an even stronger argument for “diversity?”

Finally, Prof. Putnam implies that Mexicans will be joining the National Academy of Sciences at four times the white rate. Not likely. They are in prison at four times the white rate.

The whistling-past-the-graveyard tone to this study is even more noticeable because Prof. Putnam cites many other studies that confirm his basic (and obvious) findings about the damage diversity does to trust. He reports that people in “diverse” workgroups—not only of race but also age and professional background—are less loyal to the group, more likely to resign, and generally less satisfied than people who work with people like themselves. Prof. Putnam even cites a study that found carpooling is less common in mixed neighborhoods. Carpooling means counting on your neighbors, and people tend not to trust neighbors who don’t look like them.

Prof. Putnam cites half a dozen studies from places as varied as Australia, Sweden, and Canada showing that ethnic diversity lowers levels of trust and, in some cases, lowers investment in public goods. It is well known, for example, that welfare systems are usually more generous in homogeneous countries because people are more willing to pay taxes to support beneficiaries who look as though they could be cousins.

It is the same everywhere. In Peru, there are what are called micro-credit cooperatives that make small loans to members. Apparently, when there is diversity among co-op members, default rates are higher. Likewise, in Kenyan school districts, fundraising is easier in more tribally and ethnically homogenous areas.

Prof. Putnam even offers an interesting historical example. In the Union Army during the Civil War, casualty rates were high and desertion rates were low. Soldiers fought because of patriotism, but it was mainly loyalty to their messmates that kept them in the army and in the fight. Consequently, desertion rates were higher in units with the greatest diversity, not just of ethnicity but of age, hometown, occupation, etc.

The preference for one’s own kind is deeply rooted in human—even animal—nature. There is nothing surprising about Prof. Putnam’s findings or the other research he cites. What is surprising is his desperate faith in the eventual benefits of something that clearly does not work anywhere.

Prof. Putnam concludes his study with the usual bromides: “[W]e need more opportunities for meaningful interaction across ethnic lines.” “[L]ocally based programs to reach out to new immigrant communities are a powerful tool for mutual learning.” Note the words “interaction” and “mutual learning.” The purpose of all this is not to turn immigrants into Americans the way we used to: “[M]y hunch is that at the end we shall see that the challenge is best met not by making ‘them’ like ‘us,’ but rather by

creating a new, more capacious sense of ‘we,’ . . .” All of us, in other words, should become a little bit Haitian, a little bit Chinese, and quite substantially black and Mexican.

In his final sentence, Prof. Putnam tells us that even the motto on the Great Seal of the United States, *e pluribus unum* (out of many, one), is a celebration of diversity. Either Harvard is not what it used to be or Prof Putnam is trying to pull a fast one on the readers of *Scandinavian Political Studies*. The motto, of course, refers to the 13 colonies uniting as one nation, not to ethnic mixing.

This article first appeared in the September 2007 issue of American Renaissance.

Pathological Altruism

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF WHITE DISPOSSESSION.

Barbara Oakley, et al., *Pathological Altruism*, Oxford University Press, 2012, 465 pp., \$55.00.

Pathological Altruism is a fascinating book. As a long-time student of the most common and dangerous of all pathological altruisms—the willingness of whites to give up their homelands to non-whites—I was hoping at least one of the 48 contributions would mention this problem. None does, but several throw useful but indirect light on it. The book is also filled with eye-opening observations about human nature and how the brain works, and its main editor, Barbara Oakley of the University of Michigan, has done a wonderful job of eliminating repetition and contradiction. Even Edward O. Wilson of Harvard has written that this book taught him something completely new, and I believe him.

“Pathological altruism” (PA) is a relatively new concept; the term entered the scientific literature only in 1984. There has been very little written about it, partly because altruism is so highly regarded in the West that few scientists dare criticize it. This book makes it clear that PA is a problem well worth studying.

PA is generally defined as a sincere attempt to help others that instead harms others or oneself, and is “an unhealthy focus on others to the detriment of one’s own needs.” Several of the contributors offer tantalizing definitions: PA is likely when people “falsely believe that they caused the other’s problems, or falsely believe that they have the means to relieve the person of suffering.” Or, it is “the false belief that one’s own success, happiness, or well-being is a source of unhappiness for others.” PA “often involves self-righteousness,” and can result in “impulsive and ineffective efforts to equalize or level the playing field.”

Together, these definitions are an almost perfect description of white liberal attitudes towards non-whites, yet none of the 48 contributors to this book seems to be aware of this.

A typical case of PA is the battered wife who thinks her own behavior makes her husband violent, and who stays with him because she fears he will commit suicide if she leaves. Another would be a depressed person who mistakenly believes that if he kills himself he will no longer be a

burden on his family—and so he kills himself. Some people falsely think their own success comes at the expense of family members or co-workers, and they try to make amends for their undeserved achievements.

What is known as co-dependency, or helping someone who is obviously hurting himself, can be another kind of PA. Examples would be giving too much food to a morbidly obese child or lying to a spouse's employer to cover up his alcoholism. Co-dependents often have low opinions of themselves, and sacrifice their own needs for the person they are caring for. Sometimes they are driven by an inability to tolerate unhappiness or anger from the object of their PA; again, a good description of how whites treat non-whites.

“Animal hoarders” are another example of PA. They fill their houses with “rescued” pets but fail to look after them. They declare their love for animals even as they step over the bodies of dogs and cats that have died of malnutrition. They often neglect their own health, living in tumble-down houses filled with animal filth. Hoarders usually started out with a strong childhood attachment to animals but were neglected or abused by their own parents. They often start hoarding after they suffer some kind of personal setback, such as a divorce or losing a job.

People who have chronically sick family members sometimes become pathological altruists, devoting themselves to serving the patient. If they, themselves, get sick, they tend to believe they are a painful burden on others and refuse to seek help.

Anorexics have a streak of PA in them. Most are women, who were unusually considerate and giving when they were children. As they get older they want to feed and look after people, even as they starve themselves. Some refuse sleep or medical care in addition to food. People with eating disorders are very good at reading the needs of others, and clinics for them are full of women trying to take care of each other. Most anorexics are white.

Human Nature and Biology

Empathy and altruism can clearly get out of hand, but they are part of human nature. Even infants and toddlers show signs of empathy, and try to help people in distress. When babies hear other babies crying, they cry in sympathy. However, if children have been abused or live in tense households they may be hostile to people who are suffering.

Almost all adults sympathize when they see suffering—those who do not are psychopaths—and this instinct appears to have evolved for two reasons. Altruism within the family or kin group makes evolutionary sense because the beneficiaries carry many of the same genes as the altruist. Also, our evolutionary environment was one in which we could easily find ourselves face to face with people who had less food than we did. We probably evolved an impulse to share, both because this improved social relations, and because those we helped might someday help us. This is probably why beggars make people uncomfortable; they stimulate our built-in urge to share. Some people give in to that urge but others just try to get away from beggars.

Experiments in which people are tested to see how altruistic they will behave under controlled conditions suggest that we are a lot more altruistic than we need to be: People often return lost wallets, donate blood, and do favors for people they will never see again. One of the contributors, Satoshi Kanazawa, theorizes that this is because the brain has a hard time comprehending things that never happened in the small-band evolutionary environment: “Contemporary humans may cooperate with genetically unrelated others, mistakenly (and unconsciously) thinking that they are kin or repeated exchange partners.”

There is no genetic or material payoff for being nice to total strangers, but we are nice to them anyway because our distant ancestors rarely had to deal with total strangers. Cheating and stealing would make better sense, but we treat strangers like members of the tribe.

What makes altruism go off the rails? One theory is that it can simply be an extreme example of a personality trait we all have. Psychologists talk about the Five-Factor Model of personality, which measures neuroticism, extraversion, openness to experience, agreeableness, and conscientiousness. Pathological altruists may be too agreeable, and therefore let people take advantage of them.

We can detect agreeableness and friendliness, even in strangers. Studies of rapists suggest that they target women who seem open and agreeable. People who are considerate also tend to marry each other—though some givers end up enslaved to takers.

Another theory about the origins of PA is that it can be seen as the result of an excessively female brain. Women are more likely than men to be co-dependents and have eating disorders. Girls are more compliant than boys,

better behaved, and more eager to please. They are better able to figure out the needs of others. They are politically more “liberal,” and more likely to think that an important function of government is to take care of people. Low levels of testosterone in the womb during fetal development is associated with higher levels of empathy in both sexes.

PA may be the mirror image of autism, which is far more common in boys than in girls, and is characterized by an inability to sense the feelings of others. One author speculates that there are probably as many female pathological altruists as there are males with autism.

There are parts of the brain that light up and signal sympathy when we see people in pain or being punished. Psychological studies have been set up in which the brains of subjects were scanned while they watched the punishment of people who had cheated in a game. The sympathy circuits in women’s brains lit up; those in men did not. Men appear to lose their instinctive sympathy for pain when they think it is deserved, whereas women remain sympathetic.

There is very strong evidence that altruistic behavior is under genetic control. The genetic abnormality known as Williams Syndrome has been called “the pathology of overfriendliness,” and people who suffer from it are excessively trusting and sympathetic. They are somewhat retarded and easily become victims of sexual abuse. They have abnormalities in the part of the brain known as the amygdala, which is involved in reading facial expressions and assessing threats. They are perhaps the only known group of people who show *no racial bias*.

The amygdala, anterior temporal cortex, and insula are parts of the brain involved in sensing the pain of others. Psychopaths have less brain matter in these locations than normal people, and it may be that people with more brain matter in these areas have a tendency towards PA.

The neurotransmitter serotonin appears to alter moral judgment, making people less willing to offend others, while oxytocin increases sociability and trusting—within the group. According to one study, oxytocin makes people more likely to sacrifice for their in-group and oppose those in the out-group. The genes known as DRD4, IGF2, and DRD5 have been associated with altruism and selflessness. As one of the contributors notes, “It seems safe to conclude, then, that traits behind costly altruistic behaviors are under a substantial biological influence that manifests itself through a

variety of neurohormonal pathways and mechanisms that have only just begun to be understood.”

Addictive States of Mind

Altruism is also linked to the limbic system, meaning that doing good is related to the brain’s system of rewarding itself. When people are generous, they get the same kind of pleasurable jolt as from music, sex, exercise, and performing a skill. Psychic self reward of this kind is normal. It appears, however, that some people become addicted to the sensation of altruism. This is the kind of person who throws himself into self sacrifice, sainthood, or martyrdom.

Two of the most fascinating chapters in this book describe the way the brain thrives on self-righteousness and the conviction of being in the right. Contributor Robert A. Burton of the UC San Francisco Medical Center issues a warning that is worth quoting at length:

Despite the fact that a moral conviction feels like a deliberate rational conclusion to a particular line of reasoning, it is neither a conscious choice nor a thought process. Certainty and similar states of “knowing that we know” arise out of primary brain mechanisms that, like love or anger, function independently of rationality or reason

What feels like a conscious life-affirming moral choice—my life will have meaning if I help others—will be greatly influenced by the strength of an unconscious and involuntary mental sensation that tells me that this decision is “correct.” It will be this same feeling that will tell you the “rightness” of giving food to starving children in Somalia, doing every medical test imaginable on a clearly terminal patient, or bombing an Israeli school bus. It helps to see this feeling of knowing as analogous to other bodily sensations over which we have no direct control.

In other words, just because you are convinced something is right does not make it right. The sensations of rightness and nobility are so pleasurable that people are inclined to seek them for their own sake and without regard to facts or consequences. Dr. Burton continues:

Talk to an insistent know-it-all who refuses to consider contrary opinions and you get a palpable sense of how the feeling of knowing can create a mental state akin to addiction
[I]magine the profound effect of feeling certain that you have ultimate answers

Relinquishing such strongly felt personal beliefs would require undoing or lessening major connections with the overwhelmingly seductive pleasure-reward circuitry. Think of such a shift of opinion as producing the same type of physiological changes as withdrawing from drugs, alcohol, or cigarettes.

Science writer and novelist David Brin writes about the same thing, noting that “dogmatic self-righteousness is often an ‘addiction’.” He adds that “sanctimony, or a sense of righteous outrage, can feel so intense and delicious that many people actively seek to return to it, again and again.” He calls this need to stimulate the brain with self righteousness “self doping,” and defines it as follows:

The pleasure of knowing, with subjective certainty, that you are right and your opponents are deeply, despicably wrong. Or, that your method of helping others is so purely motivated and correct that all criticism can be dismissed with a shrug, along with any contradicting evidence.

This is the kind of conviction that can lead to acts of altruism that are clearly pathological. At the same time, whether these authors know it or not, they have provided a strikingly vivid portrait of mental state of anti-racism and of the motives that drive it. In the West, there is nothing that offers more ecstatic self-righteousness than denouncing “racism.”

In past ages, there have been different ways to gorge on blinkered, hateful, joyous denunciation: Religious fanatics burned heretics, commissars executed kulaks, Muslims beheaded apostates (and still do). Today, liberals hate “racists”—and “homophobes” and “sexists” and “fascists”—with the same Old Testament hatred. They are so drunk on self-righteous denunciation they are impervious to reality. Religion has not declined in the West; it has only taken new forms. Communism was religion for Communists, and liberalism is religion for liberals.

Of course, people at all points of the political spectrum can hold self-righteous beliefs in direct contradiction to the facts. As Dr. Brin points out, scientists get interesting results when they use committed Democrats or Republicans as test subjects. They have them watch a persuasive presentation that argues against their beliefs, and monitor their brains to see how they react. The parts of the brain involved in normal, logical reasoning are not active. Instead, the brain reverts to sucking its thumb, with the reward circuitry firing away, just like an addict getting a shot of cocaine. Strong conviction seems to turn off the brain’s logic circuits.

This effect is especially strong in the case of altruism, because people both “self dope” with it *and* win the praise of others. One chapter raises the question of whether most foreign aid is not PA, especially the kind practiced by celebrities. The singer Madonna claims she wants to “literally transform the future of an entire generation.” Bill Clinton says, “There’s a whole world out there that needs you, down the street or across the ocean.

Give.” Bill and Melinda Gates, along with Warren Buffett, are other showy examples of what could be called “philanthrocapitalism.”

Over a trillion dollars has been sunk into black Africa since 1960, with not much to show for it. Why do people keep giving? As this chapter explains, people get a huge psychological boost from administering aid: “While charity has a mixed record helping others, it has an almost perfect record of helping ourselves.” The authors note that “staring at pictures of starving children can, in some sense, hijack the analytical portions of the brain,” resulting in “altruism” that is nothing short of crazy. After the 2004 tsunami did so much damage in South Asia, “altruists” sent Viagra, Santa suits, high-heeled shoes, evening gowns, and loads of other junk. After an earthquake in Pakistan, Westerners sent so much completely inappropriate clothing that people burned it to stay warm.

Journalist Linda Polman has pointed out that foreign aid can even provoke atrocities. Warring gangs in Africa or elsewhere know that bounty follows headlines, so they do something especially horrible and wait for truckloads of relief to show up—which they steal. The leaders of the Revolutionary United Front (RUF) in Sierra Leone made a name for themselves in the late 1990s by cutting off the arms of women and children. The RUF’s leaders knew this would bring caravans of booty.

The authors of this chapter note that poorly thought out foreign aid has repeatedly had disastrous effects. They suggest that if aid is to continue, it should be run by engineers, not the current glory seekers.

Some of the authors in this book argue that there is no such thing as genuinely disinterested altruism, and that even the most seemingly generous acts are self-serving. Mother Theresa may have been a “saint,” but she was just doing what she wanted to do. In the case of government foreign aid and non-profits, the people who ladle out uplift and bask in praise are not even spending their own money.

Altruism and Groups

Some of the chapters in this book touch on group differences. Dr. Brin notes that glorifying altruism is both recent and Western. He believes that a society must have a certain level of material wealth before it can value certain kinds of altruism. Only when people have enough to eat do they shift “from predation to inclusion” and think about animal rights rather than the next chicken dinner. He points out that only Europeans have decided “to elevate altruism above other culturally promoted ideals, such as tribal

patriotism and glory-at-arms, which our ancestors considered paramount.” They have gone even further, extending tribal altruism to the entire world, though “some other cultures consider this Western quality to border on madness.” Of course, it is madness, but Europeans who point this out are punished.

Some preliminary research suggests that people of different ethnicities and religions have different levels of guilt and show different levels of altruism. No doubt what is considered normal social behavior in one culture may be seen as extreme self-sacrifice in another. When Koreans and Americans act altruistically different parts of the brain appear to be involved. Could this also be true for Koreans adopted as children and reared in America?

A few of the contributors write about “parochial altruism,” or acts that are meant to benefit one’s own group by harming another group. The clearest example of this is suicide bombers, who die in order to advance the cause of their people. The authors recognize suicide attacks as “a rational option when a weak insurgent group is opposing a very powerful group.” They are high-value missions in a war that some combatants are prepared to fight with any means available.

This is one form of altruism that is overwhelmingly male; scholars find that only about 20 percent of suicide bombers are women. Otherwise, biographical reconstructions of successful bombers and interviews with captured bombers show that aside from high altruism and devotion to a cause, they fit no profile and come from all walks of life.

Some of the contributors to this volume recognize that in-group loyalty is part of human nature, but they worry about it leading to persecution of outsiders and wish it would go away. As one argues: “[D]efection from local in-groups is the highest form of altruism. Humanity as a whole might benefit the most if individuals made no sacrifices for their local group.”

This is precisely the thinking that leads to oblivion: We—whites—will turn our backs on our own group in the hope that members of other groups will do the same, despite clear evidence that other groups will not.

A somewhat less deceived writer advises that if groups want to act altruistically towards other groups they should at least look for groups that follow the same rules. But this is as far as the book goes. Apparently, none of the authors can conceive of a pathology in which the in-group mistreats *itself* for the benefit of out-groups.

Perhaps this blindness was inevitable in the current intellectual climate, but otherwise, this is an insightful, provocative, beautifully edited book that will teach you a great deal you did not know.

This article was published at AmRen.com on July 6, 2012.

What We Owe Our People

A SCIENTIST EXPLAINS THE GENETICS

OF NATIONALISM.

Frank Salter, *On Genetic Interests: Family, Ethnicity and Humanity in an Age of Mass Migration*, Peter Lang, 2003, 388 pp., \$38.95.

With the publication of *On Genetic Interests*, Frank Salter has made a vitally important contribution to our understanding of the significance of race and ethnicity in human affairs. Dr. Salter, an Australian who has been a researcher since 1991 at the Max Planck Society in Andechs, Germany, demonstrates through principles of population genetics that racial or ethnic groups are equivalent to large, extended families, and that ethnic loyalties are as legitimate as family loyalties. Indeed, he argues that members of an ethnic group may have more compelling duties to the group even than to their own families.

What is Genetic Interest?

According to Darwinian theory, the goal towards which all living things strive is to make copies of their distinctive genes. This is seen most clearly in the devotion of parents to offspring. As Dr. Salter writes, “The importance of genetic continuity is an end in itself, for humans as well as for other species.” From an evolutionary point of view, “propagating one’s genes is life’s *raison d’être*.”

Perhaps the most important conceptual breakthrough in *On Genetic Interests* is to recognize that loyalty to one’s ethny—Dr. Salter prefers this term to race, nation, or ethnic group—is just as valid biologically as loyalty to one’s children. This is because each ethny is a storehouse of its members’ distinctive genes, just as children are carriers of their parents’ genes. A person’s children are very concentrated stores of his genes, but his ethny is a vastly larger, though more dilute pool of the same genes. Given the size of most ethnies, they are repositories of far more copies of a member’s distinctive genes than even his own children, and therefore have a theoretical genetic claim to loyalty even greater than that of his children.

An ethny is an extended family. The larger one’s ethny, the larger a store it becomes of distinctive genes, so its members have an interest in seeing their numbers rise or at least remain constant. A shrinking ethny is like a

family whose members are dying off—either condition represents a loss of genetic interests.

According to the universalist, everyone's-equal model of human relations that is supposed to govern how we think about race, there is no good reason any of us should care more about our children than we do about the children of strangers. We do, of course, and not because they are objectively superior to other children but because they are *ours*; they carry our distinctive genes. From a genetic point of view, our ethnies deserve similar loyalties for the same reason.

Dr. Salter points out that different ethnies can be so genetically distant that random members of the same ethny are close kin in comparison to members of the other ethny. Australian Aborigines and Mbuti pygmies, for example, are about as genetically distant as two ethnies can be. Two random members of either group are—in comparison to members of the other group—so genetically similar to each other they are almost the equivalent of identical twins. Compared to Australian Aborigines, all Mbuti pygmies are, in fact, so similar to each other that actual Mbuti identical twins are, relatively speaking, not much more closely related to each other than any two random Mbuti.

What happens when parents from distant ethnies have children together? Rules of genetics hold that children always carry half the genes of each parent. However, when the parents are from the same ethny, they have many distinctive genes in common, so their children actually carry *more* than half of each parent's distinctive genes. In this sense, parents who descend from the same lineage and who share many of the same genes are more closely related to their children—in terms of the number of genes they share—than are parents who have children with someone of a distant stock.

Surprising as this may seem, if an Aborigine and a Mbuti were to have a child together, each parent would be more closely related genetically to everyone in his original ethny than he would be to the child. Complete strangers would be closer kin than the child, and from a strictly genetic standpoint would have a greater claim on family loyalty.

Most ethnies are not as distant as aborigines and Mbuti. However, the same principles apply. Outmarriage with a member of a distant ethny produces children who are relative genetic strangers to their parents.

How do these findings square with the fact that there is more genetic variation within racial groups than between them? Richard Lewontin famously pointed out that if the total genetic variation of humans is given a figure of 100, 85 to 90 percent of that variation is found *within* population groups, and only 10 to 15 percent are distinct variations not shared by all groups.

Propagandists have used these figures mistakenly to suggest that someone could be more closely related to a person of a different race than to someone of his own race, but their real significance is to highlight the importance of the 10 to 15 percent. We share 90 percent of our genes with mice, and there is more genetic variation within a single human ethny than the variations that separate us from mice. Yet all humans are obviously more closely related to each other than to mice—they are identical twins by comparison. The small genetic variations are where the important differences lie, and it is in the area of these small differences that all Mbuti are practically identical twins by comparison with Aborigines.

Loyalty to an ethny is the genetic equivalent of family loyalty. Therefore, if immigration replaces parts of a native ethny with aliens, for the natives who remain, this genetic shift means replacement of kinfolk with strangers. Just how drastic the effect can be depends on how genetically distant the newcomers are.

Dr. Salter here notes that Danes and Englishmen are kindred populations but still genetically distinct. If 10,000 Danes were to take the place of 10,000 Englishmen it would represent a loss of genetic interests to the English who remained, because the distinctive genes of Englishmen would be replaced by those of a different ethny. Dr. Salter calculates how great the loss would be: So many English genes would disappear that it would be the equivalent of removing from the population 167 children or siblings of the native population that remained. (The figure is the same for either children or siblings because a person shares the same number of genes—50 percent—with a child or a sibling. The loss in genetic interests could be calculated differently, as the equivalent of $167 \times 2 = 334$ cousins, nephews or aunts.) Because the English gene pool is a storehouse for all Englishmen and of the genes common to them that make them unique, this loss of 167 sibling-equivalents would be a loss of genetic interests for *all* members of the English ethny.

The loss is far greater if the English are replaced by more distant ethnies. If, instead of Danes, 10,000 Bantus replaced 10,000 Englishmen, it would be the genetic equivalent of the loss of 10,854 children or siblings. As Dr. Salter explains, “Some ethnies are so different genetically that they amount to negative stores of those distinctive genes.” The effect works both ways: If 10,000 English replaced 10,000 Bantus, the loss of Bantu genetic interests would be just as great.

Dr. Salter draws the inevitable conclusion:

[A]n act of charity or heroism by an Englishman that prevented 10,000 Danes from replacing 10,000 English would be adaptive even if the act cost the altruist his or her life and with it all prospects of raising a family (at least a family of less than 167 children), since this would save the equivalent of 167 of the altruist’s children. Preventing replacement by 10,000 Bantu would warrant a much larger sacrifice because the genetic benefit is about 65 times larger; random Englishmen are almost as related as parent and child compared to the relationship between Englishmen and Bantu.”

(There is intuitive wisdom in the fact that blacks who live in white societies—but not those living in Africa—refer to each other as “brother” and “sister.” In comparison to genetically distant whites, they *are* essentially brothers.)

Dr. Salter goes further:

The genetic distance between English and Bantus is so great that, on the face of it, competition between them would make within-group altruism among random English (or among random Bantu) almost as adaptive as parent-child altruism Thus it would appear to be more adaptive for an Englishman to risk life or property resisting the immigration of two Bantu immigrants to England than his taking the same risk to rescue one of his own children from drowning”

Extreme as this conclusion sounds, it is justified from a strictly genetic point of view.

Dr. Salter explains that immigration does not *appear* to be replacement, because natives are not directly eliminated to make room for newcomers. However, the long-term effect is direct replacement, because each part of the world will eventually reach the limits of its capacity to support humans. At that point, the presence of 10,000 Bantus (and their descendants) would mean England could not sustain an equal number of additional Englishmen. The immigration of Bantus would then appear in its true guise—displacement of Englishmen.

The effects of immigration are even more severe if the newcomers are of low productivity and drag down the carrying capacity of a territory. The larger the number of Bantus, the more quickly England would reach the limits of its capacity to support a population, and the number of Englishmen their presence forestalled would be even greater.

On the other hand, highly productive immigrants can be a genetic gain to natives. The white farmers of Zimbabwe were aliens, and their presence was a genetic loss for native blacks. However, they raised Zimbabwe's productivity so much that many more blacks were able to live and reproduce. Expelling whites is in the short-term genetic interests of Zimbabwe's blacks, but without them the country can support far fewer blacks—a clear genetic loss. It is in the genetic interests of unproductive people to welcome a certain number of very productive aliens.

Of course, today, most immigrants leave failing societies for successful societies, and are less productive than the host people. Natives are both replaced genetically *and* see the quality of their society decline.

Until the triumph of ideologies that ignore biology, ethnies always guarded their homelands jealously. A population may decline in numbers but later recover if it has a territory to which it has exclusive title. A decline in numbers accompanied by loss of territory—or merely the effective loss of territory due to immigration by aliens—can lead to irreparable damage. Dr. Salter writes that “for all of past human experience and still today control of territory is a precious resource for maintaining ethnic genetic interests in the long run.” This is why “immigration policy for most societies in most ages has consisted of a blanket ban.” From a genetic standpoint, immigrants are no different from armed invaders.

Some people argue that culture rather than biological continuity is the ultimate value. However, as Dr. Salter points out, this is a false distinction:

We can conceptualize copies of our genes in phenotypic terms: as shared blood, as family, and as familiar appearance and behavior. Valuing such characteristics is to value the genes that contribute to them.

Intelligence, personality, and appearance are closely tied to genes, and certain traits will disappear if distinctive genes disappear. For that reason, as Dr. Salter writes, “Group genetic interests track cultural values,” so preserving an ethny's genes preserves its culture.

If a man's family is wiped out it is a great personal tragedy. However, if his whole tribe disappears, it takes with it far more copies of his genes than

he could ever produce as children. It also takes with it the culture and folkways that make his ethny what it is. In this sense, cultural and ethnic extinction is infinitely more terrible than one's own death or the death of one's family.

Homogeneous Societies

Despite much talk about the desirability of "diverse" societies, most people like living among people like themselves. If they must live in a multi-ethnic society, they want to be the majority population that puts its stamp on the national culture and way of life.

Dr. Salter points out the advantages of homogeneity. First, it is probably necessary for the development of sound institutions. As John Stuart Mill pointed out, "Free institutions are next to impossible in a country made up of different nationalities." This is because when a society is composed of "a people without fellow-feeling . . . the united public opinion necessary to the working of representative government cannot exist."

Liberty reposes on institutions such as the rule of law, freedom of speech, and republican government that require trust among a people, and are not likely to arise in mixed, mutually suspicious populations. Dr. Salter notes that sound institutions established by homogeneous populations can continue to function even after immigration by diverse groups, but suspects that as elections degenerate into racial head counts and free speech is sacrificed in the name of "sensitivity," multiculturalism eventually undermines even the best institutions.

Dr. Salter also points out that welfare policies are most generous in homogeneous societies, and that even liberal scholars agree that this is probably because taxpayers are more willing to vote benefits to strangers who are similar to themselves. In Moscow, for example, beggars reportedly get the most handouts from people of their own ethny. People generally resist welfare that subsidizes reckless procreation by racial or ethnic aliens. It is natural that they should; in genetic terms, this is collective cuckoldry.

Even aside from outright welfare, since so much modern government activity involves taking money from one group and giving it to another, people are more likely to support a government if they think benefits are going to kinfolk. Less productive minorities profit enormously from wealthy societies that offer benefits to all, regardless of ethnic origin. At the private level, citizens are also more likely to give blood, support schools,

endow parks, and volunteer for community work if they know members of their own group will benefit.

Dr. Salter also points out that “raising children within national communities would increase the likelihood of them marrying fellow ethnics.” This is good for several reasons. Children from same-ethny marriages are more closely related to their parents. To continue with the previous example, Dr. Salter argues that if an Englishman marries an Englishwoman, his children will carry 92 percent more of his distinctive genes than if he marries a Bantu. In terms of making copies of his own genes, each child with an Englishwoman is almost like having two with a Bantu.

It may also be that parents of the same ethny treat their children better than do parents in mixed marriages, with the biological similarity of parent and child leading to more intimate bonding. The children in such marriages also share more genes with each other, and may develop deeper ties. Identical twins have the closest sibling bonds of all, and the more genes siblings share, the more they become like identical twins.

Another benefit of same-ethny marriages is that children will have no conflicting loyalties if tensions arise between the ethnies in a multi-ethnic society. Mixed children are sometimes unsure of their identities, and may be rejected by both groups.

Dr. Salter notes that it is obviously a genetic loss to adopt a child of a different ethny because the efforts of child-rearing are devoted to alien genes. Such adoptions can even be seen as disloyalty to a homogeneous society, because they mean government benefits to the children force other members of the group to support genetic free riders.

The multicultural societies that result from immigration give rise to many problems for the host population. “From an evolutionary perspective,” writes Dr. Salter, “many collective goods in modern [mixed] societies represent an opportunity for enlightened free riding.” Immigrants benefit from schools, hospitals, parks, museums, and national infrastructure to which they did not contribute and which their own ethnies may not be able to produce or maintain. Natives resent this, but Dr. Salter observes that “multicultural regimes deploy modern forms of ritual indoctrination to defeat inborn discriminatory responses to ethnic diversity, at least by majority ethnies.” As a result, “in mainstream Western societies majority

ethnic group strategies have all but vanished and free riding is largely uncontrolled.”

Many multicultural societies even encourage minorities to mobilize for the express purpose of extracting benefits from the majority. Majority members may end up distrusting a government that acts against their genetic interests, and Dr. Salter finds evidence that as a society becomes more varied, there is a decrease in public altruism; people prefer to do private good works for their ethnic kin rather than for distant ethnies.

In Europe, white majorities are beginning to understand the high price they pay for multiculturalism. In Dr. Salter’s view, every example of ethnic tension or non-assimilation is a valuable warning sign that the majority population has made a serious mistake: “For a people losing its country, the only thing more disastrous than multiculturalism that does not ‘work’ would be multiculturalism that did work”—that destroyed genetic interests without painful warning signs.

How should an ethny go about preserving its genetic interests? “It stands to reason,” writes Dr. Salter, “that it would be prudent for a population to defend its most precious collective interest—distinctive genes carried by the ethny—with the most powerful means at its disposal.” The most powerful means, of course, is government. And yet, almost every government has failed in this respect because “no state yet developed has reliably kept its promise as an adaptive ethnic group strategy.”

At one time, nation-states were made up essentially of ethnies, and defended genetic interests—even if not in so many words. Nation states acted naturally in what they took to be the benefit of their citizens, defending national territory against invasion, armed or unarmed. Dr. Salter notes that “the nation state is a psychological substitute for the primordial band and tribe,” and that “the political rhetoric of national identity and mobilization is rich in kinship metaphors such as the founding fathers, the motherland, brothers-in-arms, and fraternity.” No other appeal can elicit the same level of devotion or sacrifice.

Dr. Salter adds that by today’s standards nation-states were frankly xenophobic and benefited from it: “In the past, ethnocentric culture has usually been adaptive. Indoctrination is a powerful strategy for encouraging ethnocentric thinking, one that allows leaders to mobilize the community for defense.” Mobilization can go too far, and lead to aggressive war that

wastes lives even if it adds territory, but some level of nationalism is necessary for any people to maintain itself.

The problem with the state, as Dr. Salter sees it, is that “in modern societies, especially Western ones, there is no mechanism for ensuring the loyalty of cultural elites.” Mass immigration, which the government of virtually every white nation has imposed on its people, is the most egregious act of disloyalty. As Dr. Salter explains:

This reverses the state’s role as defender of the people’s ultimate interest to that of an enemy of that interest. The people lose their historical investment in the nation state, which is effectively hijacked for private purposes. Globalism can thus strip ethnies of their most powerful instrument for pursuing ethnic interests.

The state, which should protect genetic interests, now actively dissipates it, and ceases to deserve loyalty: “It would hardly be adaptive to risk one’s life, or that of one’s son, to defend a state apparatus that presided over the replacement or subordination of one’s people.” Indeed, as Dr. Salter explains, “citizens would be justified, based on adaptive utilitarian ethics, to reform or tear down their states and build new ones whose ethnic composition and constitution better serve their genetic survival.” People have every reason to replace governments that betray them.

Although many nations in the past were established with at least the implicit goal of protecting and benefiting a particular people, almost none has been explicit about it. Israel is exceptional in that it is an avowed homeland for Jews, but even it has failed to prevent non-Jewish immigration. Dr. Salter writes that a biologically well educated ethny should build a government around an explicitly ethnic constitution:

An ethnic constitution would correct some of the weaknesses in the traditional nation state. Existing constitutions are limited to defending proximate interests. But the ultimate interest is not happiness, nor liberty, nor individual life itself but genetic survival. A scientifically informed constitution that takes the people’s interests seriously cannot omit reference to their genetic interests.

Such an ethnic state would be a contract entered into by a people in the name of its posterity.

Dr. Salter argues that the right to live in an ethnic state is as important a human right as any other: “Like the freedom to raise a family, it is in everyone’s interest to have his ethnic interests protected by the power of the state and to be free to invest in his ethny by contributing to collective goods

that are proofed against free riders.” A world composed of ethnic states need not be hostile. On the contrary, each state would recognize the validity of every other group’s genetic interests, and could cooperate for mutual benefit. Immigration and the replacement of genes would end.

As Dr. Salter notes, for any territory, immigration policy is the equivalent of controlling evolution, in that it favors the propagation of certain genes at the expense of others. Each territory would, in this sense, guide its own evolution.

Ethnic separation is obviously desirable for states that decide to turn their backs on multiculturalism, but Dr. Salter proposes federalism if ethnies cannot be unscrambled. A weak national government could take responsibility for defense and foreign relations, leaving all other matters, including immigration policy, to local authorities.

Jumping the Tracks

Why has ethnic loyalty been discredited in recent decades while family loyalty—which is based on the same genetic interests—is recognized as legitimate? Dr. Salter is not sure, but notes that “families represent such a high and reliable concentration of their members’ distinctive genes that innate psychological mechanisms have evolved to monitor and protect that ultimate interest This has not occurred in the case of the tribe.” Why not? We have been evolving in families since before we were human, and once we became human, tribal bonds were so tight there were no real opportunities short of outright treason to work for the genetic interests of other ethnies. Tribal loyalties are therefore less grounded in pure instinct and more easily subverted.

As Dr. Salter explains, “The novelty of industrial society has tended to decouple social patterns from ethnic interests.” At the same time, “modern indoctrination techniques, most notably universal education and the mass media, tend to break down ethnic solidarity, causing altruism to be directed towards genetically distant individuals.” The result is that, “despite being outfitted with the potential for both family and ethnic feelings, humans are not as instinctively equipped to identify and defend ethnic genetic interests in the evolutionarily novel world of mass anonymous societies.” The loyalty of most whites therefore does not extend past their close kin. As Dr. Salter puts it, “They are, in effect, leaving their ethnic genetic capital to chance—the vagaries of nature and the good-will of competing groups.”

The Left, in particular, insists that people should act as atomized individuals with no ethnic loyalty. Dr. Salter likens this kind of detachment from ethnicity to the way a Martian might view humans. He notes also that the Left no longer even accepts democratic results if people vote to preserve their own ethnies. The destruction of the Vlaams Blok in Belgium because of its “racist” commitment to keeping Flanders Flemish is a recent example. Likewise, the Left constantly calls the Freedom Party in Austria, the Peoples Party in Denmark, the National Front in France, and the British National Party “anti-democratic.” Of course, there is nothing in their platforms against representative government. Apparently, the desire of a white ethny to preserve itself is so outrageous it cannot be accommodated by democratic means.

One of the most damaging current ideological tactics is to try to persuade a people that it is a “creedal” or “universal” nation that needs no biological continuity. As Dr. Salter explains, “It is in practice a formula for reconciling, or blinding ethnic majorities to their own decline while serving the sectional interests of minorities and free riding elites.” He continues:

A concept nation is incapable of principled defense against ethnic replacement. The doctrine is as pathological as a conception of the family that did not allow parents to show preference for their children.

This point is worth underlining: *Telling people to give up racial loyalty is the moral equivalent of telling parents to be indifferent to their children.*

As a practical matter, this kind of propaganda is directed only at whites, and it is only whites who are susceptible to it.

Dr. Salter quotes a person he describes as Australia’s senior demographer:

Some people think that a steady replacement of Anglo-Celts by other ethnic groups is highly desirable Personally, [replacement of Anglo-Celts] does not worry me so long as ‘Australian values’ remain: free speech; freedom of religious worship; equality of the sexes; reasonable equality between social classes (i.e. no aristocracy); and so on.

Probably no Chinese or Nigerian has ever expressed official indifference to the prospect of extinction for his own people.

Dr. Salter hopes that a broader understanding of genetic interests will lead to more sensible public policies. He argues that aside from the strong desire to protect one’s immediate family, humans do not have very strong instincts to protect their genetic interests and that “the set of mechanisms

for recognizing and investing in ethnies has become inadequate and often downright maladaptive.” He points out that people have genetic interests, whether they are conscious of them or not, and that they may have to be educated about them. He concedes, however, that “incorporating genetic interests into social theory will be a large undertaking”

The White Dilemma

Much of this large undertaking will involve persuading white “anti-racists” that ethnic loyalty is as legitimate—perhaps even more legitimate—than family loyalty. This idea is controversial, though only in certain circles; not all groups have abandoned ethnic loyalty to the same degree. Non-whites in their own nations, and non-white minorities within white nations show considerable racial solidarity. It is only whites who must be convinced that they lose something precious if their ethny is displaced. As Dr. Salter concedes, “One either feels protective about genetic interests or not,” and most whites have been trained not to feel protective.

That they could even be trained to lose interest in something vital probably reflects something distinctive about whites, and if whites do not regain their solidarity they will be replaced by groups that never lost it. The indiscriminate altruism typical of whites is not universal. In general, it is only whites who set up racial preferences for minorities, who adopt children of other races, or face dispossession through immigration. When whites took possession of North America, Australia, and New Zealand, they set aside territory for the exclusive use of the natives they displaced, giving them at least a minimal base for ethnic preservation. Non-whites who displace whites will not establish white homelands.

Dr. Salter also points out that throughout human history, ethnic loyalty has been the norm, and it is unlikely that indiscriminate altruism is a form of true wisdom discovered only recently by a few whites. “It is more rational,” he argues, “to assume that the absence of ethnic duty is a bold experiment, and possibly an immoral one.”

“A nation can take centuries to form,” writes Dr. Salter. “But as several Western societies have experienced, it takes a lapse of only one or two decades in immigration control for an economically successful society to find its unity broken and heading for genetic replacement.”

On Genetic Interests is a powerful argument in defense of all ethnies. Let us hope it will be most widely read by the ones that need it the most.

This article first appeared in the January 2005 issue of American Renaissance.

2. History

The Racial Ideology of Empire

THE ROOTS OF OUR CRISIS GO DEEP INTO THE PAST.

It is not difficult to find expressions of racial consciousness from prominent whites who lived only several generations ago. Colonization and empire-building probably brought out the frankest of these sentiments. British explorer and capitalist Cecil Rhodes, for example, stated at the turn of 20th century: “We are the first race in the world, and the more of the world we inhabit, the better it is for the human race.” At about the same time, British Colonial Secretary Joseph Chamberlain explained that “the spirit of adventure and enterprise distinguishing the Anglo-Saxon race has made us peculiarly fit to carry out the working of colonization.” The French took a similar view, with even a socialist such as Leon Blum noting in 1925: “We recognize the right and even the duty of superior races to draw unto them those which have not arrived at the same level of culture.” The brief American experience of traditional empire brought out the same sentiments. After annexation of the Philippines in 1899, Senator A.J. Beveridge wrote of “the mission of our race, trustees under God, of the civilization of the world.”

It would be easy to conclude from statements like this—and there are many—that race has been a consistent part of Western consciousness, and that only recently have whites lost their way. That would be a mistake. During the ages of discovery and colonization, whites rarely held well-considered or consistent views of race. Their actions and opinions varied widely in time and from place to place. Europeans often felt superior to the primitive peoples with whom they came into contact, but during the entire modern period, there have always been whites who held “anti-racist” views of the kind that prevail today. Since the Second World War, opinion has certainly shifted in an unhealthy direction, but Europeans have never had a sound, generally-accepted understanding of race. An examination of some of our past mistakes may throw light on the mistakes we are making today.

General Principles

Despite a lack of consistency about race, a few principles do emerge from the imperial period. The most obvious is that almost without exception, it has been the whites who were most distant from non-whites who took the most benign view of them. It was always the metropolitan authorities—whether in Britain, Spain, France or Portugal—who pushed for gentler and even equal treatment of colonial subjects. The men on the ground understood that empires could not be run on egalitarian principles. Whites who spent the most time overseas and who knew non-whites best were the ones who were least sentimental about them.

At the same time, whites have long had a tendency to be squeamish and hypocritical about race. Even at the height of empire, colonial authorities were full of false piety, mouthing high-sounding nonsense they did not believe. Except for people on the front lines of empire, there has been a surprising unwillingness of Europeans to assert racial interests, even when they understood and believed in them. Timidity about race is nothing new.

It is important to bear in mind that although we tend to think of empire as whites ruling non-whites, this is only one kind of empire. Anti-“racists” love to talk about overseas empire because it is such a gratifying example of “white supremacy,” but whites have had no compunction about ruling each other. Europeans ended up with large African and Asian empires only because it was easier to subjugate non-white primitives than to conquer fellow Europeans, but the history of the West is of endless efforts by whites to dominate other whites.

Even after the discovery of America, Spain ruled Portugal, and tried to invade Britain. Napoleon made himself emperor of vast European territories without much thought of possessions overseas. Even when overseas empire was most vigorous—when Chamberlain and Rhodes were glorying in bringing British rule to lesser breeds—they fought their most savage colonial war against whites: the Boers. When they boasted about the British race, they meant the British people, not the white race. Even Hitler, presumably the most race-conscious empire-builder of the 20th century, conquered fellow Europeans rather than build an overseas empire, and had an alliance with the non-white Japanese.

This brings us to another rule that governs the history of race and empire. Even among men who had no illusions about race—soldiers, for example, who killed natives to make way for empire—there was nothing remotely like pan-Caucasian solidarity that transcended European nationalism. From

the very beginnings of colonialism through the Second World War, Europeans enlisted non-whites in their wars with each other. There was some hesitation about teaching imperial subjects how to kill white men, but only because it might be harder to keep ex-soldiers as subjects, not because having them shoot whites was a betrayal of racial loyalty.

Non-white allies went into action against whites as early as the 1580s, when Francis Drake used Indians in his raids on the Spanish. During the French and Indian War, both sides recruited friendly natives, and both sides let their allies torture and mutilate captives, some of whom were white. Torture shocked British and French commanders, but it was the price of alliance.

During the Revolution, the British offered freedom to American blacks who revolted against their owners, and the first principle of colonization—sentimentality grows with distance—meant the British were much more successful than the revolutionaries in attracting Indian allies. Indians learned very quickly that it was the people farthest away who liked them most, and they wanted British rather than American rule.

As the young republic expanded, both Spain and England regularly armed Indians and set them against Americans. Andrew Jackson wanted Indian lands, but his initial reason for shipping tribes West was to remove potentially dangerous populations that could be stirred up by Europeans. Neither Americans nor their enemies had any scruples about encouraging Indians to kill whites.

Later, the British fielded regiments of Gurkhas and other Asians. The French had their North African Spahis and Harkis, as well as the famous *Tirailleurs Sénégalais*, made up of blacks from all over West Africa, not just Senegalese. The French used colored troops mainly to control colonies—always deploying them so they never had to fire on their own people—but during the First World War they had them fight Germans. Sixty-four thousand Indian troops died for Britain, many in Europe. France mobilized 555,000 colonial troops, of whom 78,000 died.

During the Second World War, the British raised 1.8 million Indian and 375,000 black soldiers. Although Germany defeated the French early, France still managed to field 160,000 blacks.

Such, then, is the checkered racial history of colonialism. Overseas empire certainly meant whites ruling over non-whites, but it was not based on coherent racial principles. The one great achievement of empire was to

turn vast regions white, but the collapse of empire and the non-white immigration that followed, has made it a very bad bargain, certainly for Europeans.

The British

All the great European empires followed the same patterns, and the British furnish as good an example as any of racial incoherence and even naïveté. A surprising example of the latter was the establishment of the first permanent settlement in Jamestown in 1607. By then, the Spanish had been in the New World for over a century, and had a reputation for massacre. The English were determined to do better, bringing civilization and Christianity to what they expected would be grateful natives. As one backer of the Virginia Company wrote of the Indians he had never seen: “Their children when they come to be saved, will blesse the day when first their fathers saw your faces.”

The colonists did not consider themselves superior to the “naturals,” no matter how primitive. They reasoned that the ancient Britons had been savages, civilized by the Romans, and that this process would be repeated. Although the colonists considered themselves racially different from Africans and “Moors,” they thought the Indians were born white and turned dark from exposure to the sun and to skin dyes.

The president of the Jamestown colony, Edward-Maria Wingfield, was so determined to set a loving example that he forbade construction of fortifications and training in the use of weapons. The colony was only ten days old when hundreds of Indians attacked it. If the English had not panicked the Indians with canon fire, they would probably have massacred every settler. It was only after this edifying encounter that the colonists built their famous three-sided stockade.

The Indian reaction to colonization was the mirror-image of what became the rule in European attitudes towards natives: The tribes that lived closest to Jamestown hated the English and tried to kill them. The more distant ones were friendly and were willing to trade.

Despite frequent attacks, the English did not give up hope that benevolence would win over the Indians. After the first conversions to Christianity, they set aside 10,000 acres for a college where Indians would be instructed in the faith. One English leader, George Thorpe, was especially insistent on kindness to Indians, and even publicly hanged dogs whose barking had frightened them.

As the years went by, Indians and colonists began to mingle, with hired Indians working together with the English in shops and in the field. The appearance of friendliness was false. In 1622, Indians carried out a carefully-hatched extermination plan, turning on the colonists with whom they worked, killing as many as they could. In some areas, they lost the element of surprise and therefore killed only 400 of Jamestown's 1,200 whites. For Thorpe, the special friend of the Indians, they reserved a particularly cruel death and elaborate mutilation. The remaining colonists launched a war of revenge, but after a year or so relations returned to an appearance of friendliness.

Amazingly, in 1644, Indians carried out an identical sneak attack, and managed to kill 400 to 500 people. This time, the English retaliated mercilessly, and in 1646, the Virginia General Assembly noted that the natives were "so routed and dispersed that they are no longer a nation, and we now suffer only from robbery by a few starved outlaws."

What is remarkable about Jamestown is the behavior of the English, not that of the Indians. The English approached the Indians with as much good will as it was probably possible for colonizers to approach the colonized. It was the Indians who recognized that colonization meant dispossession, and they resisted in every way they could.

Eventually, of course, the English lost their illusions. By 1690, Governor John Archdale of the Carolinas was praising God for the diseases that killed so many natives: "The Hand of God has been eminently seen in thinning the Indians to make room for the English." Still, it is sobering to note that even 400 years ago, whites were capable of dangerous illusions in their dealings with non-whites, though they did come to their senses before it was too late.

India

The British colonization of India was a remarkable contrast to that of Virginia, despite the fact that it began at virtually the same time (the East India Company started operations in 1613). The men in India did not think Asians were born white, and had no desire to change or civilize them. They were there to trade, make money, and expand British power. For the first 200 years, they would not even allow missionary work, and yielded reluctantly to the pressures that arose from religious revivals back in England. In 1813, the year missionaries first arrived, Governor Thomas Munro of Madras expressed the prevailing view of experienced India hands:

I have no faith in the modern doctrine of the improvement of the Hindus or of any other people. When I read, as I sometimes do, of a measure by which a large province has been suddenly improved, or a race of semi-barbarians civilized almost to Quakerism, I throw away the book.

The reforms crusading liberals then forced on India were a classic example of people who knew nothing about a country overruling administrators who had lived there all their lives. As the old hands had predicted, Indians reacted badly to evangelism, and were annoyed by the abolition of *suttee*, or the practice of burning widows. Although slavery was not widely practiced in India, its abolition throughout the empire in 1833 was another instance of reform-minded people from thousands of miles away meddling in affairs of which they had no experience.

Indians appear to have been reasonably content to be ruled by the British, but wanted their culture and religions left alone. Men like Kipling, who spent years in India, understood that “East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,” but missionaries and crusading liberals thought they could turn Indians into Englishmen. The Indian mutiny (also known as the Sepoy Rebellion) of 1857-1858 was in large part a reaction to these fashionable reforms. The attempt to make East and West meet ended in blood and tears, and British reformers redirected their zeal overnight to putting down the “ungrateful wogs.”

Yet another example of home-country illusions being forced on administrators who knew better led to what became known as the “white mutiny.” In 1880 the liberal Gladstone government appointed George Robinson (later Marquess of Ripon) as Viceroy of India. He arrived brimming with reform, and proposed a law that would have given Indian judges and juries the power to try Englishmen accused of local crimes. India men were outraged at this blurring of the line between rulers and ruled that they considered essential for doing their jobs. Resistance was so intense the measure was watered down, and any white defendant called before an Indian magistrate got the right to demand a jury that was at least half British or American.

The huge debate that erupted over this issue, both in India and England, damaged relations between whites and Indians. Until the new viceroy made an issue of it, everyone took it for granted that the English were tried by English judges. Forced to defend this tradition, whites had to make racial arguments that stirred up needless resentment.

Empire required a firm sense of the white man's fitness to rule, but it was not usually necessary to express this in explicitly supremacist terms. It was a delicate balance of confidence, sensitivity to Indian dignity, and industrial power that allowed Britain to rule 250 million Indians with never more than 900 civil servants and 70,000 soldiers. The British were conscious of this balancing act, and understood that a ruling race had to maintain a certain demeanor. As a man in the Indian Civil Service explained in 1900:

To the peasant the visit of a 'saheeb' or a casual meeting with one . . . will be talked of for days over the village fire and remembered for years. The white man will be sized up shrewdly and frankly. So take heed unto your manners and your habits.

George Orwell, who served in Burma, noted that "a white man mustn't be frightened in front of natives; and so, in general, he isn't frightened." Sir Francis Younghusband, who was born in India, and who led a British force into Tibet, wrote of the psychological basis of empire:

No European can mix with non-Christian races without feeling his moral superiority over them It is not because we are any cleverer than the natives of India, because we have more brains or bigger heads than they have, that we rule India; but because we are stronger morally than they are.

These sentiments were reflected in the sense of duty to which upper-class Britons were bred. By 1880, Britain was rearing complete generations to standards of "Anglo-Saxon manhood" that would prepare them to rule. Fair play and Christianity were essential ingredients of the master-race mentality, and the men who could pass the stiff examinations required to join the colonial civil service were rightly proud of their incorruptibility.

The empire was a source of great pride and excitement for ordinary people who never left Britain's shores. Publications such as *Boys of the Empire* (started in 1900) ran articles like "How to be Strong" and "Empire Heroes." There was a Boys Empire League, which promoted interest in the colonies, and the Boy Scouts were originally a patriotic organization. Scouting's founder, George Baden-Powell, had fought the Ndebele in Rhodesia, and expressed strong views of empire to his young charges:

Your forefathers worked hard, fought hard, and died hard to make this empire for you. Don't let them look down from heaven, and see you loafing around with your hands in your pockets, doing nothing to keep it up.

An *ABC for Baby Patriots*, published in 1899, caught the spirit with rhymes like:

C is for Colonies
Rightly we boast
That of all the great nations
Great Britain has most.

In the Victorian era, Pears Soap advertisements had copy like this:

The first step towards lightening the white man's burden is through teaching the virtues of cleanliness. Pears' Soap is a potent factor in brightening the dark corners of the earth as civilization advances.

Blacks

One group to whom the British believed they were bringing civilization was Africans. Of all the peoples they encountered, however, blacks (and Australian aborigines) appear to have struck them as the most alien. Whites could imagine that American Indians were of the same stock as themselves, and India hands admired Indian high culture, but with only a few exceptions, Africans appear to have struck whites as a lower race. The first blacks arrived in Jamestown in 1619, at the time when the English were still wondering if Indians were not sunburned white people. There were no such illusions about the new arrivals, and the colonists did not hesitate to treat them as a servile race.

In 1681 on Barbados, Governor Richard Dutton argued that black slaves should be treated with Christian kindness, but "as to making negroes Christians, their savage brutishness renders them wholly incapable." Another 17th century Englishman wrote of Africans that "the men and women go so alike, that one cannot know a man from a woman but by their breasts, which in the most part be very foule and long, hanging downe low like the udder of a goat." One Caribbean planter wrote that when African women bent over to tend crops, their breasts touched the ground, giving the impression from a distance that they were six-legged creatures. It would be hard to find such harsh descriptions of people of other races.

The impulse to see all races as equal nevertheless survived. British idealists established Sierra Leone in 1787 as a haven for freed slaves, and its backers believed sincerely that with proper instruction Africans could be brought up to the level of Europeans. Illusions of this kind might thrive among members of Christian tract societies back home, but they rarely lasted long under the tropical sun.

The explorer David Livingstone began his career as a missionary with the London Missionary Society, but gave up preaching in the early 1840s,

because he was making no progress:

It must be difficult or rather impossible for Christians at home to realize anything like an accurate notion of the grossness which shrouds their minds Their ideas are all earthly and it is with great difficulty that they can be brought to detach [themselves] from sensual objects.

Africa was the graveyard of high expectations. Even the founder of the London Missionary Society, Robert Moffat, could not maintain his optimism, writing of Africans that “Indifference and stupidity form the wreath on every brow: Ignorance—the grossest ignorance—forms the basis of every heart.”

Civil servants met with the same disappointments. Activists had pushed for emancipation, confident that freed slaves would be reborn as ambitious small-holders. Freedom led, instead, to drunkenness and idleness, while productivity plummeted.

The same metropolitan naïveté greeted the suppression of a black insurrection in Jamaica in 1865. Governor Edward Eyre, using methods similar to those adopted during the Indian mutiny just a few years earlier, had about 200 people executed. On Jamaica he was heralded as the savior of civilization, and he was shocked to be summoned before a commission in England to answer for his actions. The hearings badly fractured public opinion, with prominent men lining up on both sides. Eyre was removed as governor but never officially sanctioned, and went to his grave a hero to white Jamaicans and convinced he had been shabbily treated by his country.

It was a classic case of people who knew of blacks only second-hand second-guessing people who had lived among them for years. Eyre’s dismissal made it hard to take firm action elsewhere in the empire for fear of the reaction back home. Sir Garnet Wolseley, a tough soldier who saw service in dozens of colonial engagements had Eyre in mind when he wrote: “I have to think of the howling Societies at home who have sympathy with all black men whilst they care nothing for the miseries inflicted on their own kith and kin who have the misfortune to be located near these interesting niggers.”

As with Indians, colonial administrators in Africa thought it vital to maintain a certain attitude towards natives. Lord Lugard, who spent many years governing Nigeria in the early 1900s, held that whites should immediately rebuff any “insolent familiarity” from blacks, who would naturally be subservient if treated properly.

Lugard worried that some of the British straggling into the colonies did not have the natural air of superiority empire required: “The type of Englishman, in the shape of the trader, whom we meet in these parts, is too awful for words to describe; they are all more or less counter-jumpers of the worst type and biggest bounders into the bargain.” (“Counter-jumpers” are people whose natural position is subservience—serving behind a counter—who jump over the counter to mix with their betters.)

Still, the conviction that non-whites—Africans in particular—did not have the capacity to manage their own affairs lasted well into the 20th century. A 1937 *National Geographic* article caught the prevailing view: “The Baganda are a pleasant and courteous people and quick to emulate the white man in clothing and ways of living. They train easily, whether as domestic servants, scouts or seamstresses.”

In some circles, this paternalist view continued into the mid-century, especially among men who really knew blacks. The great Alsatian Protestant missionary, Albert Schweitzer (1875–1965) was the Mother Theresa of his time, a Nobel peace prize winner admired for saintly qualities. He took a kindly view of Africans but considered them lazy and improvident, and in 1938 wrote that they were largely incapable of ruling themselves:

When long-resident natives of the district express to me their discontent at being ruled by the whites, I answer that without the white man they would no longer be in existence, because they would either have slaughtered each other or ended in the Pahouin [the neighboring tribe] cooking pots. To this they have no answer.

By this time, of course, people who had no direct experience of non-whites were drowning out the warnings of men who knew better, and decolonization would come shortly.

What eventually brought about the end of empire? What ended the conviction that Anglo-Saxons were “peculiarly fit to carry out the work of colonization”? The two world wars undoubtedly had a lot to do with it. The agonized soul-searching that followed the first great war, especially, seems to have affected the way Europeans felt about everything they did. For men who prided themselves in their ability to run the affairs of others, it was a terrible blow to have, themselves, blundered into unspeakable carnage.

The Second World War, following just 20 years later, further exhausted the metropolitan powers. The United States, which emerged as the dominant superpower, was aggressively anti-colonial despite the explicitly

racial laws that still governed its internal relations with blacks. (This is just another example of the racial incoherence of empire: Jim Crow America opposed European rule in Africa.)

At the same time, at least among Indians and Asians, a class of Western-trained intellectuals was beginning to arise, whom it was difficult to hold in subservience. Empire always depended ultimately on force, and as time went by the British became reluctant to use it.

The 1919 “Amritsar massacre” reopened the wounds left by the controversy over Edward Eyre’s handling of the 1865 Jamaica uprising, and showed how the British were changing. During a period of nationalist disturbances, General Rex Dyer—an India man born in the Punjab—banned “all meeting and gatherings” in the province. When 20,000 people flouted his order and demonstrated in Amritsar, he marched 50 Gurkha and Baluchi troops into the town square and ordered them to fire on the crowd, killing 379 and wounding 1,500. Demonstrations immediately stopped, and Dyer was a hero—at least at first. The Sikhs, who hated the Punjabis, made the general an honorary Sikh at the Golden Temple.

Horror mounted back home, however, and Dyer was hauled before a commission. He explained that he wanted to “strike terror into the whole of the Punjab” in order to forestall rebellion. The British no longer had the stomach for striking terror, and Dyer was forced to resign his commission. (An interesting sidelight of the Dyer investigation was the interrogation of the Baluchis and Gurkhas who did the shooting. They said they enjoyed mowing down plainsmen.) As in the Eyre case, prominent people split over the Amritsar action, with men who knew India backing the general. Churchill condemned the shootings while Rudyard Kipling contributed to a sympathy fund that raised more than £26,000.

Earlier men who fought for Britain—Robert Clive (1725-1774), Lord Kitchener (1850-1916), and John Nicholson (1821-1857) who helped put down the mutiny—probably would have acted as Dyer did. The difference was that Britain would probably have backed them.

Until the waning days of empire, most Britons had a high sense of national destiny, and believed their nation was a powerful force for good. However, when increasingly well-educated subjects wanted self-rule it became difficult to deny them. The British certainly had the means to silence colonial elites but no longer had the will. In 1937, Hitler explained to Foreign Secretary Lord Halifax how to control Indian nationalism:

“Shoot Gandhi, and if that does not suffice to reduce them to submission, shoot a dozen leading members of [the] Congress [movement]; and if that does not suffice, shoot 200 and so on until order is established.”

Britain was no longer capable of measures like this, which was probably just as well. By the time India became independent in 1947, the exhaustion of two world wars, pressure from the United States, and the sophisticated tactics and demands of Indian activists left Britain little choice. One incident from the final days of the Raj showed just how far the former rulers had fallen. While the last viceroy, Louis Mountbatten, was negotiating the final withdrawal, his wife Edwina was carrying on an affair with Jawaharlal Nehru, the most prominent nationalist after Gandhi, and India’s future prime minister.

Independence has, of course, led to results that any student of race could have predicted: Moderate success for some Asian and Middle-Eastern peoples; chaos for most Africans. It is now the backwash of empire in the form of non-white immigration that is the most unhappy legacy for the European powers. If, indeed, the loss of confidence that led to decolonization lead inevitably to massive non-white immigration—and it seems to have done so without exception—empire was a catastrophic mistake for the imperial powers.

Hypocrisy and Failure of Will

Given the aftermath of empire, it should perhaps not be surprising to learn that its history is one of constant tension between frank assertions of white supremacy and the insistence that all men are brothers and equals. It is probably a reflection on the nature of whites that the latter view has always assumed a sheen of high morality. For at least two centuries, race has been a subject on which the more one ignores both the scientific evidence and the testimony of experts, the more enlightened one can appear. No doubt this is why even with empires at their most powerful, men who knew better shrank from blunt assertions of racial interests.

Immigration policy—policy that is determining the future for whites everywhere—seems always to have been fertile ground for hypocrisy and evasion. In light of the current debate over efforts to stem the Third-World influx, it is instructive to note that only rarely have whites had the stomach to say openly that they wanted to keep their countries white.

Surprising as it may seem, in the Victorian era the British tried to maintain the fiction that all Imperial subjects, of all races, were on an equal

footing. Therefore, when the whites who ran the South African colony of Natal wanted to pass laws preventing immigration from India, the colonial ministry overruled them. The British understood the desire to keep out Indians, but would not permit outright exclusion. In 1897, both sides reached a compromise, according to which immigrants had to arrive with at least £25 sterling and be able to speak a European language. This law successfully excluded the vast majority of Indian immigrants by means of regulations that appeared to be race neutral. Indirect measures of this kind became known as “the Natal formula.”

In the years before it became an independent commonwealth in 1901, Australia had considerable autonomy, but did not have complete control over immigration. Its leaders wanted laws to exclude Asians, but Joseph Chamberlain—the secretary of state for the colonies who was so insistent on the virtues of the “Anglo-Saxon race”—explained this was impossible. In 1897, he asked Australians to:

[B]ear in mind the traditions of the Empire, which makes no distinction in favor of, or against race or color; and to exclude, by reason of their color or by reasons of their race, all Her Majesty’s Indian subjects or even all Asiatics would be an act so offensive to those people, that it would be most painful, I am quite certain, to Her Majesty to have to sanction it.

Chamberlain wanted a “white Australia,” but would not approve overt racial restrictions, writing of the importance of “legislation that will prevent undesirable immigration without making distinctions based entirely on color.” Australia therefore worked out its own version of the Natal formula: Any immigrant would have to write a passage of 50 words dictated in a European language by an immigration officer.

There was no secret about the law’s purpose. An official of the Australian Department of External Affairs explained how the test was supposed to work:

It is not desirable that colored persons should be allowed to pass the test, and before putting it to anyone the Officer should be satisfied that he will fail. If he is considered likely to pass the test in English, it should be applied in some other language of which he is ignorant.

A non-white who seemed likely to pass the test in English, could be made to take it in French or Polish!

Australia passed other evasive legislation. In 1855, it had already kept out Chinese immigrants who came tightly packed in the lower decks of ships. Pretending to take an interest in the comfort of shipboard

accommodations, colonial authorities ruled that no vessel could bring in immigrants at a ratio of more than one person to every ten tons of displacement. In 1888, they raised the requirement to every 500 tons of displacement. These were apparently race-neutral laws designed to keep out people of a specific race—a Natal formula before the phrase was even born.

The Canadians also resorted to subterfuge. In 1908, when there was no direct steamer service from India to Canada, legislation required that immigrants come “from the country of their birth” on “a continuous voyage on through tickets.” The provision was aimed at Indians, but lawmakers could not bring themselves to write their real intent into law.

Lessons for Today

What is perhaps most instructive about studying racial policies of the past is to discover how little has changed. When whites leave Southern California, complaining about “crime” or when they claim to be looking for “good schools,” and somehow end up buying houses in white neighborhoods, they are reinventing the Natal formula. They are using ostensibly race-neutral grounds to achieve racial results, whether they realize it or not.

Something else that has not changed is the desire to downplay or even obfuscate the racial consequences of policy—except that the anti-“racists” are now doing it. The backers of the Immigration Reform Act of 1965 claimed it would have no racial impact, and would leave the makeup of the country unchanged. Racial preferences for non-whites get the anodyne name “affirmative action” or even the frankly deceptive “equal employment opportunity.” Transfers of wealth to blacks are “anti-poverty programs.” The dispossession of whites is “diversity” or “enrichment.”

Something else has changed even less: People who know nothing about non-whites still think they are experts on race relations. The less whites actually know, the more confidently they lecture other whites who have spent years among blacks or Asians. From the 1940s to the 1990s, Scandinavians who had never clapped eyes on a black told Americans and South Africans how to behave. Northerners berated Southerners with equal authority. Even today, the politicians and editorialists who bray the loudest about Southern or redneck “racism” live in gilded white ghettos and send their children to private schools. There is probably no other subject for which mouthing clichés passes for learning, and moral fervor trumps a lifetime of experience.

The preponderance of opinion has certainly shifted over time, but whites seem always to have had a predisposition to tread lightly when it comes to race, to hide racial interests behind non-racial generalities, and to be strongly attracted by the appearance of generosity and broad-mindedness that attaches to egalitarianism and the renunciation of racial loyalty. When non-whites were colonial subjects and not in a position to push their way into Europe, these tendencies had only local consequences—one is reminded of the Jamestown massacre of 1622. Now, they are potentially fatal.

Even on racial matters, however, whites are capable of learning. Just as the Jamestown colony eventually lost its illusions, liberals can abandon racial romanticism in the face of hard experience. The current ferment in Belgium and Holland over immigration is a sign that romanticism is dying. When Americans actually have a chance to express themselves—in referenda on racial preferences or benefits for illegal aliens—they almost always show good sense.

Today, with the possible exception of Iceland, no white nation is free of non-white immigration. Scandinavians can no longer wrap their denunciations of Americans or South Africans in the conviction that if they were in our place they would work miracles of reconciliation and uplift. They *are* in our place now, and the first-hand experience of race is sobering.

If this were empire, it is as if the people back home now have an inkling of what Edward Eyre faced in Jamaica or of why Rex Dyer opened fire in Amritsar. Far fewer people can shelter their illusions behind walls of ignorance.

Will whites wake up in time to save their civilization? If they do, they will look back in gratitude to the men who knew the world best, who thought about it hardest. They will wonder why, during the 20th century, Europeans ignored the warnings of men like Albert Schweitzer, and did not listen to Rudyard Kipling when he wrote: “A man should, whatever happens, keep to his own caste, race and breed. Let the white go to the white and the black to the black.”

This article first appeared in the February 2005 issue of American Renaissance.

Brown v. Board: The Real Story

HOW IT CAME ABOUT AND ITS TRAGIC

CONSEQUENCES.

May 17, 2004 marked the 50th anniversary of the US Supreme Court's famous ruling in *Brown v. Board of Education*. This decision, which forbade racial segregation in schools, is now being celebrated as a historic act of justice and courage. Of the hundreds if not thousands of public officials and editorial writers who have celebrated this anniversary, practically no one has criticized the decision. In fact, there is much to criticize. *Brown* was certainly one of the most important Supreme Court decisions of the 20th century; it is therefore necessary that we know what was wrong about how it was decided and what it brought about.

First, the decision involved nothing less than collusion between one of the justices and his former clerk, who was handling the US Government's arguments. One side of the case therefore had improper inside knowledge about what every justice thought, and could craft arguments specifically to appeal to them.

Second, one of the key expert witnesses for desegregation—the only one singled out for praise in the ruling—deliberately suppressed research results that undermined his position. He certainly knew about these inconvenient findings, because they were his own.

Third, because the Court could find no Constitutional justification for overturning the doctrine of “separate but equal,” it based its ruling on then-fashionable sociological theories. These theories were wrong.

Fourth, *Brown* was the first fateful step towards what we call “judicial activism.” The Supreme Court set aside its obligation to interpret the Constitution, and did what it thought was good for the country. It inaugurated an era of, in effect, passing new laws, rather than interpreting old ones. Judicial orders should never preempt law-making by elected representatives; republican government has been badly eroded by the process set in motion by *Brown*.

Finally, integration orders were among the most intrusive and damaging ever issued by American courts. Judges took over the most minute school-related decisions as if they were one-man school boards. Mandatory racial balancing—usually accomplished by busing—provoked white flight that in many cases left schools even more segregated than before. Beginning in

1991, the Court eased its requirements for mandatory busing, but by then it had already caused incalculable dislocation and had turned most big-city school districts into minority ghettos.

The final reckoning of *Brown* has yet to be made, but it is a ruling to be mourned, not celebrated.

How Brown Came About

Until *Brown*, the best known Supreme Court ruling on racial segregation had been *Plessy v. Ferguson*, handed down in 1896. This case involved separate railroad coaches for black and white travelers, and the court ruled famously that segregation was constitutional so long as the races were treated in a “separate but equal” manner.

Separate was rarely equal, however. In 1930, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, and Louisiana spent about one third as much on each segregated black public school student as on each white student. South Carolina, the most extreme case, spent only one tenth. Whites justified this difference by pointing out that local taxes paid for schools, and that blacks paid less in taxes than whites.

Spending on black schools increased rapidly in the 1940s and 1950s, often because of NAACP lawsuits insisting that if black schools were to be separate the Constitution required that they be equal. Many judges agreed, and throughout the old Confederacy there was a flurry of new taxes and bond issues to raise money for black schools. By the 1950s, the gap had been greatly narrowed all across the South, and in Virginia, for example, expenditures, facilities, and teacher pay were essentially equal in the two systems. Whites did not want to send their children to school with blacks, and were prepared to make considerable financial sacrifices to avoid doing so. Some within the NAACP wondered whether forcing the South to live up to the requirements of “separate but equal” would only make segregation permanent.

The Supreme Court agreed to hear the *Brown* case, which was a direct attack on separate school systems, even if they were equal. It was a consolidation of five separate cases that had arisen in different states, and it urged the Court to abolish segregated schools on the basis of the “equal protection” clause of the 14th Amendment.

It was impossible, however, to argue that the original intent of the 14th Amendment was to forbid segregated schools. The same Congress that passed the Amendment in 1866 established segregated schools in the

District of Columbia, and after ratification two years later, 23 of the 37 states either established segregated schools or continued to operate the ones they already had. Chief Justice Frederick Vinson was particularly bothered by a Constitutional appeal that required the Court to recast the meaning of an Amendment.

During oral arguments in the case in December, 1952, Thurgood Marshall of the NAACP therefore did not make a legal argument. His case rested on what came to be known as the “harms and benefits” theory, namely, that segregation harms blacks and integration would benefit them. Justice Robert Jackson, who had been chief prosecutor of Nazi war criminals at Nuremberg, complained that Marshall’s case “starts and ends with sociology.” He did not support school segregation but thought it would be an abuse of judicial power to abolish it by decree. “I suppose that realistically the reason this case is here is that action couldn’t be obtained from Congress,” he noted.

In fact, the sociology with which Marshall started and ended was weak. He leaned heavily on the work of Kenneth Clark, a black researcher known for doll studies. Clark reported that if he showed a pair of black and white dolls to black children attending segregated schools and asked them which doll they liked better, a substantial number picked the white doll. He argued to the Court that this proves segregation breeds feelings of inferiority. He failed to mention that he had shown his dolls to hundreds of blacks attending integrated schools in Massachusetts, and that *even more* of these children preferred the white doll. If his research showed anything, it was that integration lowers the self-image of blacks, but he deliberately misrepresented his findings.

John W. Davis, the lawyer who argued to retain segregated schools, pointed out that Clark’s conclusions contradicted his own published results in the Massachusetts findings. Davis later told a colleague that the ruling would surely go his way “unless the Supreme Court wants to make the law over.”

If the Court had decided the case immediately after oral arguments, *Brown* might have been decided the other way or at best, with a five-to-four majority that would have given it little authority in the South. It was at this point that Justice Felix Frankfurter, who was desperate to end segregation, assumed a key role. Faced with a bad legal case and justices who did not want to abuse their power, his strategy was to delay. He argued

strongly that a decision on *Brown* should be put off to allow time for an investigation of the original intent of the 14th Amendment and to let the new Eisenhower administration take a position. In the meantime, without telling the other justices, he told his clerk, Alexander Bickel, to ransack the history of the Amendment in the hope of finding something that would justify striking down segregation.

In June, 1953, the Court put *Brown* back on the docket and invited the new administration to file a brief. Eisenhower's people wanted to stay out of the controversy entirely, but unbeknownst to them an agent for Felix Frankfurter was working at a high level in the Justice Department. Philip Elman had clerked for Frankfurter, and was in constant communication with his old boss about *Brown*. He told the Solicitor General that a Supreme Court invitation to comment on a case was like a command performance, and he offered to handle the case.

Elman and Frankfurter both knew that back-channel communication was wrong. A party to a case is never permitted to have secret discussions with a judge who will decide the case. In a long 1987 article in the *Harvard Law Review*, in which he described in detail the collusion that went into the *Brown* ruling, Elman conceded that what he did "probably went beyond the pale" but, he added, "I considered it a cause that transcended ordinary notions about propriety in a litigation." He wrote that he and Frankfurter kept an appropriate professional distance on all other cases, but made an exception for *Brown*. To them, ending school segregation was so important it justified unscrupulous maneuvering.

They talked at length over the phone and in person, referring to the other justices by code. William Douglas was Yak because he was from Yakima, Washington. Stanley Reed was *Chamer*, because it means dolt or mule in Hebrew, and Reed thought desegregation was a political and not a judicial matter.

In September, 1953, something happened that completely changed the complexion of the Court: Chief Justice Frederick Vinson, a strong opponent of judicial activism, suddenly died. As Elman reports in the 1987 article, Frankfurter met him soon after in high spirits. "I'm in mourning," he said with a huge grin. "Phil, this is the first solid piece of evidence I've ever had that there really is a God." Elman writes that "God takes care of drunks, little children, and the American people" and showed His concern for America "by taking Fred Vinson when He did." The new Chief Justice was

Earl Warren, an ambitious former governor of California, who saw his job not as interpreting the Constitution but as a chance to exercise power.

In the meantime, Frankfurter's clerk Bickel could find nothing in the history or intent of the 14th Amendment that could be used to order desegregation, so Frankfurter changed tack. He began to urge that original intent did not matter, and that the Amendment's language should be reinterpreted according to the needs of the time. He reported to Elman that Warren and some of the other justices were sympathetic to this view, so not surprisingly, when the Justice Department filed Elman's 600-page brief in December 1953, it too argued that the language of the Amendment was broad enough to be reinterpreted.

The reargument covered the same ground as before. Thurgood Marshall trotted out the bogus doll studies again, while the Justice Department echoed Bickel's view that the original intent of the 14th Amendment could be ignored. Frankfurter wrote long memos to the other justices insisting that the law must respond to "changes in men's feelings for what is right and just." This combination of arguments overcame the scruples of most of the justices who were reluctant to go beyond what they considered to be the limits of their authority. Jackson and Reed were the only holdouts. The former Nuremburg prosecutor refused to dabble in what he thought was a political rather than a judicial matter, and Reed, the *chamer*, argued that judicial activism was the beginning of "kritarchy," or rule by judges.

At the end of March 1954, Jackson suffered a serious heart attack. Warren rushed to the hospital and got the weakened justice to agree to the opinion he had drafted. Then he cornered Reed, telling him he would be all alone if he did not go along. Reed, who never agreed with the ruling, bowed to pressure and joined the majority.

On May 17, Warren read the decision from the bench. Since there was no legal reasoning involved in it, he could keep it short enough to make the entire ruling fit into a newspaper article. The most often quoted passage is the following:

To separate [black children] from others of similar age and qualifications solely because of their race generates a feeling of inferiority as to their status in the community that may affect their hearts and minds in a way unlikely to ever be undone We conclude that in the field of public education the doctrine of 'separate but equal' has no place. Separate educational facilities are inherently unequal.

Warren admitted that he was interpreting the Constitution differently from every Supreme Court that had gone before:

“[W]e cannot turn the clock back to 1868 when the [14th] Amendment was adopted, or even to 1896 when *Plessy v. Ferguson* was written,” he argued. The point to be addressed was whether “segregation of children in public schools solely on the basis of race, even though the physical facilities and other ‘tangible’ factors may be equal, deprives the children of the minority group of equal educational opportunities.” His conclusion: “We believe it does.” As evidence, he cited Clark’s doll studies.

It should not require pointing out that whether segregation makes blacks feel inferior is not a Constitutional issue. Even if the evidence that segregation did have that effect had been solid—and it was not—it did not justify reinterpreting the Constitution.

Even liberals recognized that the Court was practicing sociology and not law. The *New York Times*, which welcomed the ruling, nevertheless gave its May 18 article the following sub-headline: “A Sociological Decision: Court Founded Its Segregation Ruling On Hearts and Minds Rather Than Laws.” The dean of the Yale Law School, Wesley Sturges, put it more bluntly. For the justices to rule as they did, he noted, “the Court had to make the law.”

Nor was Philip Elman’s behind-the-scenes role in the matter finished. The Constitution has been consistently interpreted to mean that the rights it grants are personal and require immediate relief. If segregation was unconstitutional it meant black students were entitled to integration right away. Frankfurter had explained to Elman that if this were what a desegregation ruling required, he could not be sure of getting unanimity, perhaps not even a majority. The prospect of the chaos such a ruling would cause would have pushed many justices into opposition.

It was Elman, therefore, who proposed the very unusual solution of separating enforcement from constitutionality. After the famous May 17 ruling, the Supreme Court sent the case back for further argument on how the decision should be implemented. It waited nearly a year, until May 1, 1955, to let the 1954 ruling sink in, before issuing another ruling on how to do what the Court had ordered. It is here that we find the famous linguistic fudge: desegregation was to be accomplished with “all deliberate speed.” The South was going to have to abide by the Constitution, but it could drag its feet. “It was entirely unprincipled,” Elman wrote in 1987; “it was just plain wrong as a matter of constitutional law, to suggest that someone

whose personal constitutional rights were being violated should be denied relief.” Elman proposed a solution he concedes was “entirely unprincipled” because that was what it would take to get the ruling he and Frankfurter wanted.

In his article, Elman also showed considerable contempt for Thurgood Marshall, who later became the first black appointed to the Supreme Court. He wrote that Marshall made bad, ineffective arguments, but that Elman’s collusion with Frankfurter had so rigged the Court in favor of desegregation, it made no difference: “Thurgood Marshall could have stood up there and recited ‘Mary had a little lamb,’ and the result would have been exactly the same.”

From Desegregation to Integration

The initial impact of the *Brown* decision was, with a few exceptions, anticlimactic. The implementation order of 1955 applied only to schools that practiced legal segregation, and required only that they stop assigning students to schools by race. The targets were therefore only Southern schools, where there was little change, since most students stayed where they were. A few ambitious black parents enrolled their children in white schools, but no whites switched to black schools. There was dramatic resistance in 1957 to the arrival of even small numbers of blacks at Central High School in Little Rock, Arkansas, but *desegregation*—the end of forcible separation of students by race—passed easily enough. It was the shift from desegregation to *integration*—the obligatory mixing of students to achieve “racial balance”—that convulsed the country.

In *Brown*, the Supreme Court endorsed the view that it was legally enforced, *de jure* segregation that damaged the minds of blacks; the justices said nothing about the *de facto* school segregation that reflects residential segregation. However, as the 1960s wore on, and summers were punctuated by riots in New York, Rochester, Watts, and Newark, official thinking began to change. In 1967, the US Commission on Civil Rights issued a report called *Racial Isolation in the Public Schools*, in which it declared flatly that voluntary segregation was just as harmful as legally enforced segregation.

By now, almost all sociologists embraced the harms and benefits theory of desegregation, and endorsed the commission’s report rather than a much more thoroughgoing one that had appeared the year before. This was the now-famous Department of Health Education and Welfare study known as the Coleman Report, officially titled *Equality of Educational*

Opportunity. Sociologist James Coleman and his colleagues had fully expected to find that poor black academic performance was caused by inadequate school funding, and that integration brought black achievement up to the level of whites. They were surprised to learn that although there were regional differences—the North spent more money on schools than the South—within the regions school authorities were devoting much the same resources to blacks as whites.

Another surprising finding was that the amount of money spent on schools did not have much effect on student performance, and blacks who attended predominantly white schools did only slightly better than those who attended all-black schools. (Coleman later concluded that this small difference was not due to integration. The first blacks who attended white schools voluntarily were smart, ambitious blacks who would have done well in all-black schools.) These findings ran so contrary to '60s-era thinking that Coleman and his co-authors buried its conclusions, and the report became well-known only in retrospect.

In 1968, the Court adopted the more fashionable thinking of the Civil Rights Commission. In *Green v. New Kent County*, it ruled that race-neutral school policies were not good enough. At least for schools that had practiced *de jure* segregation, the “vestiges of segregation” had to be eliminated by race-conscious remedies and forcible integration. One likes to imagine the deliberations of our highest court conducted in Olympian calm, undistracted by mundane outside events. However, it may not be a coincidence that Martin Luther King, Jr. was assassinated the day after oral arguments in *Green*, and the Court deliberated during the worst race riots the country had ever seen.

Still, every court order so far had been directed to schools in the once-segregated South. The rest of the country could look on in smug superiority as Southern whites battled busing, set up private schools, fled to the suburbs and, in some cases, even closed down public schools rather than submit to “racial balancing.” At least in the South, whites clearly did not like forced race-mixing, and would go to great lengths to avoid it. To the elites of the time, this was precisely the kind of prejudice busing was designed to cure.

It is easy to lose sight of just how radical a change the courts required when they shifted from desegregation to forcible integration. A movie theater, for example, is considered desegregated if patrons of all races can attend. Depending on location, some theaters may have patrons of mostly

one race or another, but no one would think of controlling the flow of customers in order to achieve “racial balance.” This, however, was the effect of the new Court rulings. It was as if blacks and whites had to check with a central authority whenever they wanted to see a movie, and were directed only to theaters across town where they were sure to be a racial minority. Imagine the resistance to rules of that kind applied to restaurants, libraries, sports events, etc. It is not surprising that Southerners resisted busing.

The respite for the North was short-lived. In its 1971 ruling in *Swann v. Charlotte-Mecklenburg Board of Education* the Court decided that if forcible integration was necessary to correct the damage racial separation caused to Southern blacks, it was equally necessary in the North, where residential and school segregation were often almost as pronounced. The Court made it clear that integration was to apply to *every* aspect of a school, including teachers, staff, extracurricular activities, attendance boundaries for schools, and new construction. The judges chose schools as the institutions that would henceforth make up for the effects of voluntary residential segregation, and breed a new generation that would ignore race. Soon parents everywhere were faced with the prospect of putting their children on buses for lengthy rides across town so blacks could attend white schools and vice versa. Whites in the North set about with a will to achieve racial balance but found that, if anything, they disliked busing even more than Southerners did.

Wilmington, Delaware, made a particularly ambitious effort. Courts consolidated all city and suburban school districts—so that whites could not escape to nearby white school districts—and ordered every school integrated. This was to be done by racial mixing in neighborhoods if possible, and otherwise by sending whites to the inner city and inner-city blacks to the suburbs.

Wilmington worked very hard to prepare for what everyone knew would be a wrenching change. For white teachers, the days of the three Rs were over. They had to learn “empathetic listening,” “values clarification,” and “consultation skills,” so they could handle black children. Altogether, teachers got a very confusing message: The classroom would integrate black children into the American mainstream, but it must not transmit oppressive, middle-class values.

Like other school districts, Wilmington learned that any racial balancing plan causes white flight, but some plans cause more than others. Shipping white children out of their neighborhoods to black schools was the worst. About half the white parents did not even wait to see what it was going to be like; their children disappeared to the far suburbs and into private schools, and never set foot in a black school. Most of the rest abandoned the experiment soon thereafter.

Blacks were less unwilling to come to white schools, but this did not lead to racial mixing. As one Wilmington reporter noted, “despite the massive effort to bring the races together, students and even teachers segregated themselves at lunch, in the hallways, and in the classrooms if they were given the opportunity.” Administrators also discovered “the tipping point.” A few blacks did not change the character of a school, but as their numbers increased so did racial tensions. “It was almost as if there was something magic—or hellish—when the black enrollment reached 40 percent,” recalled Jeanette McDonald, who was dean of girls at P.S. du Pont High School. “The black attitudes changed then, and the whites had reason to be frightened.” Blacks would begin to extort protection money from whites, graffiti would appear, windows would be smashed, lockers were looted, and refuse would accumulate. A formerly all-white school would rapidly begin to turn black. Once most of the whites were gone, those who remained adapted to black dominance.

Before *Brown*, Wilmington public schools were 72.9 percent white. By 1976, after forced busing, they were 9.7 percent white. Furious whites were hardly mollified when Federal Judge Murray Schwartz, one of the architects of the busing plan, transferred his own children to private school.

Busing in Boston was perhaps more traumatic and disruptive than anywhere else. In 1967, the public schools were 73 percent white. The average black student, however, attended a school that was only 32 percent white, which means schools were substantially segregated. This reflected the fact that most blacks were clustered in Roxbury, in the southern part of town. Court-ordered busing came in 1974, but the mere rumor of it was enough to send whites to the suburbs. By 1973, white enrollment had dropped to 57 percent, and the average black attended a school that was only 21 percent white. Immediately after busing, which met more resistance and violence from angry whites than anywhere else in the country, the exposure to whites increased somewhat, but quickly dropped because so

many whites fled. By 2002, the district was only 15 percent white, and the average black attended a school that was 11 percent white, a figure far lower than the 32 percent from pre-integration days.

The same drama followed forced integration in many big-city school districts. In Washington, DC's public schools, for example, white enrollment was 48 percent in 1951. Ambitious federal judges ordered racial balancing even before the Supreme Court's *Green* decision in 1968, so the city learned about integration early. Newly-arrived blacks at Theodore Roosevelt High School made so many obscene comments to the girl cheerleaders the school switched to boys. Several principals decided not to have dances or other social events because of lewd advances by blacks. Whites abandoned the public schools, and by 1974 white enrollment was down to 3.3 percent. Washington was the first major urban school district from which whites essentially disappeared.

A district that used to show solid performance sank to the bottom of the league. In 1976, one high school valedictorian scored only 320 on the verbal and 280 on the math SAT. These scores put the student in the 16th and 2nd percentiles for college-bound seniors. On the 25th anniversary of *Brown*, James Nabrit, a lawyer who had argued one of the first successful desegregation cases in the District, complained that despite huge, federally-funded budgets, the Washington schools had "drowned the courtroom victory in a sea of failure."

This pattern was repeated across the country, if not always so dramatically. White enrollment in Chicago (Cook County) public schools was 65.4 percent in heavily segregated schools in 1969. By 1990, after mandatory racial balancing, the figure was 23.5 percent, and by 2000 it was 13.5 percent. The decline in New York City's white enrollment during the same period was from 38.7 percent to 19.3 to 15.3 percent. In 1968, nearly 80 percent of the public school students in San Diego were white. By 2000, only 26.1 percent were white. In all such cases, especially in California, there would have been a drop in white enrollment as a percentage of the total simply because of the arrival of large numbers of immigrant children, but the overwhelming bulk of the decrease is due to white flight.

At the same time, racial balance began to consume a huge proportion of local education budgets. Districts that undertook full-scale integration campaigns soon found them swallowing up a fifth or more of the total budget.

Integration did succeed in increasing the amount of racial contact between black and white students, most obviously in the South, where legal segregation had kept the races entirely apart. However, initial gains quickly eroded as whites disappeared. In 1968, before court-ordered busing, the average black in a big-city district attended schools that were, on average, 43 percent white. Busing pushed that figure up to 54 percent in 1972, but by 1989 white flight had brought the figure down to 47 percent, just 4 points higher than in 1968.

The disappearance of whites caused so much dislocation in so many school districts that the Supreme Court finally began to notice. In a series of decisions between 1991 and 1993, the Court reversed itself, and ruled that schools should not be required to compensate for residential segregation. By the mid-1990s there were still “magnet schools” with desirable curricula deliberately put in black areas in the hope of wooing whites into integrated classes, but forcible mixing had largely come to an end. White enrollment leveled off in most school districts, once children could attend neighborhood schools that reflected local housing patterns.

Schools are therefore moving towards increased self-segregation. One measure of this trend is the percentage of non-white children who go to “racially isolated” schools, in which fewer than 10 percent of the students are white. Between 1991 and 2001 that number increased in at least 36 of the 50 states. Thirty-five percent of black, Hispanic, Asian, and American Indian students are now “racially isolated.”

During the same period, as integration requirements eased, nearly 6,000 public schools saw dramatic racial shifts, with 414 going from mostly minority to mostly white, while 5,506 shifted from mostly white to mostly minority. This means that within a 10-year period, one out of every 11 public schools (of the more than 67,000 in the whole country) changed markedly in racial character, generally coming in line with segregated housing patterns.

It should be noted that a school may be integrated but its students are not. Blacks and Hispanics often cluster in the remedial classes, with whites and Asians in the honors courses. Even those students who attend the same classes rarely fraternize across racial lines during lunch or recess. Self-segregation begins early and becomes more rigid as children get older. In high school, the only consistent exceptions seem to be among athletes, who may have real interracial friendships among teammates.

For the major big-city school districts, the end of busing came too late. Most whites now think of the public schools in places such as Chicago, New York, or Washington, DC as almost foreign territory. Even the neighborhood school is not a realistic option for their children. Whites may live in these cities when they are single or childless, but move to the suburbs when they have children. Previous generations of whites made big cities their permanent homes; among most whites today this is not an option for any but the wealthy, who can afford elite private schools, and the poor, who have no choice.

Few people mourn the end of busing. Whites rarely supported it, with about 65 to 70 percent of parents prepared to tell a pollster they didn't want it. A substantial minority of blacks also opposed it: generally about 40 percent. In Chicago, the longer blacks were bused the less they liked it, with opposition rising from 48 percent in 1986 to 60 percent in 1990. At first, most blacks believed in the "harm and benefits" theory, but as the benefits failed to materialize they began to object to sending their children far from home. There has also been a resurgence of black pride and accompanying scorn for the idea that blacks must have white schoolmates in order to learn.

George W. Bush's black Secretary of Education, Rod Paige, shifted his emphasis away from integration. "Our goal is to make the schools better irregardless of the demographic makeup of the school," he explained.

The Final Reckoning

Scholars have now had decades of school integration to study, and the results flatly contradict the sociological assumptions behind *Brown*. It is interesting to speculate how the justices would have ruled in 1954 or in the cases that imposed busing if they had known what we know now. In 1967, Federal Judge J. Skelly Wright reflected the prevailing view when he wrote: "Racially and socially homogeneous schools damage the minds and spirit of all children who attend them—the Negro, the white, the poor and the affluent" He was wrong. Study after study has shown that segregation, whether *de facto* or *de jure*, does not lower black self-esteem. Black children consistently outscore white children on all standard tests of self image. (Such tests consist of questions like "Could you be anything you like when you grow up?" or "Do people pay attention when you talk because you have good ideas?" Scores on these tests generally match the assessments of people who know the test-takers.) What is more, just as Clark's doll tests suggested 50 years ago, integration appears to lower black

self-esteem, not raise it. The most plausible explanation is that it brings them face to face with a racial gap in academic achievement that refuses to go away.

Here again, the findings are consistent: The average black 12th grader reads and does math at the level of the average white 8th grader. This has been true—with slight, up-and-down variations—for 40 years. What is more, it is true whether black students have no, few, or many white classmates. Advocates of the “harm and benefits” theory have desperately resisted these findings, and journalists have hesitated to publicize them. However, as Abigail and Stephan Thernstrom make clear in their recent book *No Excuses*, many different approaches in many different school systems have failed to narrow the gap. They call this persistent difference in achievement “a national crisis.”

Nor does integration necessarily improve race relations. Results are not consistent, but increases in racial hostility are just as likely as decreases. A more fine-grained analysis shows that integration causes fewest problems at the youngest grades, but as children get older they become more conscious of race and increasingly socialize with people like themselves. The racial gap in academic performance—although it starts in pre-school—is not as striking in the lower grades, and is less a barrier to friendship. Likewise, when blacks start enrolling in formerly-white schools, race relations are best if the number of blacks is kept at no more than 15 to 25 percent. Research has confirmed what teachers in Wilmington discovered after court-ordered busing: 40 percent is the point at which things often go seriously wrong.

Another consistent and related finding is that discipline problems increase as the number of black or Hispanic students increases (an influx of Asians does not have this effect). Theft, violence, and insubordination of all kinds go up as the racial balance changes.

The “harm and benefits” theory was wrong. Segregation does not damage black children, and the only discernible benefit of integration appears to be the moral satisfaction it provides its architects. The sociological basis for *Brown* was therefore unsound.

It is also clear that white parents were justified in opposing mandatory race-mixing. If the average black 12th grader performs at the level of the average white 8th grader, the parents of the average white 12th grader are right to think integration will lower standards and divert resources to

remediation. They are also right to suspect it is likely to bring violence and disorder.

White flight is invariably dismissed as “racism.” However, the decline of white school enrollment reflected agonizing decisions unelected judges forced on millions of decent American parents. Do we keep our children in public school despite falling standards? If we move to the suburbs will we have to sell our house at a loss? If we stay, will we both have to work so we can afford private school? There have probably never been any other American court decisions with such a direct and unpleasant impact on the lives of so many people. It is doctrinaire to the point of callousness to disregard the sufferings of “racists” who rejected a social experiment in which they wanted no part, and did what they thought best for their children.

Brown and its sequels are some of the strongest proof of why judicial activism is so dangerous. The Constitution is silent on the question of segregated schools. Some states had them and others did not; it was a matter rightly left up to the deliberations of the people’s elected representatives. The Supreme Court forced a mute Constitution to speak, and in so doing made it speak gibberish.

From ratification until 1954, the Constitution permitted (though did not require) segregated schools. In 1954 it suddenly forbade legal segregation without requiring deliberate racial balancing. In 1968 it suddenly required race-conscious balancing, and in 1991 it decided not to require it after all. These changes were not the result of Amendments; they reflect nothing more than judicial decision-making so powerful and capricious that some have described it as tyranny. As Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes once noted, “We are under a Constitution, but the Constitution is what the judges say it is.”

Brown and what followed underline how different court rulings are from legislation. Legislation is a tedious, time-consuming process that requires the agreement of many people. It involves trade-offs and compromises, drafting, redrafting, and public scrutiny. Many court rulings are taken on the authority of only *one judge*, and a Supreme Court decision requires just five. Courts are therefore far more likely than legislatures to veer off into treacherous, uncharted waters. Obligatory race-balancing was a colossal, expensive mistake that *no state or national legislature would have*

made. Only the courts can completely ignore the will of the people, and force upon them policies their representatives would never enact.

As the Civil Rights Act of 1964 demonstrated, legal segregation was probably doomed. Sooner or later, legislatures would have desegregated schools without indulging in the fantasy that schools could remold Americans into race-unconsciousness. The country would have escaped the trauma of busing, and urban school districts would probably not now be wastelands.

Today, even some of those who cheered the loudest for *Brown* have second thoughts. Derrick Bell is a black lawyer and former Harvard Law School professor. During the 1960s, he worked for the NAACP, trying to short circuit the legislative process, arguing dozens of school cases before dozens of judges. By 1976, he had concluded that integration was a false goal and that blacks should have instead petitioned for the “equal” in the “separate but equal,” established in 1896 in *Plessy v. Ferguson*. “Civil rights lawyers were misguided in requiring racial balance of each school’s student population as a measure of compliance and the guarantee of effective schooling,” he wrote. “In short, while the rhetoric of integration promised much, court orders to ensure that black youngsters received the education they needed to progress would have achieved much more.”

This year, the 50th anniversary of *Brown*, Prof. Bell put the case even more bluntly. “From the standpoint of education,” he says, “we would have been better served had the court in *Brown* rejected the petitioners’ arguments to overrule *Plessy v. Ferguson*.” Practically no whites are prepared to say what Prof. Bell is willing to say: The Supreme Court made a mistake in 1954. This 50th anniversary should not be a time for celebration but for reflection on the dangers of unbridled judicial power and the persistent reality of race.

This article first appeared in the July 2004 issue of American Renaissance.

Miscegenation at Monticello?

SPITTING ON JEFFERSON 186 YEARS LATER.

Every so often some clown decides to call Thomas Jefferson a “racist,” and other clowns let him publish the charge. The most recent clown is Paul Finkelman, a professor at Albany Law School, and the accessory clowns are the *New York Times* [“The Monster of Monticello,” Nov. 30, 2012]. Prof. Finkelman is shocked to find that Jefferson thought blacks were less intelligent than whites. And since Jefferson wrote the words “all men are created equal” but bought and sold slaves, that makes him “a creepy, brutal hypocrite.” Like all clowns of his kind, Prof. Finkelmen tells us Jefferson fathered children with his black slave, Sally Hemings.

In other words, the usual rubbish.

James Callender, a transplanted Scotsman, started the Hemings rumor in September, 1802, after Jefferson turned him down for a patronage job. Callender claimed the president was sporting with “dusky Sally,” a “wooly-headed concubine,” who was part of his “Congo harem.”

“By the wench Sally our president has had several children,” he wrote, later claiming that the total was five. Callender called Sally a “slut common as the pavement” who was “romping with half a dozen black fellows.”

Callender never claimed he met “dusky Sally” or explained how he got the dope on her rompings. The next year, Callender drowned in two or three feet of water in the James River, reportedly too drunk to fish himself out, but Jefferson’s Federalist enemies never stopped whooping up the Hemings story. Callender may have been right to claim he had done more damage to Jefferson’s reputation in five months than all his other critics had done in ten years. Deviants have cackled with joy ever since at the thought that Monticello was a love nest of miscegenation.

DNA testing on Sally Hemings’s descendants in 1998 proved that Jefferson was *not* the father of one of her older children, but that someone who had the Jefferson Y chromosome fathered her youngest child, Eston. The trouble is, there were 26 men of romping age who carried that chromosome and who could have been the father. This includes Jefferson’s brother Randolph, Randolph’s sons, and a number of other men in the Jefferson line. They were all of reproductive age and living in Virginia at the time of conception.

Was Jefferson the father? Eston was conceived in 1807, when old Tom was 64, in bad health, and in his second term as president. The chances of the aging, ailing president shacking up with his slave under those circumstances are close to zero. The Sally rumors had already been circulating for five years and had hurt him. How likely was he to give them credence?

There are several likelier candidates, and the most likely is Jefferson's younger brother Randolph, who was a 51-year-old widower. A former Jefferson slave named Isaac later wrote that "Old Master's brother, Mass Randall, was a mighty simple man: used to come out among black people, play the fiddle and dance half the night"—behavior that could easily lead to romping. Randolph later remarried and had more children, so we know he was a romper. No one ever claimed Thomas Jefferson socialized with slaves.

Any law-school professor has heard of "innocent until proven guilty." At Albany there must be a new gloss on the doctrine to explain why it doesn't apply to people who are dead and can't defend themselves.

And does Prof. Finkelman think there is even a hint of originality in accusing Jefferson of hypocrisy? In July 1802, a Federalist weekly called the *Port Folio* published a poem that it put into the mouth of a fictional Jefferson slave named Quashee:

*Our massa Jeffeson he say,
Dat all mans free alike are born:
Den tell me, why should Quashee stay,
To tend de cow and hoe de corn?
Huzza for massa Jeffeson.*

*And why should one hab de white wife,
And me hab only Quangeroo?
Me no see reason for me life!
No. Quashee hab de white wife too.
Huzza for massa Jeffeson.*

Jefferson's enemies were pointing out the silliness of "all men are created equal" before the Hemings rumor even started. Jefferson didn't believe all men were created equal any more than Prof. Finkelman does, and to

handcuff Jefferson to those five words is profoundly stupid. The Declaration of Independence explains to George III why the colonists wanted out. It starts with rhetorical throat-clearing in which the signers say they are *the King's* equals and have the right to go their own way. When the founders got around to writing the rules for actually running their new country—either in the Articles of Confederation or the Constitution—they didn't put in any gauzy bunk about equality.

Prof. Finkelman is shocked—*shocked*—that Jefferson thought blacks were dimmer than whites, but Jefferson was right. Anyone not blinkered by fashionable egalitarian bunk knows he was right. Prof. Finkelman is just as shocked to find out that Jefferson was worried that free blacks could become “pests in society,” but old Tom was on to something there, too. If Prof. Finkelman disagrees, he can tell us whether there is a single Martin Luther King Boulevard he'd like to go strolling on after sundown.

Prof. Finkelman makes it sound as though Jefferson loved slavery and wanted it to go on forever. Jefferson disliked slavery but disliked free Negroes even more. He wanted to emancipate the slaves and deport them “beyond the reach of mixture.”

The title of Prof. Finkleman's *Times* article is “The Monster of Monticello.” It must take a lot of courage to spit on Jefferson because he owned slaves, and the professor better be ready to do a lot more spitting: Nine of the first 11 presidents owned slaves, and James Madison, Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster, Stephen Douglas, William Seward, Francis Scott Key, Winfield Scott, John Marshall, Roger Taney, James Monroe, Henry Clay, and Abraham Lincoln all wanted to send blacks out of the country.

People who actually knew Jefferson found him charming, cultivated, and a man of great honor. At a distance of 186 years, Prof. Finkelman tells us he was “creepy,” but Prof. Finkelman is only the most recent of many creeps. Black *Baltimore Sun* columnist Gregory Kane tells us Jefferson was a “horny hypocrite” and black columnist Clarence Page called him a “deadbeat dad.” Columnist Richard Grenier likened Jefferson to Gestapo chief Heinrich Himmler and called for the Jefferson Memorial to be torn down “stone by stone.” Conor Cruise O'Brien writes that Jefferson is “of necessity abhorrent.”

Jefferson's reputation will survive, but that of the *New York Times* may not. It used to be an influential newspaper, but publishing vermin such as Prof. Finkelman will only speed its collapse into irrelevance.

This article was published at Takimag.com on December 6, 2012.

Africa Since Independence

Martin Meredith, *The Fate of Africa: From the Hopes of Freedom to the Heart of Despair*, Public Affairs Press, 2005, 752 pp., \$35.00.

AN EXCELLENT CORRECTIVE TO WHITE DELUSION.

At close to 800 pages, *The Fate of Africa* is a huge book about a huge subject: the history of Africa since independence. Martin Meredith, who worked for years as a journalist on the continent and who has written eight other books about Africa, carries off this nearly impossible task with just the right combination of style and scholarship. At the same time, he sugarcoats nothing and spares no one. As any honest contemporary history of the continent must be, this is largely a story of greed, corruption, oppression, and massacre. There may be no better and more up-to-date single-volume account. *The Fate of Africa* covers North Africa as well, but this review will concentrate on the continent south of the Sahara. Although Mr. Meredith draws few broad conclusions, he offers a wealth of evidence for anyone who wishes to.

Untouched by Europe

As Mr. Meredith explains, even though in some cases colonization lasted 200 years, most blacks were essentially untouched by Europe. The French ran their West African empire with only 385 white administrators, and the British were famous for equally thin-stretched, indirect rule. At the end of the Second World War, only the British even thought in terms of eventual independence for these untutored lands, and did not foresee it until the end of the 20th century. It was pressure from the United States, post-war exhaustion, and militant independence movements that resulted in hurried grants of independence no one had anticipated in 1945.

Whatever the timetable, because it was West Africa that had been in closest contact with Europe, it was thought best prepared for self-government. By 1920, for example, the Gold Coast (future Ghana) had 60 practicing black lawyers, whereas Kenya did not get its first lawyer until 1956. The first black deputy to the French National Assembly came from Senegal in West Africa in 1914. Léopold Senghor, another deputy from Senegal, helped draft the constitution for France's Fourth Republic in 1945. His French was so good he was in charge of policing the constitution's grammar.

Independence consequently did come first in West Africa, with Kwame Nkrumah as leader of Ghana. Nkrumah's career set so many patterns for the new Africa that it is worth following in some detail. What began with great promise ended in tears, in a cycle so often repeated that Mr. Meredith has adopted it as the subtitle of his book.

Nkrumah had one of the most sudden rises to power of any politician in history—from prisoner to prime minister in a single day. Held in a Gold Coast prison for stirring up anti-British riots, his party managed to win 34 of 38 contested seats in a 1951 election. The British governor, Charles Arden-Clarke, stiffened his upper lip, summoned his prisoner, and asked him to form a government.

Ghana went on to six years of democratic self-government under the close supervision of Arden-Clarke. It seemed to be perfect training for sovereignty for the perfect candidate for independence. Ghana had a sound educational and economic infrastructure built by the British, excellent natural resources, and healthy foreign currency reserves due to cocoa exports. The Cold War was raging, and both the United States and the Soviet Union were eager for new clients. Mr. Meredith writes that when independence came in 1957, there was world-wide hope and optimism on a scale now difficult to imagine. The six-day gala was a love-feast of goodwill and high expectations.

Once the British were gone, Nkrumah stamped out the opposition, built up a personality cult, squandered money on gold-plated projects, and ran the economy into the ground. He built the largest dry dock in Africa, which was almost never used. He set up a national airline and insisted it fly to politically fashionable places like Cairo and Moscow for which there was no commercial demand. He established state-run corporations and state farms that only spread failure and corruption. He made it a crime for anyone to “show disrespect to the person and dignity of the Head of State.” Foreign businessmen learned that anyone with a glib tongue and a bright idea—the more grandiose the better—could get a fat government contract. The head of state himself signed deals.

Nkrumah had ambitions for the entire continent. In 1958 he hosted an All-African People's Conference to promote anti-colonial agitation. Among his guests were many who later became heads of state: Julius Nyerere (Tanzania), Kenneth Kaunda (Zambia), Hastings Banda (Malawi), Patrice Lumumba (Congo), Amílcar Cabral (Guinea Bissau — assassinated shortly

before independence), Holden Roberto (Angola), and Joshua Nkomo (never quite made it to the top in Zimbabwe). Nkrumah is still something of a saint for many Africans and American blacks because of his militant anti-imperialism. He dreamed of an Africa as mighty as the United States, and squandered millions on a huge complex of buildings he hoped would become the capital of a continent united under his leadership.

Nkrumah's follies had predictable results. By 1965, just eight years after independence, what had been one of Africa's most prosperous countries was bankrupt. Increasingly deluded and anti-white, Nkrumah blamed every failure on imperialists and neo-colonialists. He might have gone on wrecking Ghana had he not tried to clip the wings of the army. In 1966, while he was junketing in Peking, the generals took over and told him not to come home. School children who had been taught to chant "Nkrumah is our messiah," now chanted "Nkrumah is not our messiah."

The cashiered messiah found refuge in a clapped-out house in Guinea Conakry, where he received ever-dwindling bands of admirers, and spent his days drawing up impossible plans for Ghana. He was convinced that a popular movement would rise up to bring him back to power. By the time of his death in a Bucharest hospital in 1972, he was a pathetic figure.

In many respects, therefore, Nkrumah set the pattern for the continent: dictatorship, corruption, mismanagement, quirks bordering on madness, and involuntary departure from office. In particular, his example of one-man rule caught on almost everywhere. A few dictators explained that nation-building required unity of purpose, but most simply seized power without explanation or apology. When someone once asked Habib Bourguiba of Tunisia what kind of political system his country had, he replied, "System? What system? I am the system." Hastings Banda of Malawi once observed, "Everything is my business. Everything." He also said, "Anything I say is law. Literally law." In 1965 he went further: "If, to maintain the political stability and efficient administration, I have to detain ten thousand or one hundred thousand, I will do it." Julius Nyerere of Tanzania, whose attempt at African socialism will be examined later, explained that political parties arose in the West because there were economic classes. In Africa, there were no classes, so only one party was necessary: his.

Nkrumah was also typical of a surprising number of independence rulers who had been jailed or banished by the white authorities before taking power: Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia, Jomo Kenyatta of Kenya, Robert

Mugabe of Zimbabwe, Bourghiba of Tunisia, Banda of Malawi, Mohammed V of Morocco, and Patrice Lumumba of Congo (convicted of embezzlement, not independence activity).

Also, like virtually the entire first-generation of independence leaders, Nkrumah had lived and studied in Europe or the United States. Men who went abroad were undoubtedly a better sort to begin with, and some experience of the West probably tempered their excesses, at least at first. In the next generation, semi-savages such as Idi Amin (Uganda), Samuel Doe (Liberia), and Jean-Bédél Bokassa (Central African Republic) would shoot their way into presidential palaces, and go on to ever-more gruesome antics.

Unlike most African rulers, however, Nkrumah did not surround himself with toadies and mistresses, and seems to have been lonely and isolated. He decided, apparently on a whim, to marry, and asked Gamal Nasser of Egypt to find him a wife. Nasser did: an Egyptian girl who spoke only Arabic and a bit of French; Nkrumah understood neither language. He married her the same day he met her, and she gave him three children but little companionship. The only real friend Nkrumah seems to have had in power was a British woman, Erica Powell, whom he met when she was Governor Arden-Clarke's private secretary. He hired her away, with the governor's blessing, and always said she was the only person who gave him unbiased advice.

Nkrumah's interest in a European woman did not lead to marriage, but for many rulers it did. Kenyatta, Bourghiba, and Banda had white wives, as did Léopold Senghor of Senegal and Seretse Khama of Botswana. Jean-Bédél Bokassa, who crowned himself "emperor," had 17 wives, including a blonde Rumanian cabaret dancer, a German, and a Swede. (He kept wives in separate houses and left his office several times a day to call on them.)

Finally, Nkrumah differed from other African rulers in another important way: He does not appear to have looted the treasury. He enjoyed the privileges of office—his secretary Powell wrote that he was "a-gog with excitement" at the prospect of meeting the Queen of England—but his own greatness was to come not from bank accounts but from a spectacular new Ghana.

All things considered, by African standards, Ghana's transition to independence was a success. Elsewhere, there were failures, some so spectacular the West could not stand by and ignore the mess. Mr. Meredith's account of the Congo's almost immediate implosion is worth summarizing.

The Belgians have long been derided for failing to prepare the Congo for self-rule, and there is some truth to the accusation. In 1960, the country had only 30 university graduates and no black doctors, secondary school teachers, or army officers. However, the Belgians had built good basic infrastructure, and a broad base of elementary schools. They simply had not foreseen independence, but did not try to thwart it when times changed. After riots in 1959, they proposed a four-year transition to self-government. It was the Congolese who insisted on an immediate handover.

Mr. Meredith points out that the independence ceremony of June 30, 1960 set the initial jarring note. King Baudouin of Belgium praised the early colonizing work of his great uncle, Leopold II—whose exactions were so ruthless that the Belgian government took over in 1908 what had been his private preserve—and talked down to the Congolese: “It is up to you now, gentlemen, to show that you are worthy of our confidence.” Patrice Lumumba, prime minister to be, replied with a rant against “exploitation,” “terrible suffering,” and “humiliating slavery that was imposed on us by force.” “We are no longer your monkeys,” he added.

Just a few days later, black soldiers revolted against their white officers, and went on a rampage, beating and raping whites, singling out priests and nuns for particular abuse. Thousands of whites fled the country—setting a model for what was to happen with dreary regularity elsewhere. The Belgians asked Lumumba for permission to use force to save whites. When Lumumba refused, Belgium acted unilaterally. The southwest province of Katanga then seceded. Congo was just two weeks old and already in chaos.

Lumumba called on the UN for help, which arrived in July, but what he most wanted UN soldiers to do was kick out the Belgians. He gave the UN two days; otherwise he would turn to the Soviets. Ralph Bunche, the black American head of the UN mission described Lumumba as “crazy” and acting “like a child.”

Later that month, Lumumba visited the United States. Under-Secretary of state Douglas Dillon thought him “an irrational, almost psychotic personality.” Lumumba telephoned the Congo desk at the State Department and asked for a blonde companion. The CIA found someone to send over, but the White House quashed the tryst.

Belgian troops eventually left the Congo after they had evacuated whites, but Lumumba then insisted that the UN put down the Katanga rebellion. When another province, South Kasai, went into revolt, Lumumba really did

call in the Soviets, who sent technical assistance. His attempt to restore order in Kasai resulted in massacre, and produced 250,000 refugees. By now, both Belgium and the US were convinced Lumumba was a menace, and both governments wanted him assassinated.

President of the Congo, Joseph Kasa-Vubu, dismissed Lumumba, who in turn dismissed Kasa-Vubu. In September, Joseph Mobutu, chief of staff of the army, ousted all politicians in a military coup. Lumumba stayed on in the prime minister's residence in Leopoldville, guarded by an inner ring of UN troops to keep Mobutu's men from arresting him. An outer ring of Mobutu's soldiers made sure he did not escape. In pouring rain on the night of Nov. 27, Lumumba slipped out and headed for Stanleyville, where he had support, expecting to form a rival government. He might have reached Stanleyville, except that he kept stopping to harangue villagers. Mobutu's men caught him and brought him back to Leopoldville, and his supporters in Stanleyville set up a government without him. That made a total of four competing governments, along with Mobutu's, and secessionist regimes in Katanga and South Kasai.

Mobutu had Lumumba hauled before him and spat in his face. With the approval of the Belgians, he flew him off to the leader of the Katanga revolt, Moïse Tshombe, who was certain to kill him. Tshombe helped torture him for hours, returning home, according to his butler, "covered in blood." The next day, Belgian officers commanded a firing squad that executed Lumumba. The Belgians began to worry about bad press, and concocted the story that Lumumba escaped from detention and was killed by "patriotic" villagers. To cover their tracks, they cut up Lumumba's body and dissolved it in sulfuric acid. Still, word of his murder prompted anti-Belgian demonstrations all over the world. To this day, Lumumba is a hero to nutty leftists because he called in the Soviets, and to nutty blacks because he was rude to white people.

The UN eventually put down the Katanga rebellion in 1963, and by the time Joseph Mobutu consolidated power in 1965, he could almost be seen as the savior of his country.

Far less well known is the independence disaster of the tiny country of Equatorial Guinea, which was a Spanish colony until 1968. The Spanish had groomed Francisco Macías Nguema to be leader, but like so many whites, had no idea how much he hated them. One of his first acts was to

stir up anti-white violence, and most of the country's 7,000 Spaniards left their businesses and farms and were gone in the first six months.

Nguema was a real monster. When a director of statistics published figures that displeased him, Nguema had him cut into little pieces to "help him learn to count." On at least two occasions, he ordered the killing of all known former lovers of a mistress. Whenever he wanted a new woman, he had her husband killed. Of his 12 original ministers, only two escaped murder.

Nguema ran out of money and started paying only soldiers and the police. Every other part of the government shut down. Nguema closed all libraries, newspapers, and printing presses, and in 1974 emptied the country's last school. He outlawed Christianity and turned churches into warehouses. To raise money, he started holding foreigners for ransom: \$57,600 for a German woman, \$40,000 for a Spaniard, \$6,000 for a dead Soviet. He held hostage the last Claretine missionary, age 85, until he got a ransom. Nguema carried on for 11 years until a nephew deposed him in a 1979 coup. When it came time to execute Nguema, blacks were so afraid of his rumored supernatural powers they refused to pull the trigger. Moroccan soldiers had to be found for the firing squad.

The new man, Teodoro Obiang, is still in power, and the country still has no newspapers. A recent statement from an aide hints at the flavor of his regime: "He can decide to kill without anyone calling him to account and without going to hell because it is God himself, with whom he is in permanent contact, who gives him this strength."

A few African leaders have sincerely tried to help their people. A curious and genuinely tragic figure, Julius Nyerere of Tanzania stole nothing, fought corruption, and worked tirelessly. The trouble was, his schemes were all wrongheaded. With his "Arusha Declaration" of February 1967, he set out to nationalize everything in sight, even private houses that were rented out. He wanted the whole country run on the principle of *ujamaa* or "familyhood," which was supposed to capture the ancient spirit of "African socialism."

His state corporations posted huge losses, but his greatest folly were collective farms, or *ujamaa* villages. Joining up was supposed to be voluntary, but eventually 11 million people were herded onto collectives in the largest mass movement of people in African history. When farmers fled back to their old fields, government workers burned their houses. Nyerere

tolerated no dissent from socialism, and under his rule Tanzania went from being the largest African exporter of food to the largest importer. Always the darling of Western leftists, he got enough foreign aid to keep the country from starving. In 1985, after 23 years of familyhood, he gave up and left office. With a frankness unusual in politicians anywhere, he announced, "I failed. Let's admit it."

Nelson Mandela is another exceptional figure. He, too, is among the tiny number of leaders who have not enriched themselves, who genuinely tried to better their people, and who sought true racial reconciliation. With his successor, Thabo Mbeki, South Africans are discovering what black rule is really like. Those who follow are likely to be worse.

The Facts as He Finds Them

Mr. Meredith records the facts as he finds them, and the result is largely a litany of horrors. He gives us full accounts of the complex and sordid events surrounding the Hutu/Tutsi genocide of Rwanda, the wars of extermination in Sudan, the chaos and barbarity of "liberation" in Angola and Mozambique, and the downfall of white regimes in Rhodesia and South Africa.

Still, a few of Mr. Meredith's observations stand out: In Kenya, a popular saying is "Why hire a lawyer when you can buy a judge?" Omar Bongo of Gabon, who ran the country for 22 years and had a penchant for trying to seduce American Peace Corps volunteers, spent no less than \$500 million on his presidential palace. Nigeria spent \$8 billion on a steel industry that never produced steel. During the civil war in Chad in 1982, mobs sacked and burned both the national museum and the national archives. President Siaka Stevens of Sierra Leone once spent two thirds of the country's annual budget to host a meeting of the OAU. When AIDS was discovered, Africans widely derided preventive measures as a racist plot to keep them from reproducing. In 1973, Juvénal Habyarimana of Rwanda forced everyone, even babies, to join his political party. And how is this, asks Mr. Meredith, for an absurdity: In the late 1980s, Cuban troops were protecting American-owned oil fields in Marxist Angola from attacks by US-supported guerillas.

Here are more vignettes from *The Fate of Africa*:

Abeid Karume became ruler of Zanzibar in 1964 before the merger with Tanganyika that produced Tanzania. One of his first acts was to supervise the slaughter and expulsion of Arabs and Asians. Somewhat more unusually, he stopped all anti-malaria measures, claiming Africans were

“malaria-proof.” There was a huge upsurge in malaria. An army officer shot Karume to death in 1972, not for political reasons but over a personal grudge.

In 1984, Mengistu Haile Mariam of Ethiopia spent \$150 million on the 10th anniversary of his Marxist-Leninist “revolution” rather than do anything about a terrible famine ravaging his country. As he explained to an aide, “There was famine in Ethiopia for years before we took power—it is the way nature kept the balance.”

Liberia has had a particularly colorful history, but a few episodes stand out. Thomas Quiwonkpa led a revolt against tyrant Samuel Doe in 1985. When Doe’s men caught and killed him they publicly castrated him, cut him in pieces and ate him. Five years later, it was Doe’s turn. Prince Johnson ate at least one of his ears while he was still alive. After suitably torturing him, Johnson’s men paraded Doe’s mutilated body through the streets of Monrovia in a wheelbarrow. Doe had been a guest of Ronald Reagan at the White House in 1982.

In 1996, one of the groups fighting in the streets of Monrovia earned the nickname the Butt Naked Brigade, from its belief that fighting naked gave protection from bullets. In 1997, when Liberia held elections of a sort, warlord Charles Taylor announced there would be killing if he lost. He campaigned on the slogan “He killed my ma, he killed my pa, but I will vote for him”—and won.

Nigeria, with its oil revenue, should be one of the richest countries on the continent, but hundreds of billions of dollars have disappeared. In 2000 and 2001 in the eastern part of the country, crime was so bad and the police so corrupt that vigilantes took charge. A group known as the Bakassi Boys liked to herd criminals into a public square, where huge crowds watched while they hacked away with blunt machetes. If some of the condemned men were still alive, writhing on the ground, the boys would finish them off by tossing gasoline-doused tires on them and setting them on fire. Street crime disappeared, and the Bakassi Boys were hugely popular.

Mr. Meredith tells us that even the fabled revolutionary Ernesto “Che” Guevara had a failed African adventure. In 1965, he went to north Katanga in the Congo to test his “detonator theory” that revolution could be kicked up with a little violence. It was a complete failure. He was supposed to be helping Laurent Kabila (who was still knocking about 30 years later and had a brief stint as Mobutu’s successor) but Guevara found him “addicted to

drink and women.” “The basic feature of the People’s Liberation Army,” he wrote later, “was that it was a parasite army; it did not work, did not train, did not fight, and demanded provisions and labor from the population, sometimes with extreme harshness.” It was worthless as a fighting force: “Often it was the officers who took the lead in running away,” he wrote. Guevara gave up in disgust after seven months.

The French, who had been in Africa for a long time, seem to have understood that European forms of government are not natural to the continent. They kept bases and soldiers in Africa, and used them frequently to keep order. As one spokesman explained, it just wouldn’t do “for a few men carrying machine guns to be left free to seize a presidential palace at any time.”

Even with Europeans around to spoil the fun, African politics have been a gaudy business. By the end of the 1980s, of the 150 heads of state the continent had boasted, only six had left office voluntarily, three of these after more than 20 years in power. Not one had been voted out of office. That did not come until after the Cold War, when the US and the Soviets stopped propping up thugs for ideological reasons. Western donors began to pressure the Big Men to hold multi-party elections, and in 1991 Benin became the first country to see a ruler voted out. Democratic change hardly caught on. By 2000 only three others had been voted out.

When pressured to produce “democracy,” Africans showed considerable resourcefulness. In 1989, General Babangida of Nigeria set up two parties. His government wrote their constitutions, gave them their emblems, and most of their cash. One was to be, in the general’s words, “a little to the left” and the other was to be “a little to the right.” Three years later he got tired of them, and abolished both. Sani Abacha, also Nigerian, did even better. In the mid-1990s, under yet more pressure to democratize, he set up five political parties. Each duly chose him as its candidate for president.

The idea of elections makes no sense to the average African ruler. The whole purpose of government is to make him rich and powerful. An election, of all things, is the stupidest reason to step down. For the huge majority of Africans, political activity is therefore palace politics; the closer you are to the Big Man, the better your chances for patronage, kickbacks, payoffs, and outright theft. Mr. Meredith writes that almost without exception, government jobs mean legalized theft. Public service is an empty

concept on a continent of what he calls “vampire governments,” where nepotism and corruption are as natural as breathing.

Like all experts on Africa, Mr. Meredith notes that Botswana is the great exception. It became independent in 1966 under Seretse Khama, and has little corruption and regularly-contested elections. Diamonds supply half of all government income, but the Big Men have kept their hands off. By the end of the 1980s, careful use of diamond income had given the country a per capita GDP that hardly sounds like black Africa: \$1,700. Like other experts, Mr. Meredith ventures no explanation as to how Botswana does it.

Elsewhere, the picture is bleak. Since independence, the continent has swallowed more than \$300 billion in Western aid with, as Mr. Meredith puts it, “little discernible result.” Corruption eats up an estimated one quarter of the continent’s gross domestic product. Although sub-Saharan Africa has ten percent of the world population, it has 70 percent of the AIDS cases, and accounts for only 1.3 percent of world GDP. By the end of the 1980s, per capita GDP was lower than in 1960, when many countries became independent.

Mr. Meredith generally refrains from drawing larger conclusions, but does note near the end of the book that “in reality, fifty years after the beginning of the independence era, Africa’s prospects are bleaker than ever before.” At the beginning he writes of “the extent to which African states have suffered so many of the same misfortunes.”

Why the mess? Mr. Meredith does not say. Perhaps the closest he comes is to note that tribalism has been a continuing curse. Ancient enemies sometimes buried the hatchet during the independence struggle but dug it up once the common enemy was gone. The simplest conclusion is that Africans are simply not like Europeans and cannot build European-style societies.

Another conclusion Mr. Meredith could have drawn but did not is that white relations with post-independence Africa have been naïve and stupid. Interventions have been consistent failures. Whether it is Americans in Somalia or Liberia, the British in Sierra Leone, the French in Rwanda, the Soviets in Ethiopia or Somalia, no one gets what he expected. Even semi-Third-World people like the Cubans, North Koreans (in Zimbabwe) or Chinese (in Tanzania) got little or nothing for their efforts. When Europeans ruled Africans outright, without illusions that they were dealing with people

like themselves, they had modest goals and achieved them. As soon as they started reading cultural anthropology, they lost their bearings.

Mr. Meredith writes that *not until 1989* did the World Bank acknowledge that Africa's problems were not all economic, that there were also leadership problems. Men from 100 years earlier such as Lord Lugard or Sir Garnet Wolseley would have been amazed by such stupidity.

Another remarkable aspect of recent African history is how easily one thug after another duped the white man. Both the United States and the Soviet Union funneled enormous sums to people who claimed to be either capitalist or communist but were really just thieves. Samuel Doe was not the only White House or Kremlin guest to end up in a wheelbarrow.

Mengistu of Ethiopia, who let his people starve while he celebrated ten years of "revolution," also played whites for fools. Once word got out about the famine, Western countries shipped in tons of food. Mengistu learned that it made no difference what he did with it—sell it on the black market, dole it out to friendly tribes, deny it to starving enemies—it kept coming. Gaafar Nimeiry of the Sudan learned the same thing. The famine of 1984 did him a lot of good. White people showed up with boatloads of food he could sell for weapons. Whites fed his people while he bought guns and kept killing his enemies.

Perhaps saddest of all is that time and again—in Congo, Kenya, Zimbabwe, South Africa, the Guineas, Angola—whites who spent their lives in Africa and should have known better, underestimated the hatred of blacks. Whites everywhere think blacks will love them if they treat them kindly. They do not realize that kindness or fairness are not enough; many blacks hate whites because they cannot be like them. No matter how they are treated, blacks blame their failures on "racism."

Some of the whites who fail to understand this end up in piles of bloody corpses. Others get out while they can. Two hundred thousand fled Mozambique, 300,000 left Angola, many thousands fled the Congo, Zimbabwe lost half its population immediately after black rule, and a steady flow of whites is now escaping South Africa. It was 40 years after independence, but thousands of French left the Ivory Coast when blacks started running through the streets shouting "Kill the whites." There are pockets of friendliness and lulls in the process of dispossession, but once blacks take power, they do not like to live with a minority whose success highlights their own failure.

Despite the rotting bodies and mountains of evidence, despite the chronicle of barbarism Mr. Meredith tells so well, whites have an inexhaustible capacity to deceive themselves about the motives and behavior of Africans. No matter how often patterns repeat themselves, whites persist in making excuses that amount to blaming themselves. It is always whites, past or present, who are responsible for Africa's woes.

Whites will never understand Africa—or the blacks in their own countries—until they open their eyes to the truth. Reading *The Fate of Africa* would be an excellent first step.

This article appeared in the February 2006 issue of American Renaissance, under the title "Will Whites Ever Learn?"

3. Current Events

Hot Times in the Big City

“THE BEAST” BENT A LIGHT POLE.

On December 28th of last year, nine people were killed in the crush, when a crowd of black rap-music fans stampeded the doors to an event in Harlem. Thousands of fans without tickets broke through glass doors, crushing and trampling ticket-holders waiting to see a basketball game starring such “hip-hop” attractions as LL Cool J, Puff Daddy, Heavy D, Run-D.M.C., and Bell Biv DeVoe.

After rescue crews arrived and relieved the crush, fans stepped over bodies to get close to the rappers, and several robbed the corpses. Rappers who tried to help evacuate some of the dozens of injured were prevented by mobs of autograph-seekers. Five emergency rescue men were also injured when they were attacked by the crowd.

It was, in short, a despicable display of viciousness and callousness, even by the standards of rap music fans—though white journalists couldn’t bring themselves to say so. The Associated Press blamed the horror on “the beast”: “The beast bent a light pole in front of the gym building; it pestered rappers for photo ops and autographs in the morgue of the gym floor, distracting those who were trying to help the injured; it laughed and joked outside amid the despair; it robbed the dead.” “It” killed nine people.

One white music critic went further: “It’s no secret that our society teaches minorities to hate themselves. If you are not white, male, straight, middle-class, well-educated or well-off, you are told . . . that you and others like you are disposable You self-destruct and aid in the destruction of others. You do as you are told Should it come as any surprise that people trapped like animals in cages are going to rip each other apart out of sheer frustration? Why should they value human life when society judges their lives as meaningless?”

A memorial service held two weeks after the deaths was a high point in moral blindness. Speakers blamed the deaths on the police, city officials, the “white establishment,” and “Uncle Tom blacks.” Rev. Lawrence Lucas

of the Resurrection Roman Catholic Church called the deaths an “orchestrated disaster,” designed to give the police an excuse to attack young blacks and to take power from students. Rev. Timothy Mitchell of the Ebenezer Missionary Baptist Church said the deaths were a “painful reminder of the racist, capitalist, individualistic society in which we live.” Thus edified, the crowd left the memorial service and promptly tried to storm a building as a protest.

Surprisingly, it was that old fraud and race-baiter, Al Sharpton, who appeared to be the only black “leader” to see things as they were. He led a protest march in Harlem—for a change—where he said, “these kids do not have the right to act like animals They did this to themselves. Black kids did this to black kids.”

As it happens, those who blamed the deaths on inadequate police protection did have a point. Although there were 100 security guards at the event, this number fell short of the ratio of *one policeman for every 30 spectators* that specialists say is necessary to control a rap audience. This is a more rigorous ratio than that of guards to inmates in most jails.

This article originally appeared in the March 1992 issue of American Renaissance.

Thoughts Worse Than Murder

IF YOU MUST KILL, DO IT FOR FASHIONABLE MOTIVES.

The cover story of the June, 2000, issue of *Atlantic Monthly* is a long article about the life and motives of Theodore Kaczynski, better known as the Unabomber [Alton Chase, “Harvard and the Making of the Unabomber,” *Atlantic*, June, 2000]. This sympathetic, detailed investigation of the career of a serial killer is interesting enough in its own right, but the unintentional light it casts on the political prejudices of our times is even more interesting.

The basic facts about Mr. Kaczynski are these: He was born in 1942 and grew up in the Chicago area. He was something of a loner but was a brilliant student who went to Harvard at age 16. He went on to get a Ph.D. in math at the University of Michigan in 1967, and taught briefly at Berkeley. In 1971 he fled civilization to live in the Montana wilderness, and in 1978 began sending bombs to people he thought were promoting technology and industry. He sent at least 16 bombs, which killed three people and seriously injured two. By 1996, he was so notorious that the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* agreed to publish copies of a 35,000-word essay he called “Industrial Society and Its Future,” which became known as The Manifesto. His brother recognized the thinking in the essay and alerted the police, who arrested Mr. Kaczynski. In May 1998, a California court sentenced him to life in prison without parole.

People have called The Manifesto everything from proof of insanity to the work of a genius. In fact, as the *Atlantic* author Alton Chase points out, it is essentially an elaboration on a leftist cliché that many people find attractive. “The Industrial Revolution and its consequences have been a disaster for the human race,” begins The Manifesto, which goes on to argue that technology poisons society because it forces men to conform to machines rather than the other way around. Increasing industrialization will eventually strangle every human freedom but it cannot be stopped—short of violence—because “while technological progress AS A WHOLE continually narrows our sphere of freedom, each new technical advance CONSIDERED BY ITSELF appears to be desirable.” Mr. Kaczynski argued that since technology threatens mankind’s very survival, those who push it forward must be killed.

Mr. Chase reports that when *The Manifesto* was published, it met with much admiration on the left. Cynthia Ozick wrote in the *New Yorker* that the bomber was “a philosophical criminal of exceptional intelligence and humanitarian purpose, who is driven to commit murder out of an uncompromising idealism.” Robert Wright wrote in *Time* that “there’s a little bit of the Unabomber in most of us.” Kirkpatrick Sale wrote in the *New York Times* that the Unabomber’s views were “if hardly mainstream, entirely reasonable.”

Mr. Kaczynski’s defense lawyers tried to argue that their client was insane, and Mr. Chase writes that the media quickly seconded this view—but out of sympathy rather than horror. He suggests that “the public wished to see Kaczynski as insane because his ideas are too extreme for us to contemplate without discomfort. He challenges our most cherished beliefs.”

The Unabomber, Mr. Chase concludes, was: “evil. But what kind of evil?” It is the search for what appears to be an understandable, perhaps even admirable sort of evil that takes up most of the article: stories from Mr. Kaczynski’s childhood and a lengthy account of how Harvard must have formed his thinking. The bomber emerges as a brilliant, sincere, slightly off-balance intellectual who jumped the tracks and took his essentially rational thinking too far.

What a contrast to the way America treats those who deviate from racial orthodoxy! Dissidence alone, without even a hint of violence, is enough to cast the likes of Arthur Jensen, Philippe Rushton, Michael Levin, William Shockley, Samuel Francis, and Glayde Whitney into the outer darkness. They don’t have to throw bombs. They have only to express their views—certainly as eloquently as anything in *The Manifesto*—to be hectored, hounded, harassed, and fired.

Needless to say, *Atlantic* will never devote a long article to trying to understand why they hold the views they do, despite the apparent fascination for a killer who “challenges our most cherished beliefs” and the admission that “there’s a little bit of the Unabomber in most of us.” There is no praise of this kind for “racists,” even though they certainly challenge cherished beliefs and only make explicit the racial rules even liberals live by. When will an *Atlantic* author ever concede that, indeed, he doesn’t want to live in a Mexican neighborhood or have his children marry blacks, and that “there’s a little David Duke in most of us”? No, the prevailing structure of taboos permits a sympathetic understanding even of murderers if they

kill for causes that conform to that structure, but reserves nothing but stony condemnation for those who dissent.

An enlightening contrast to the *Atlantic* piece appeared at about the same time in a review of *The Collaborator: The Trial and Execution of Robert Brasillach* in the June 9 issue of *National Review*. Brasillach was a French poet and novelist who was called up for military service in 1938, fought the Germans, and was captured in June, 1940. His captors discovered that he was a fascist sympathizer, and he became a journalist for the Vichy government. After the liberation of Paris, before the war was even over, De Gaulle's men arrested Brasillach, gave him a six-hour trial, condemned him to death, and shot him. Brasillach, like Mr. Kaczynski, was an intellectual, a writer of manifestos, but he never murdered anyone or encouraged others to kill. Unlike Mr. Kaczynski he is not worthy of sympathetic understanding because, according to contemporary standards, he *cannot* be understood. As George Jochowitz who wrote the review kindly explains, Robert Brasillach and those who think as he did "have amputated parts of their brains."

The article first appeared in the August 2000 issue of American Renaissance.

Africa in Our Midst

THE MEDIA SUPPRESS THE LESSONS OF KATRINA.

In the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina, which blasted the Gulf Coast on Aug. 29, 2005, the entire world saw images that left no doubt that what is repeatedly called the sole remaining superpower can be reduced to squalor and chaos nearly as gruesome as anything found in the Third World. The weather—a Category 4 hurricane—certainly had something to do with it, but the most serious damage was done not by nature but by man.

Much has been and will be written about why the levees that are supposed to keep the water out of below-sea-level New Orleans failed. There will be bitter recrimination about whether the federal rescue effort could have been launched sooner. Commissions will ask questions and lessons will be learned. But there was another human failing that was far more ominous. No commission will study it, and official America will refuse to learn from it. In the orgy of finger-pointing it will be all but forgotten. That human failing—vastly more significant than the ones the commissions will investigate—is the barbaric behavior of the people of New Orleans.

New Orleans is 67 percent black, and about half the blacks are poor. Of the city's 480,000 people, all but an estimated 80 to 100 thousand fled before the hurricane struck. This meant that aside from patients in hospitals and eccentrics in the French Quarter, most of the people who stayed behind were not just blacks, but lower-class blacks without the means or foresight to leave.

Katrina hit on the morning of Monday, Aug. 29. The levees broke on Tuesday and the city began to flood. Before long, 80 percent of New Orleans was under as much as 20 feet of water.

The city's 70,000-seat football stadium, known as the Superdome, had been officially designated as a public shelter before the hurricane, and several thousand people were already there the night before the storm. It had some food and medical supplies, but when the waters began to rise, people poured in from all directions, swelling its numbers to an estimated 25,000.

People came because their houses were under water, but also because New Orleans very quickly collapsed into banditry. Looting began even while the storm was still blowing. At first there was sympathetic clucking

about the need for food and medicine, but news clips of blacks wading happily through waist-deep water with television sets over their heads dispelled that view.

The day after the hurricane, a reporter caught the atmosphere of high-spirited chaos at a Wal-Mart in the Lower Garden District. People were grabbing things as quickly as they could, smashing open jewelry cabinets and scooping up double-handfuls. One man packed his van so full of electronic equipment he could not close the rear doors. A teenage girl passed out, face down, and people stepped on her. A man stopped to roll her onto her back, and she vomited pink liquid. "This is f***ed up," he said, and rolled her back on her stomach. An NBC correspondent filmed black, uniformed police officers strolling through the aisles, filling shopping carts.

At one store, a policeman broke the glass on the DVD case so civilians would not cut themselves trying to break it, but one man was ungrateful. "The police got all the best stuff," he said. "They're crookeder than us." One woman stocking up on makeup was glad to see the officers. "It must be legal," she said. "The police are here taking stuff, too."

Violence of all kinds quickly spread through the paralyzed city, where robbery, rape and even murder became routine. There were still thousands of people trapped on rooftops and in attics, but on Sept. 1, Mayor Ray Nagin called the entire police force off of rescue work and ordered it to secure the city. The response from the force? An estimated 200 officers just walked off the job. "They indicated that they had lost everything and didn't feel that it was worth them going back to take fire from looters and losing their lives," explained Henry Whitehorn, chief of the Louisiana State Police. Many disappeared without a word. Sheriff Harry Lee of Jefferson Parish in New Orleans also said his men were deserting. "They want to be with their families," he said. "Well, I want to be with my family too, but you don't quit in the middle of a crisis."

Two police officers, including the department's official spokesman, Paul Accardo, committed suicide by shooting themselves in the head. The London *Times* estimated that one in five officers refused to work, and some of those who stayed on the job were useless. When Debbie Durso, a tourist from Washington, Michigan, asked a policeman for help he told her, "Go to hell—it's every man for himself."

Ged Scott, 36, of Liverpool, told BBC News what happened when a group of stranded British women shouted to police for help from the

rooftop of a flooded hotel: “They [the officers] said to them, ‘Well, show us what you’ve got’—doing signs for them to lift their T-shirts up. The women said no, and they said ‘well fine,’ and motored off down the road in their motorboat. That’s the sort of help we had from the authorities.”

“No one anticipated the disintegration or the erosion of the civilian police force in New Orleans,” explained Lieutenant General Steven Blum of the National Guard. He said the city was operating on only one third of its pre-storm strength of 1,500 police officers, and that the guard suddenly had to switch from rescue to law enforcement: “And that’s when we started flowing military police into the theater.”

New Orleans has had only black mayors since 1978, and has spent decades making the police force as black as possible. It established a city-residency requirement for officers in order to keep suburban whites from applying for jobs, and lowered recruitment standards so blacks could pass them. Katrina blew away any pretence that the force was competent (see next story).

On September 5, exactly a week after the hurricane, Mayor Ray Nagin offered to pay for the police force, firefighters, and city emergency workers to go on five-day vacations—with their families—to Las Vegas or some other destination. He said there were enough National Guard in the city to maintain order, and that his men “have been through a lot.” He brushed off suggestions that this was dereliction of duty. He even asked the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) to pay for the vacations, but FEMA refused. “We haven’t turned over control of the city,” a city spokesman explained. “We’re going to leave a skeleton force—about 20 percent of the department—for leadership and liaison with the troops while we get some rest.”

New Orleans has a high crime rate at the best of times—it is usually in top contention for the American city with the highest murder rate—and looted firearms spilled into the street. Some blacks fired on any symbol of authority, blazing away at rescue helicopters and Coast Guard vessels. Several days after the hurricane, with desperate people still huddled on rooftops, FEMA said it was too dangerous to attempt rescues.

On Wednesday, along one stretch of Highway 10, hundreds of volunteer firefighters, auxiliary coastguardsmen, and citizens with small boats were eager to reach people, but could not set out because of sniper fire. “We are trying to do our job here but we can’t if they are shooting at us,” explained

Major Joey Broussard of the Louisiana State Fisheries and Wildlife Division. “We don’t know who and we don’t know why, but we don’t want to get in a situation of having to return fire out there,” he said.

Perhaps the most chilling accounts were from hospitals, where staff desperately tried to move patients up stairs as the water rose, while blacks looted the floors below. Most hospitals had emergency generators, but these began to give out. Two days after the hurricane, the city had no running water, and as food ran out, doctors and nurses gave themselves intravenous feedings to keep going.

Just outside New Orleans, gunmen held up a supply truck carrying food, water, and medical supplies on their way to a 203-bed hospital. Patients all across the city eventually had to be taken out, but rescuers met resistance. Coast Guard Lt. Cmdr. Cheri Ben-Iesan told reporters at an emergency headquarters: “Hospitals are trying to evacuate. At every one of them, there are reports that as the helicopters come in people are shooting at them, saying, ‘You better come get my family.’” An effort to evacuate patients and staff from Charity Hospital in downtown New Orleans was stopped by sniper fire. Other hospitals reported gangs of looters attacking and overturning ambulances.

Chris Lawrence, a reporter with CNN, filed a report from the roof of a police station: “Right now it’s the only safe place to be in the city. We were on the street earlier but the police said under no circumstances would you be safe on the street. They said anybody walking in the streets of New Orleans is basically taking their life in their hands. . . . They directed some of the young women to get off the street immediately.”

What may have been the most shocking headline of the entire crisis was in the September 2 issue of *Army Times*: “Troops Begin Combat Operations in New Orleans.” The article was about the Louisiana National Guard massing near the Superdome in preparation for a citywide security mission. “This place is going to look like Little Somalia,” Brig. Gen. Gary Jones explained. “We’re going to go out and take this city back. This will be a combat operation to get this city under control.” The amphibious assault ship *Bataan* was in the area, but kept its helicopters on board after pilots reported sniper fire.

Many soldiers came under gunfire from civilians. “I never thought that as a National Guardsman I would be shot at by other Americans,” said Philip Baccus of the 527th Engineer Battalion. “And I never thought I’d have to

carry a rifle when on a hurricane relief mission. This is a disgrace.” Cliff Ferguson of the same battalion added: “You have to think about whether it is worth risking your neck for someone who will turn around and shoot at you. We didn’t come here to fight a war. We came here to help.”

Michael Brown, head of FEMA, said: “We are working under conditions of urban warfare.” General Blum of the National Guard said half of the 7,000 guardsmen under his command had just returned from overseas assignments and were “highly proficient in the use of lethal force.” He promised to deal with thugs “in a quick and efficient manner.”

Shoot-to-kill orders were supposed to have gone out, and Louisiana Gov. Kathleen Blanco boasted that battle-hardened veterans would put down the violence in no time. However, there were few accounts of soldiers firing their weapons, even if some people wanted them to. The *London Times* reported that a New Orleans policeman explained through tears that he had seen bodies riddled with bullets, and one man with the top of his head shot off. He said looters were armed with stolen AK-47 rifles, and that the police were outgunned just like in Somalia. “It’s a war-zone, and they’re [the federal government] not treating it like one,” he said.

We will never know the full extent of the mayhem blacks loosed on their own city. Many victims will not be found for weeks or even months, rotted beyond recognition, their killers never found. Drowned or murdered, the bloated bodies that turn up by the hundreds will look much the same. In their haste to get cadavers off the streets, the authorities may not worry much about cause of death.

From Hurricane to Jungle

In the two main refugee centers, however—the Superdome and the Convention Center—too many people witnessed the degeneracy for it to be ignored. The first refugees had arrived at the Superdome the day before the hurricane, on Sunday, August 28. The last finally left the stadium on Saturday, Sept, 3, so some people may have spent nearly a week in what, after the toilets began to overflow, became known as the “Sewerdome.”

Preparation for refugees was pitifully inadequate. By day, as many as 25,000 people sweltered in temperatures that rose into the 100s. Whatever order had been established soon melted away, and the stadium reverted to the jungle. Young men robbed and raped with impunity. Occasional gunshots panicked the crowd. At least one man committed suicide by throwing himself off a high deck and splattering onto the playing field.

Bodies of the murdered, and of infants and the elderly who died of heat exhaustion began to accumulate. Six babies were born in the stadium. Charles Womack, a 30-year-old roofer, said he saw one man beaten to death, and was himself beaten with a pipe. Crack addicts—who had brought their most valuable possession with them—smoked openly and fought over drugs.

A group of about 30 British students were among the very small number of whites in the stadium, where they spent four harrowing days. Jamie Trout, 22, an economics major, wrote that the scene “was like something out of *Lord of the Flies*,” with “people shouting racial abuse about us being white.” One night, word came that the power was failing, and that there was only ten minutes’ worth of gas for the generators. Zoe Smith, 21, from Hull, said they all feared for their lives: “All us girls sat in the middle while the boys sat on the outside, with chairs as protection,” she said. “We were absolutely terrified, the situation had descended into chaos, people were very hostile and the living conditions were horrendous.” She said that even during the day, “when we offered to help with the cleaning, the locals gave us abuse.”

Mr. Trout said the National Guard finally recognized how dangerous the threat was from blacks, and moved the British under guard to the basketball area, which was safer. “The army warned us to keep our bags close to us and to grip them tight,” he said, as they were escorted out. Twenty-year-old Jane Wheeldon credited one man in particular, Sgt. Garland Ogden, with getting the Britons safely out. “He went against a lot of rules to get us moved,” she said.

Australian tourists stuck in the Superdome had the same experience. Bud Hopes, a 32-year-old man from Kangaroo Point, Brisbane, took control and may have saved many lives. As the stadium reverted to anarchy, he realized whites were in danger, and gathered tourists together for safety. “There were 65 of us altogether so we were able to look after each other, especially the girls who were being grabbed and threatened,” said Mr. Hopes. They organized escorts for women who had to go to the toilet or for food, and set up a roster of men to stand guard while others slept. “We sat through the night just watching each other, not knowing if we would be alive in the morning,” Mr. Hopes said. “Ninety-eight percent of the people around the world are good,” he said; “In that place 98 per cent of the people were bad.”

John McNeil of Coorparoo in Brisbane tells what happened when their group, too, heard the lights were about to go out: "I looked at Bud [Hopes] and said, 'That will be the end of us.' The gangs had already eyed us off. If the lights had gone out we would have been in deep trouble. We were sitting there praying for a miracle and the lights stayed on." Mr. Hopes said the Australians owed their lives to another National Guardsman who broke the rules and got whites out to a medical center past seething crowds of blacks.

Peter McNeil of Brisbane told the Australian AP that his son John was one of the 65 who managed to get out. The blacks were reportedly so hostile "they would stab you as soon as look at you." "He's never been so scared in his life," explained Mr. McNeil. "He just said they had to get out of the dark. Otherwise, another night, he said, they would have been gone." No American newspaper wrote about what these white tourists went through.

When guardsmen began to show up in force on Sept. 1 and take control, some blacks met them with cheers, but others shouted obscenities. Capt. John Pollard of the Texas Air National Guard said 20,000 people were in the dome when the evacuation began, but thousands more appeared from surrounding areas when word got out that there were buses leaving town. Soldiers held their M-16s and grenade-launchers at the ready, and kept a sharp eye out for snipers.

That same day, when it was time to board buses for Houston, soldiers had trouble controlling the crowd. People at the back of the mob crushed the people in front against barricades soldiers put up to control the flow. Many people continued to yell obscenities whenever a patrol went by. Some were afraid that if they left their place in line they would never get it back, and defecated where they stood. The *Army Times* reported that Sgt. 1st Class Ron Dixon of the Oklahoma National Guard, who had recently come home from Afghanistan, said he was struck that Afghans wanted to help themselves, but that the people of New Orleans only wanted others to help them.

By the evening of Sept. 3, the Superdome was finally evacuated, but the state-of-the-art stadium was a reeking cavern of filth, human waste, and an unknown number of corpses. It, too, had been looted of everything not bolted down. Janice Singleton was working at the stadium when the storm hit. She said she was robbed of everything, even her shoes. As for the

building: “They tore that dome apart,” she said sadly. “They tore it down. They taking everything out of there they can take.”

Only afterwards did the public learn there were 50 police officers assigned to the Superdome, but they appear to have been completely ineffectual. Toni Blanco, a 24-year veteran, said police could not arrest anyone because there was no place to hold suspects, and they were afraid to use their guns for fear of the crowd. “You felt helpless in the sense there was absolutely nothing we could do for the city,” she said. What did she do at night, when conditions were worst? She and another officer, Alecia Wright, would slip out to a patrol car and have a good cry. “Many times we laid in the car and tears just rolled,” said Miss Blanco. Some officers simply abandoned their posts and fled the Superdome.

Conditions were even worse at the Convention Center. Although on high ground not far from the stadium, it had not been designated as a shelter. It was, however, beyond reach of the high water, and soon some 20,000 people were huddled in its cavernous halls. There were no supplies or staff, and for several days neither FEMA nor the National Guard seems to have known anyone was there.

Armed gangs took control, and occasional gunshots caused panic. There was no power, and at night the center was plunged into complete darkness. Degeneracy struck almost immediately, with rapes, robbery, and murder. Terrible shrieking tore through the night, but no one could see, or dared to move. When Police Chief Eddie Compass heard what was happening, he sent a squad of 88 officers to investigate. They were overwhelmed by superior forces and retreated, leaving thousands to the mercy of criminals.

It was not until Sept. 2—four days after the hurricane—that a force of 1,000 National Guardsmen finally took over from the armed gangs. “Had we gone in with a lesser force we may have been challenged, [and] innocents may have been caught in a fight,” explained Gen. Blum.

Sitting with her daughter and other relatives, Trolkyn Joseph, 37, told a reporter that men had wandered the center at night raping and murdering children. She said she found a dead 14-year old girl at 5 a.m. on Friday morning, four hours after the girl went missing. “She was raped for four hours until she was dead,” Miss Joseph said through tears. “Another child, a seven-year old boy, was found raped and murdered in the kitchen freezer last night.”

Africa Brumfield, 32, explained that women were in particular fear: “There is rapes going on here. Women cannot go to the bathroom without men. They are raping them and slitting their throats.” Donald Anderson, 43, was at the convention center with his wife, who was six months pregnant: “We circled the chairs like wagons because at night there are stampedes,” he said. “We had to survive.”

The very few whites in the crowd were terrified. Eighty-year-old Selma Valenti, who was with her husband, said blacks threatened to kill them on Thursday, Sept. 1. “They hated us. Four young black men told us the buses were going to come last night and pick up the elderly so they were going to kill us,” she said, sobbing. Presumably, the blacks wanted to take their places on the buses.

The center was not entirely without a form of rough justice. A National Guardsman reported that a man who had raped and killed a young girl in the bathroom was caught by the crowd—which beat him to death.

At one time there were as many as seven or eight corpses in front of the center, some of them with blood streaming from bullet wounds. Inside, there was an emergency morgue, but a National Guardsman refused to let a Reuters photographer take pictures. “We’re not letting anyone in there anymore,” he said. “If you want to take pictures of dead bodies, go to Iraq.” By Saturday, Sept. 3, the center was mostly cleared of the living. Refugees pulled shirts over their noses trying to block out the smell as they walked past rotting bodies.

Later it would be learned there were 30 to 40 bodies piled into the convention center’s freezer, almost all of them murder victims. Arkansas National Guardsman Mikel Brooks showed a reporter the charnel house: “I ain’t got the stomach for it, even after what I saw in Iraq. In Iraq, it’s one-on-one. It’s war. It’s fair. Here, it’s just crazy. It’s anarchy. . . . And this is America. This is just 300 miles south of where I live.”

For the city as a whole, not even 50,000 soldiers and federal rescue workers could bring calm. On Sunday, Sept. 4, contractors working for the US Army Corps of Engineers came under fire. Their police escort returned fire and killed four attackers.

On Monday, Sept. 5, a week after the hurricane and after virtually everyone who wanted to get out was gone, there was still widespread banditry. “We’re having some pretty intense gun battles breaking out around the city,” said Capt. Jeff Winn of the New Orleans SWAT team.

“Armed gangs of from eight to 15 young men are riding around in pickup trucks, looting and raping.”

Brian McKay was one of 300 Arkansas guardsmen just back from Iraq. He was in full battle gear, including body armor, putting down insurgents. “It’s like Baghdad on a bad day,” he said. Another Arkansan veteran under fire agreed: “It’s just so much like Iraq, it’s not funny, except for all the water, and they speak English.”

Since the old jail was flooded, police set up a holding pen at the Greyhound bus terminal. State Attorney General Charles Foti said there were plans for a temporary court system, but no one knew how they were going to assemble juries or call witnesses. The grim business began of combing the drowning city for corpses and the remaining survivors.

Reactions

The world reacted with astonishment to sights it never expected to see in America. “Anarchy in the USA,” read the headline in Britain’s best-selling newspaper, the *Sun*. “Apocalypse Now,” said *Handelsblatt* in Germany. Mario de Carvalho, a veteran Portuguese cameraman, who covers the world’s trouble spots, said he saw the bodies of babies and old people along the highways leading out of New Orleans. “It’s a chaotic situation. It’s terrible. It’s a situation we generally see in other countries, in the Third World,” he said.

Some Third-Worlders would have been insulted. “I am absolutely disgusted,” said Sajeewa Chinthaka, 36, of the looters. The Sri Lanka native added: “After the tsunami our people, even the ones who lost everything, wanted to help the others who were suffering. Not a single tourist caught in the tsunami was mugged. Now with all this happening in the U.S. we can easily see where the civilized part of the world’s population is.”

In the United States, the stark contrast between endless scenes of appalling behavior by blacks and rescue personnel who were almost all white was greeted with the standard foolishness. Some people accused the “biased” media of suppressing footage of rampaging whites and heroic black helicopter pilots.

Many blacks made excuses for looters. “Desperate people do desperate things,” said US Rep. Diane Watson of California. Rep. Jesse Jackson, Jr. from Illinois, said we must not judge harshly: “Who are we to say what law and order should be in this unspeakable environment?” Rep. Melvin Watt, North Carolina Democrat and chairman of the Congressional Black Caucus,

was perhaps the greatest ass of all: “Whatever is being taken could not be used by anyone else anyway,” he said.

Many blacks took it for granted that federal relief was slow because the victims were black. Rep. Elijah Cummings said “poverty, age and skin color” determined who lived and who died. Hilary Shelton, director of the NAACP’s Washington bureau, blasted “disparate treatment” of Katrina victims. “Many black people feel that their race, their property conditions and their voting patterns have been a factor in the response,” explained Jesse Jackson, Sr. He said the rubbish outside the Convention Center made the place look “like the hull of a slave ship.” Black activist and reparations-booster Randall Robinson said the relief effort was the “defining watershed moment in America’s racial history.” He said he had “finally come to see my country for what it really is. A monstrous fraud.”

Democratic Rep. Carolyn Kilpatrick of Michigan said she was “ashamed of America and . . . of our government.” The mayor of New Orleans, Ray Nagin—the man who gave city workers a vacation when the feds arrived—shouted and wept on local radio, demanding of federal officials: “Get off your asses, and let’s do something.” There was an undercurrent of fury at a meeting of black leaders in Detroit. One audience member wanted to know whether the slow federal response was “black genocide.” Another shouted, “African Americans built this nation. Descendants of slaves are being allowed to die.”

One black man, observing the chaos from abroad, took a different view. Leighton Levy wrote in the Sept. 2 *Jamaica Star*: “I am beginning to believe that black people, no matter where in the world they are, are cursed with a genetic predisposition to steal, murder, and create mayhem.” He wanted to know why there was no footage of white looters: “Is it that the media are not showing pictures of them looting and robbing? Or is it that they are too busy trying to stay alive, waiting to be rescued, and hiding from the blacks?”

Most blacks and many whites fell into the usual assumptions about omnipotent white government and helpless Negroes. If black people were suffering it was because whites had not done enough for them. It did not occur to them that it was the responsibility of New Orleans and the state of Louisiana—not the federal government—to prepare for hurricanes. Before the storm, Mayor Nagin issued a mandatory evacuation only under pressure from the Bush administration. The mayor then did nothing to enforce the

order, leaving hundreds of city buses and school buses to drown, rather than use them to offer transportation to people without cars.

Something of the mood of black New Orleans was caught by Fox News film crews as late as Sunday, Sept. 4. White volunteers were trying to persuade a black woman and her small children to leave her flooded house. "You've got to get out," they explained. "The water isn't going away." A black man at the top of a multi-story building told a helicopter crew he didn't need to leave. All he needed was some supplies.

These people could not understand something that was obvious to the whole world: New Orleans had no electricity, no plumbing, no transport, and no food. Blacks refused to leave their flooded homes, even though to stay meant near-certain death.

Homeland Security chief Michael Chertoff noted how crazy it was to stay in the wreckage. "That is not a reasonable alternative," he said. "We are not going to be able to have people sitting in houses in the city of New Orleans for weeks and months while we de-water and clean this city."

FEMA reported that it had pulled three Carnival Cruise Lines ships from commercial duty to shelter the blacks of New Orleans. Maybe the chance of a berth on the *Ecstasy*, the *Sensation* or the *Holiday* would be enough to drag them out of the muck.

Lessons

Ninety-nine percent of the white people left New Orleans when the evacuation order went out. Some 80,000 blacks could not or would not leave. Whites did not "leave them behind," as the editorial writers keep telling us. No one could have gotten some of them to leave—a number of men cheerfully admitted they stayed in town to loot—but if it was anyone's job to give them the option, it was that of the black-run city government. Of the blacks who stayed, probably only a minority committed crimes, but they were enough to turn the city into a hell hole. Some did unspeakable things: loot hospitals, fire on rescue teams, destroy ambulances. No amount of excuse-making and finger-pointing can paper over degeneracy like that.

The Superdome and the Convention Center were certainly unpleasant places to spend three or four days, but 50,000 whites would have behaved differently. They would have established rules, organized supplies, cared for the sick and dying. They would have organized games for children. The papers would be full of stories of selflessness and community spirit.

Natural disasters usually bring out the best in people, who help neighbors and strangers alike. For blacks—at least the lower-class blacks of New Orleans—disaster was an excuse to loot, rob, rape, and kill.

Our rulers and media executives will try to turn the story of Hurricane Katrina into yet another morality tale of downtrodden blacks and heartless whites, but fairy tales of this kind fool fewer and fewer people. Many whites will realize—some for the first time—that we have Africa in our midst, that utterly alien Africa of road-side corpses, cruelty, and anarchy that they thought could never wash up on these shores.

To be sure, the story of Hurricane Katrina does have a moral for anyone not deliberately blind. The races are different. Blacks and whites are different. When blacks are left entirely to their own devices, Western Civilization—any kind of civilization—disappears. And in a crisis, it disappears overnight.

Voodoo, Violence, and Playing the Victim

NEW ORLEANS WAS AILING LONG BEFORE KATRINA.

The New Orleans police department has been struggling for years, but may have hit its low point around 1995. That was the year Antoinette Frank, a black woman officer, killed three people in a holdup at a Vietnamese restaurant where she moonlighted as a security guard. She ate dinner there before she killed two of the owner's children as they knelt on the floor praying and begging for mercy. She also shot a policeman, Ron Williams, who was on guard that evening. She had worked with Mr. Williams in the same precinct and knew him personally. After she left the crime scene, Officer Frank had the effrontery to respond to the police call from the restaurant, and sauntered in as if she had no idea what had happened. She was sentenced to death in 1995.

Miss Frank was the fourth New Orleans officer—all of them black—to be charged with murder in less than a year. Another city officer who made the news in 1995 was Len Davis. Federal agents were already investigating him, and recorded him making the following cell phone call while he sat in his patrol car:

Man, that whore's standing out there right now with a black [expletive] coat on . . . with her [expletive] hair in that little bob . . . with [expletive] jeans on . . . standing in the middle of the [expletive] street. Get that whore.

This was not an over-exuberant message to the vice squad. It was instructions to a crack dealer whom he had hired for \$300 to kill the “whore,” 32-year-old Kim Groves, a Superdome security guard who had offended Officer Davis by filing a citizen’s complaint when he pistol-whipped one of her neighbors. “Yeah, yeah, yeah,” exulted Officer Davis when he got confirmation of the killing; “Rock-a-bye, baby!” Mr. Davis was sentenced to death for the killing in 1996.

Between 1991 and 1995, more than 45 New Orleans police officers were charged with crimes, including murder, rape, bank robbery, racketeering, drug trafficking, bribery, auto theft, and aggravated battery.

Perhaps police incompetence had something to do with the fact that in 2003, while the rest of the country was enjoying a drop in violent crime, New Orleans had a crime wave. With a murder rate of 54.5 per 100,000 it was easily tops in the country. Some people wondered if the mayhem began when two public housing projects were shut down, and the redistributed miscreants got into turf wars.

On July 6 of the same year, two 14-year-old girls stabbed a 16-year-old girl to death with a steak knife. The victim could not run away because she had been shot in the leg the year before. Her cousin said she knew the killers. “They was jealous,” she explained, adding that the victim was “the cute type. Boys liked her.” The stabbing came just one week after two other teenage girls went to prison for killing a 16-year-old girl, also with a steak knife.

2003 was such a bad year that a number of black ministers asked for National Guard patrols in the most violent neighborhoods. That would probably have been more effective than a different crime-fighting plan from several years earlier that failed. A group of New Orleans citizens, led by Sallie Ann Glassman, held a voodoo ceremony to drive away muggers and crack dealers. They drummed, chanted, prayed, and asked the meanest voodoo deity of them all, Ogoun La Flambeau, to keep out bad guys. Miss Glassman, who had been burgled and assaulted, explained that the New Orleans Police Department was not doing its job. Miss Glassman was only part right. As many as half of the black men in the city could not vote because of felony convictions, so any police department would have its hands full.

Black judges in New Orleans can be as surprising as black police officers. Judge Charles R. Jones of the Louisiana Fourth Circuit Court of

Appeals wanted the court to hire more blacks. On Jan. 31, 2001, he lashed out at two white judges on the hiring committee, Miriam Waltzer and Steven Plotkin. He started bellowing and cursing at Judge Waltzer, accusing her of being in on a conspiracy not to hire blacks. He was so angry, she thought he might hit her. When Judge Plotkin—at 155 pounds, much smaller than the 200-pound black man—tried to intervene, Judge Jones picked him up and threw him against a table. According to a deputy who witnessed the fracas, Judge Jones was screaming “You are all sons of bitches, you are all f***ing sons of bitches.” Judge Plotkin ended up on the floor in a daze, bleeding from the head.

On August 8, the Louisiana Judiciary Committee ruled that Judge Jones disgraced the bench, and recommended that he be suspended for three months without pay. Judge Jones said, through his lawyer, that he thought the court’s minority-hiring record deserved more attention than the fight.

New Orleans apparently has a lot of racism that must be put down, and in 1997, the struggle against bigotry got national attention. George Washington Elementary School, 98 percent of whose students were black, decided to change its name to honor Charles Drew, a black surgeon. As long-time community activist Carl Galmon explained, blacks should not honor someone who owned slaves. “To African-Americans,” he said, “George Washington has about as much meaning as David Duke.”

The struggle against bigotry continued right into this year. In May, when Brian Parnell, a white social worker, flew to New Orleans to attend the national convention of the National Association of Black Social Workers, the man at the registration desk told him he couldn’t attend because he was white. When Mr. Parnell asked to speak to a conference organizer he got the same reply. Mr. Parnell, who has a special interest in the overrepresentation of blacks in the child welfare system, filed a civil rights complaint.

Most of New Orleans is now under water and evacuated. A place with no people and tax base does not need many police officers. Fortunately, there are many other departments in the country clamoring for experienced black officers, so New Orleans’ “Finest” should have no trouble finding jobs.

These articles first appeared in the October 2005 issue of American Renaissance.

Hard Time

CRUEL AND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT IN AMERICAN PRISONS.

Joanne Mariner, *No Escape: Male Rape in U.S. Prisons*, Human Rights Watch, 2001, 378 pp., \$25.00, (softcover)

There are probably more men than women raped in the United States every year—most of them in prison. Best estimates put the annual number of prison rapes at about 140,000, which is 50,000 more than the 90,000 or so rapes of women reported to police. Gang rape of the most brutal kind is common, and weaker prisoners often seek protection from a “daddy,” who fights off other predators in exchange for total submission and sex on demand. There is an ugly racial dimension to prison rape: Blacks and Mexicans deliberately seek out white victims, and black-on-white rape is probably more common than any other kind. Prison rape is an appalling secret in a country that prides itself on human rights.

One reason there is so much prison rape is that Americans refuse even to think about it. The sheer brutality of it and the racial hatred that so often drives it are too gruesome to face. What we cannot face we cannot control. To its immense credit, a leftist organization called Human Rights Watch has done a serious prison-rape study and has published its findings in a book-length report called *No Escape*, which describes inmate rape—and hatred for whites—in unflinching detail.

There is considerable variation from one prison system to another, and among different prisons within the same system, but the general picture that emerges is of a world of constant violence. As one prisoner explains in *No Escape*:

When a new inmate enters an open barracks prison it triggers a sort of competition among the convicts as to who will seduce and subjugate that new arrival Every new arrival is a potential victim. Unless the new arrival is strong, ugly, and efficient at violence, they are subject to get seduced, coerced, or raped Psychosocially, emotionally, and physically the most dangerous and traumatic place I can conceive of is the open-barracks prison when first viewed by a new inmate.

The only sure defense against rape is a willingness to fight, and even this may be no protection against gang assault. In many prisons a small, unaggressive white is sure to be raped, probably by blacks or Hispanics. As one prison guard explains, a young white has “almost zero” chance of escaping rape “unless he’s willing to stick someone with a knife and

fortunate enough to have one.” Some of the tougher inmates may even fight each other for the chance to rape an effeminate young white.

Rape is so common it has its own terminology. To rape a heterosexual man and turn him into a sexual plaything is to “turn him out,” and the victim is known as a “turnout” or “punk.” If a turnout seeks the protection of another inmate to avoid an endless series of rapes by other prisoners, he is “riding with” his protector. He becomes essentially the property of his protector and is known as his “bitch” or “ho.”

One inmate uses the lingo to explain the importance of violence: “If you’re knocked down and don’t get up you’re a ‘ho’; you have to ride.” This is because an essential quality in prison is “heart,” or a man’s willingness to keep fighting long after he is clearly beaten. As inmates explained to Human Rights Watch, a real man “would die before giving up his anal virginity.” A man who will not fight is a “punk” who deserves humiliation and exploitation.

The racial dynamic in prisons puts whites at a tremendous disadvantage. First, whites are often outnumbered by both blacks and Hispanics. But far more important, just as they show no racial solidarity in “the free world,” whites in prison do not band together to protect each other from predators. As *No Escape* reports, Hispanics sometimes rape Hispanics, and blacks sometimes rape blacks, but neither group permits anyone of another race to rape its own people. If a black tried to “turn out” a Mexican, the Mexicans would riot and try to kill him. Blacks also defend each other from white or Hispanic rapists. It is only whites—unless they are known members of white racist gangs who do stick together—who are on their own and can be raped with impunity. It would be hard to think of a more cruel consequence of stripping whites of racial consciousness.

Some whites must choose between being the sex slave of one man or facing repeated assault. The stories they told *No Escape* read like nightmares:

I had no choice but to submit to being Inmate B’s prison wife. Out of fear for my life, I submitted to sucking his dick, being fucked in my ass, and performing other duties as a woman, such as making his bed. In all reality, I was his slave I determined I’d be better off to willingly have sex with one person, than I would be to face violence and rape by multiple people. The most tragic part to this is that the person I chose to “be with” has AIDS.

A Michigan inmate writes:

[Another prisoner] claimed me as his property and I didn't dispute it. I became obedient, telling myself at least I was surviving He publicly humiliated and degraded me, making sure all the inmates and guards knew that I was a queen and his property. Within a week he was pimping me out to other inmates at \$3.00 a man. This state of existence continued for two months until he sold me for \$25.00 to another black male who purchased me to be his wife.

A different inmate describes how he became a black man's "ho."

You will clean the house, he said, have my clothes clean, and when I'm ready to get my "freak" [sex] no arguments or there will be a punishment! I will, he said, let my homeboys have you or I'll just sale you off. Do we have an understanding? With fear, misery, and confusion inside me . . . I said yes.

Once a man "owns" another—and it is almost always a black "owning" a white—he is property in every sense. He can be rented out, sold or auctioned, told how to dress and talk, and given a woman's name. That this can happen is essentially unknown outside the prison world. "It would amaze you (as it did me) to see human beings bought & sold like shoes," writes a Texan prisoner. "You can buy a kid for 20 or 30 dollars on most wings!!" writes another. "They sell them like cattle."

"Riding" with a "daddy" may be the only way to avoid the degradation of one Virginia inmate who described what happened when six blacks entered his cell and demanded sex:

I said to myself, "Oh no! I'm in trouble!" I looked toward the door for an escape route finding it blocked. It was at this time that the floor officer came by on the bottom tier (I was on the top tier), doing or supposedly doing, his rounds. He noticed the inmates in my cell and asked if everything was all right. Too terrified to answer, I just nodded. [The officer] never came to the top tier during his round. I was then dragged back to my bed [All of them, plus one more] took turns anally and orally raping me at the same time. All of them repeatedly did this. Somewhere in the middle of this, Inmate F entered and said "suck this dick you white bitch." . . . [One said,] "If you snitch on us, we'll kill you!!" At that time, I really believed them, and I still think this today.

As one Indiana prisoner explains, repeated rape takes a staggering physical and psychological toll:

I've been sentenced for a D.U.I. offense. My 3rd one. I'm a tall white male, who unfortunately has a small amount of feminine characteristics. And very shy. These characteristics have got me raped so many times I have no more feelings physically. I have been raped by up to 5 black men at a time I probably have AIDS now. I have great difficulty raising food to my mouth from shaking after nightmares or thinking so hard on all this I've laid down without a

physical fight to be sodomized. To prevent so much damage in struggles, ripping and tearing. Though in not fighting, it caused my heart and spirit to be raped as well. Something I don't know if I'll ever forgive myself for.

Needless to say, men will do just about anything to avoid this kind of horror. Suicide is the leading cause of death in prisons, and is the only way out for some rape victims. Some break prison rules so they will be locked up in punitive custody. One prisoner even had his family deposit money into bank accounts owned by the black Crips gang in the hope of buying protection. Of course, he was raped anyway.

No Escape recognizes reluctantly that blacks and Hispanics often rape whites out of pure hatred, and relish the chance to degrade whites. As one inmate explains, "Gangs of black and Spanish inmates are very angry at free-world white people for a variety of reasons, and this results in an attitude of vengeance towards white people in prisons." Blacks reportedly like to say "Y'all may run it out there, but this is our world!" or "Ain't no fun when the rabbit's got the gun, is it?"

One white explains that "those two races [blacks and Hispanics] have a lot of people in here and take advantage of us by making the small and weak ones ride or turn them out, and the big ones have to fight all the time."

Human Rights Watch appears surprised to discover the obvious:

Certain prison systems seem to have almost no positive social interaction—not even the most trivial—between members of different races.

Prisoners' social relationships are largely determined by race; their gang affiliation, if they have one, is racially defined; and whatever racist beliefs they may have held prior to their imprisonment are likely to be significantly strengthened over the course of their stay in prison.

Despite what the book tells us about what happens to so many whites, *No Escape* cannot resist conventional pieties:

Many white prisoners told Human Rights Watch that they were uncomfortable with blacks and would prefer to live in a racially segregated environment. A few espoused virulently racist views. More so than African American prisoners, many whites asserted that the prison experience had made them racist—or, as they tended to put it, "racially aware."

It is hardly astonishing that white prisoners should be "uncomfortable" around blacks. Nor is it surprising that they want to get away from them, whereas blacks are less inclined to be separated from people they can rape, buy and sell, pimp out, and humiliate with impunity. It is true that prison doesn't teach blacks and Hispanics to hate whites; they hate whites long

before they get to prison. Needless to say, this book makes no attempt to understand this hatred, implying that it is normal for victims of a “racist” society. Nor is any black or Hispanic reported to express “virulently racist views,” not even when he tells a white victim, “suck this dick, you white bitch.”

The book is full of recommendations—some good—but the one about race relations is an almost perfect distillation of liberal foolishness:

Given the element of racial bias in many instances of prisoner-on-prisoner sexual abuse, steps should be taken to address racial tensions in the inmate population. DOC [Department of Corrections] staff should receive racial sensitivity training. Racial slurs and other forms of harassment—whether from inmates or staff—should not be tolerated.

As anyone not blinded by orthodoxy knows, the only thing that will “address racial tensions in the inmate population” is segregation. Even some of the inmates don’t understand what is happening. “*I hate to say this,*” [emphasis added] says one, “but if you weren’t racist when you came to prison more than likely you will be when you leave.” Despite what he has seen and suffered, this man still thinks he has to apologize for not wanting to be around blacks and Hispanics.

Why is prison rape so well hidden, and why haven’t prisoners brought huge damages suits against the prisons that permit it? First, the guards appear to be uniformly oblivious to rape. *No Escape* finds that “raped inmates frequently say that they are treated scornfully by guards who do not bother to hide the fact that they despise prisoners who are so ‘weak’ as to be victimized.” The report quotes one warden who testified at a trial that “it was the prisoners’ own responsibility to fight off sexual abuse—that prisoners had to let the others ‘understand that [they]’re not going to put up with that.’”

No Escape does not go into this, but prison guards are likely to be a low breed of cattle themselves. Many are likely to be black, and some may be just as happy as the rapists to see whites humiliated. Many victims therefore do not report rapes. Some are afraid that if they “snitch” their tormentors will kill them. Others are so ashamed of what has happened they tell no one.

There are times when talking might do some good. John King became famous for dragging a black man to death in Jasper, Texas, in 1998. He became a byword for white “racism,” but with some luck and savvy he could have turned the tables and made the case one of black brutality.

Before he killed James Byrd, he had just spent 21 months for burglary in one of Texas' toughest prisons, the Beto Unit. He was 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighed only 140 pounds when he was sentenced, and reportedly had no pronounced racial views. He emerged covered with white-power tattoos. His lawyer said rape by blacks had deeply affected Mr. King, but that he rarely talked about it.

Whites who kill blacks get no mercy, and Mr. King could not have avoided a death sentence no matter how often he was gang-bugged, but a full account of his horrors would have won considerable public sympathy and attracted badly-needed attention to the tortures white prisoners often face. For a country that is ever on the hunt for "root causes" of black deviance, it would have been edifying to know just what it was that made John King hate blacks. Needless to say, the press never let on, and his crime has been recorded as yet another example of the unfathomable evil of whites.

Rape is, of course, a crime, whether committed in prison or the "free world." However, prosecutors do not think of criminals as part of their constituency, and get little credit for charging perpetrators who are already in jail. Also, they prefer to stay on good terms with prison authorities and let them take care of discipline problems. As this report points out, most violence goes unpunished in prisons, and guards often ignore rape or simply lock the victim in protective custody. Prisoners face actual criminal charges in only extreme cases: murder or assault on a guard. Human Rights Watch has been unable to find a single case in which a prisoner has been charged with rape, though it would be a strong deterrent if rapists got half a dozen more years tacked onto their sentences.

It is difficult not to conclude that the racial aspect of these horrors has a lot to do with our determination to ignore them. If whites were gang-bugging and enslaving blacks, there would be a high-powered campaign to stop them, with movie stars queuing up to befriend victims, and senators preening themselves on their virtuous concern. Because whites are the victims, any investigation would run head-on into facts too awful for public consumption: that blacks and Hispanics are the "racists," and that forced integration is even more of a disaster behind bars than in the free world.

At the same time, it is a testimony to the power of liberal propaganda that it has driven white racial solidarity out of the minds even of convicted felons. One would have expected an elemental tribalism among the lower

orders, but even here only a few “white supremacists” are willing to fight for each other.

To those who can see beyond liberal clichés about race, the dynamics of prison rape are perfectly understandable. To those, like the author of this report, who cannot or will not understand what race really means, this book is an incomprehensible horror. Our prisons reflect our society, and as long as whites are official scapegoats and are forbidden to act in their own interests, and as long as we insist on forcing on prisoners a brutal form of integration no one would choose for himself, white prisoners will be pimped, beaten, raped, and infected with AIDS. America refuses to face this problem because it refuses to face itself.

This article first appeared in the April 2002 issue of American Renaissance. The full text of the Human Rights Watch report can be read at <http://www.hrw.org/reports/2001/prison>

Open Letter to Attorney General Eric Holder

I, TOO, WANT AN HONEST DISCUSSION OF
RACE IN AMERICA.

Eric Holder was U.S. Attorney General under President Barack Obama from 2009 to 2015. In his first major speech after confirmation, he said that the United States was “essentially a nation of cowards” because Americans are afraid to talk honestly about race.

Mr. Holder was in office in July 2013, when George Zimmerman was acquitted of murder by a Florida jury in the shooting death of Trayvon Martin. Shortly after the verdict, in a speech to the NAACP, Mr. Holder said the Martin shooting had prompted him to have “the talk” with his son, to explain to him the special dangers black men face at the hands of the police. He also renewed his call for an honest conversation about race. I sent this letter to Mr. Holder two days after his speech.

Dear Mr. Holder,

I see that the verdict in the trial of George Zimmerman has prompted you, once again, to call for an “honest” discussion of race in America. I welcome that discussion.

Let us start with your recent comments before the NAACP, in which you said that Martin’s death compelled you to have a talk with your 15-year-old son about how to deal with the police. I fail to see anything in Martin’s death that would prompt such a conversation, since Mr. Zimmerman was not a policeman, and since the jury has found Mr. Zimmerman innocent.

However, I assume you brought up allegations that Mr. Zimmerman took a special interest in Trayvon Martin because he was black. Those allegations are unproven, but let us assume they are correct. I hope you explained to your boy that Mr. Zimmerman had excellent reasons for being suspicious.

I would imagine you used statistics from your own Justice Department to show that blacks are at least seven times more likely than people of other races to commit violent crimes, and that young black men are the most dangerous people in America. I hope you explained that Americans will be suspicious of blacks for as long as they continue to commit so many crimes.

This may be unfortunate for law-abiding blacks but the fault is not with the police or with neighborhood watchmen; it is with other blacks.

I assume you also explained to your son that the evidence in the case very clearly suggests that if Mr. Zimmerman was suspicious of young blacks his suspicions were painfully confirmed. Trayvon Martin appears to have attacked Mr. Zimmerman, broken his nose, and pounded his head into the pavement simply because he thought a “creepy-ass cracker” was following him. Unfortunately for Mr. Martin, Mr. Zimmerman was armed and defended himself.

Now, perhaps, I understand why you had this conversation with your son: to explain to him that it is not only potentially dangerous but a serious crime to attack someone just because he is following you. I assume you explained to him that he should also refrain from attacking policemen, and if he was unaware that such behavior is unwise, I commend you for having this conversation.

On a different matter, your department is now investigating Mr. Zimmerman with an eye to charging him with a hate crime. According to news reports, your staff has already grilled three dozen of Mr. Zimmerman’s friends and acquaintances about what he thought of black people. Why? A state jury has already found that Mr. Zimmerman acted in legitimate self defense. Is it your view that if Mr. Zimmerman had “racist” views he is guilty of a “hate crime,” even if he acted in self defense?

Let us assume that your investigators had learned that Mr. Zimmerman liked to use “the N-word”—that he liked to use it almost as much as Trayvon Martin did. Would that mean that the very same actions on his part—actions a jury found to be legitimate self-defense—would now be a hate crime?

This is not an academic question, Mr. Holder. I hold unorthodox views on race and have expressed them publicly. Does this mean that if I am attacked by a black and have to defend myself with lethal force you will investigate me? What if it could be proven that I am the wickedest racist in America? Does that mean I have forfeited my right to defend myself against a black attacker? I hope you understand my dismay, but this is very clearly the logic of your investigation: that I will lose very important rights if I have views of which you disapprove.

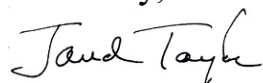
Finally, on an entirely different matter, you seem to think that blacks and whites are precisely equal in ability and temperament, and that if there are

any differences in outcome between the two groups, it can be due only to white “racism.” In the interest of the honest discussion you want, I invite you to reflect on the fact that American blacks have an average IQ of 85 whereas whites have an average of 100. I also invite you to consider the huge body of evidence that suggests this difference has a substantially genetic cause.

May I be so bold as to suggest that you will never understand race in America if you refuse to consider racial differences in ability? I would be pleased to present the evidence for this at a mutually convenient time and place. Indeed, there are many subjects we could usefully explore in the name of the honest discussion we both desire.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Jared Taylor". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned below the word "Sincerely,".

Jared Taylor

President, New Century Foundation

This letter was published at AmRen.com on July 18, 2013.

President Obama on Ferguson: The Problem Is the Justice System, Not Violent Criminals

AMERICANS ARE LOSING PATIENCE WITH BALONEY IN HIGH PLACES.

On August 9, 2014, a white police officer named Darren Wilson shot and killed an unarmed black teenager named Michael Brown in Ferguson, Missouri. Blacks initially claimed the shooting was unprovoked, and that Brown had his hands in the air in a gesture of surrender and was shouting "Don't shoot!" as he was killed. This resulted in repeated chants of "Hands up, don't shoot" during the anti-police demonstrations and rioting that followed. Brown's death was widely decried in the media as an example of police racism.

On November 24, 2014, a grand jury declined to indict Officer Wilson, finding no probable cause to charge him with a crime. On March 4, 2015, the Department of Justice under Eric Holder concluded in a lengthy, official report that Officer Wilson had acted in legitimate fear of his life and that there were no grounds on which to charge him with a civil rights violation.

The grand jury in Clayton, Missouri, has spoken: Officer Darren Wilson was justified in shooting Michael Brown and there is no probable cause to indict. Fortunately for those nine white and three black jurors, their identities need never be known. They made a brave decision.

Prosecutor Robert McCulloch made a detailed statement of the evidence presented to the grand jury and promised to make it all public, but blacks showed little interest in evidence. In Ferguson, as soon as the decision was announced, blacks set fire to a whole block of businesses on West Florissant Avenue, and looted and burned dozens of other stores. They burned the vehicles at an auto dealer. Police counted more than 150 gunshots during the night, and firemen were afraid to fight the fires. There was protest in Manhattan, and looting in Chicago and Oakland.

Black "leaders" said the usual foolish things. Marcia Fudge, Democrat from Ohio and chair of the Congressional Black Caucus, says the grand jury decision "seems to underscore an unwritten rule that Black lives hold no

value; that you may kill Black men in this country without consequences or repercussions.”

Al Sharpton said the justice system is “deeply flawed” and “very suspect.”

What else is new?

It is far more interesting that Barack Obama felt compelled to make an unusual evening statement to the press. What he said—after all, he is President of the United States—is actually more outrageous than the Fudge nonsense about how blacks can be killed with impunity.

Mr. Obama spoke for nearly 10 minutes, and spent seven of them *blaming the police*. He said protesters have “legitimate issues of how communities and law enforcement interact,” and called anger over the refusal to indict “an understandable reaction.” He explained that Ferguson is an example of the “broader challenges that we still face as a nation.” He said he has “instructed Attorney General Holder to work with cities across the country . . . to train law enforcement so it conducts itself in a way that is fair to everybody.”

“This is not just an issue for Ferguson, this is an issue for America,” he explained, adding that the country can look forward to “tackling much-needed criminal justice reform.” “America isn’t everything that it could be,” he said sorrowfully, but “we can make progress not just in Ferguson but in a lot of other cities and communities around the country.”

In other words, his friend Al Sharpton is right. The American justice system is deeply flawed.

The president did not have *one word of criticism* for Michael Brown. Not once did he say it’s a bad idea to get high on marijuana and commit strong-arm robbery. Not once did he say it’s a bad idea to punch a policeman. Not once did he say it’s a bad idea to try to grab an officer’s gun. Not once did he say it’s a bad idea to head menacingly towards a policeman who has already fired a few shots at you. People who do those things—whatever their race—have an excellent chance of being shot, and that’s as it should be.

The president did pronounce the words, “there’s never an excuse for violence,” but he wasn’t talking about Michael Brown. He was asking angry blacks—who were already throwing bottles at the police in Ferguson—to channel their righteous rage “constructively.”

Mr. Obama can instruct 1,000 Eric Holders go out and hold hands with police officers. He can spend the rest of his term moaning about “the broader challenges we still face as a nation” and “tackling much-needed criminal justice reform.” But what is the precise flaw in the justice system that caused Michael Brown to die? Or that caused the grand jury to fail to indict? If criminal justice is “broken” like the immigration system, what needs to be fixed?

Does the president even believe his own baloney?

The problem is violent criminals, not a “deeply flawed” justice system. This is dazzlingly obvious to anyone not completely addled by a college education and MSNBC. Ordinary Americans understand this, and they will flood talk radio and dominate the comments sections on news sites. But you’ll be able to count on the fingers of one hand the elected officials or commentators who say anything about Ferguson that isn’t feel-good foolishness or outright anti-white nastiness.

This grand jury decision and its aftermath are like Tawana Brawley, the Duke rape case, the Jena Six, Trayvon Martin, and a thousand other racial hoaxes and con games that are slowly but surely wearing out the patience of white people.

This article was published at AmRen.com on November 25, 2014.

The New York Times Stumbles onto the Truth in Baltimore

AND DISCOVERS WHY BLACKS RIOT.

On April 12, 2015, a 25-year-old black man named Freddie Gray was arrested by Baltimore police and later died in police custody. Later that month, blacks rioted, claiming Gray was killed by racist police. Mobs looted and burned local businesses, and National Guard troops were called in to put down what was one of the most serious civil disorders since the 1992 Los Angeles riots.

Six police officers—three black and three white—were charged in Gray’s death in what was widely seen as a black city administration’s capitulation to mob violence. All six officers were acquitted or had charges dropped. It was determined that Gray probably received a fatal injury when he stood up in a moving police van while handcuffed and shackled, lost his balance, and hit his head when he fell.

An article from yesterday’s *New York Times* [Sheryl Stolberg, “Crowds Scatter as Baltimore Curfew Takes Hold,” April 28, 2015] stumbled onto something like the real reason why blacks rioted in Baltimore. Near the famous burned-out CVS—the city had begged CVS to “invest” in a dodgy neighborhood—the *Times* reporter found someone it identified as “Robert Wilson, a college student who went to high school in Baltimore.” The article concludes with Mr. Wilson’s explanation of why blacks rioted. He said nothing about Freddie Gray or police brutality. Instead, he said this:

We’re just angry at the surroundings—like this is all that is given to us?—and we’re tired of this, like nobody wants to wake up and see broken-down buildings. They take away the community centers, they take away our fathers, and now we have traffic lights that don’t work, we have houses that are crumbling, falling down.

This quote almost perfectly captures the black mentality that leads to rioting. Blacks live in neighborhoods that they themselves have wrecked, and then ask, “This is all that is given to us?”

Hard-working white people built the “broken-down” buildings Mr. Wilson is complaining about. Many had parquet floors, high ceilings, and fine moldings found today only in the most expensive new construction.

After race riots in Baltimore in 1968, whites panicked and sold their property at desperation prices. Now, these houses are “broken down”

because blacks didn't maintain them. This pattern of white flight and "broken down" houses has been repeated in Detroit, Philadelphia, Chicago, New York, Washington, St. Louis, Memphis, Atlanta, Birmingham, Jacksonville, and countless other American cities. Some of the best city housing in the world was handed over to blacks who wrecked it. Neighborhoods filled with irreplaceable architecture are now wastelands. The remedy for "crumbling, falling down" houses is for the people who live in them to fix them, but instead, Mr. Wilson asks, "Is this all that is given to us?"

Like so many blacks, Mr. Wilson doesn't realize how perverse it is even to think in terms of houses and neighborhoods being "given" to anyone. Does he imagine white authorities "giving" nice neighborhoods to whites and cruelly handing out slums to blacks? They didn't start out as slums, of course. Whites saved and worked hard to build those neighborhoods.

But in today's world of welfare, food stamps, government housing, and white guilt, Mr. Wilson doesn't know any better than to ask for handouts. Jesse Jackson is just as self-absorbed. At the funeral for Freddie Gray he wanted to know, "Why can't the [black] West Side get the same things downtown gets?" Jesse Jackson is asking the same question: "Is this all that is given to us?"

And who, exactly, is not giving enough? Baltimore elected its first black mayor in 1987. Today, the mayor, the police chief, the fire chief, and half the police force are black. Two thirds of the population and most of the city council are black. But when Mr. Wilson and Jesse Jackson complain about stinginess, they are not blaming Mayor Stephanie Rawlings-Blake; they are blaming white people.

Mr. Wilson says Baltimore's blacks rioted because they are "angry at the surroundings." Blacks make their surroundings ugly and miserable, and then make them even more ugly and miserable by burning them down. And then they ask, "Is this all that is given us?"

Mr. Wilson has more complaints: "They take away the community centers, they take away our fathers." Mayor Rawlings-Blake cut funding for 20 of 55 city-run community centers in 2013, but private foundations and neighborhood organizations kept most of them going. Rioters burned one down on Monday.

And fathers? In 1983, Baltimore had the highest black illegitimacy rate in the country: 76 percent, at a time when the national rate for blacks was

about 55 percent. Now that the national black rate is 72 percent, what is the figure likely to be for Baltimore? Ninety percent? Ninety-five percent? Whoever “they” are didn’t have to work very hard to “take away our fathers.” Black fathers were never there to begin with.

It’s no surprise that Mr. Wilson thinks blacks haven’t been “given” what they deserve, and that “they” took away his father. He’s a college student—probably on scholarship—and that’s what blacks are taught from grade school.

The *New York Times* invariably blames “racism” and white privilege for the plight of blacks. It assumes that if only whites could curb their bigotry, blacks would bloom and flourish. It is remarkable that it concluded this article with a quotation that so brutally undercuts its own assumptions. People who think “they” have taken away their fathers, who blame others for their “broken down buildings,” who look at misery of their own making and ask “Is this all that is given to us?”—such people will not bloom and flourish no matter what white people do.

This article was published at AmRen.com on April 29, 2015.

How New Americans are Made

MELTING POT NO MORE.

The final step in becoming a naturalized U.S. citizen is an oath-taking ceremony conducted by a federal judge. I have always wanted to watch the ceremony, and recently attended one at the federal district court in Alexandria, Virginia.

On this occasion, there were 60 citizens-to-be, accompanied by perhaps 40 guests and friends. A few people were in business clothes, but most were dressed for shopping or a sports event. The courtroom was full, but the citizens-to-be were seated separately, away from their friends, so there was very little chatter as we waited for things to begin. A lawyer from the INS was mistress of ceremonies. She was Hispanic, with a distinctly Spanish accent, and mentioned at the outset that she, too, was an immigrant. She covered a few practical questions, such as how to apply for a U.S. passport, and then got down to business. She apologized in advance for any mispronunciations, and then called out the names of each of the aliens and asked them to state their original nationalities. She spoke the large number of Hispanic names in a clear, Spanish accent. No one seemed to think it odd that she not be a native American or that she should speak accented English.

I listened carefully as 60 people said where they were from: Guatemala, Somalia, Lebanon, Panama, Ghana, China, Egypt, Korea, Vietnam, Peru, Turkey, Honduras, Sierra Leone, etc. There was just one European, an Englishwoman who later left with what appeared to be her American husband and child. There was also one “Russian” who looked more Armenian or Azeri than European. From the back of the courtroom, this collection of Americans-in-the-making was a virtually unbroken sea of jet-black hair.

As we waited for the judge to arrive, the INS lawyer remarked approvingly on how many countries were represented. “The worth of the United States is that we come from all parts of the world,” she said. “That’s what makes us special.” She urged everyone to get acquainted with his neighbor, so as to be able to tell grandchildren that on that grand day when the family became American “I was sitting next to someone from Egypt—or from Guatemala.” The INS lady ran out of things to say, and after about six or seven fidgety minutes the Honorable Barry Poretz arrived in his black robe to administer the oath of citizenship.

He considerately broke the oath up into short pieces so those whose English was a little new could follow along. They all raised their right hands and renounced all former loyalty to any “prince, potentate, state or sovereignty” and promised to bear “true faith and allegiance” to the United States Constitution. They also swore to bear arms in the service of the United States should the law require it, and that they took the oath of citizenship “freely, without mental reservation or purpose of evasion.”

Judge Poretz then gave a little talk, saying that his grandfather had been an immigrant and that it always makes him happy to welcome new citizens to the United States. He noted that although in the past people had thought of the United States as a melting pot he thought the country was more like a stew. “The recipe is better because you all maintain your ethnic backgrounds, and the country is better for that,” he said. He urged everyone in the room to cherish his national heritage, explaining that “that’s what makes the stew better and the country better.” He did not mention the Constitution, to which 60 people had just sworn faith and allegiance, nor did he discuss what constitutes evasion or mental reservation. Not once did he mention the meaning of the oath of citizenship; no one else did either.

After the judge left the courtroom, the INS lady congratulated the new citizens and spoke about the importance of voting. She explained that volunteers in the courtroom would help them register. The next speaker was Lynette Anderson, a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Her subject was freedom—how her Revolutionary ancestor had fought for it, and how glad she was to have been “born into” it. In remarks that could have seemed mildly offensive to their former nationalities, she told the new citizens that they were “very special” because “now all of your descendants will be born into freedom.” She also urged them to write letters to their descendants, describing “your American dream.” She said she wished she had a letter of that kind from her Revolutionary ancestor, and promised the former Somalis and Vietnamese that their descendants would, one day, be thrilled to have such a thing.

Miss Anderson then led the group in pledging allegiance to the flag. This was an awkward, mumbling business, and though the Daughter explained that the right hand was to be placed over the heart, quite a few—remember: their English was new—raised their hands in the air as they had for the oath of citizenship.

The 60 names were then called out again, and the new Americans marched up to the front of the room to collect certificates of naturalization. As each person filed by, a representative of a group called Alexandria Voter Registration handed out registration forms, and Miss Anderson gave each person a small American flag. I glanced at the certificate of a former Egyptian. It was attractively engraved, with a color photograph attached, and did not look easy to counterfeit.

One of the voter registration people stood at the door of the courtroom, shaking hands and saying “congratulations” to each new American on his way out. I mentioned to her that not many seemed to be registering to vote. “A lot of them don’t understand what it’s about,” she replied pleasantly.

The ceremony straggled to a close. I was surprised to have observed no emotions of any kind. Although the ladies from the INS and the DAR tried to give the ceremony some kind of significance they got no reaction from their audience. It could have been a crowd waiting for a bus or a jury pool waiting for a case. As I watched my fellow citizens—just about every possible race but white—walk out of the courtroom, I couldn’t help thinking that what should have seemed like an odd, alien collection of un-American-looking people didn’t look that way at all. It looked, in fact, like just about any big-city crowd waiting for a bus.

This article first appeared in the June 1998 issue of American Renaissance.

Is This the Death of Europe?

EUROPA UNBARS THE GATES TO HER OLDEST ENEMY.

The proliferation of other races dooms our race, my race, irretrievably to extinction in the century to come, if we hold fast to our present moral principles.

—Jean Raspail, *The Camp of the Saints*, 1973

Forty-two years ago, the great French author Jean Raspail wrote a deeply prescient novel. A flotilla of rusty ships packed with beggars sets sail from the Third World. They head for the French Riviera, where a million wretched, brown-skinned people hope to storm the beaches and feed on the wealthy white West. Will the French army fire on the invaders or welcome them as refugees? In the end they do neither; soldiers throw down their weapons and run away as the mob stumbles ashore. Millions more follow, and Europe is snuffed out.

The Camp of the Saints has never gone out of print, and has been translated into all major European languages—and yet the coverage of the current European “migrant” crisis goes on as if it had never been written. The masses pouring in from Syria, Afghanistan, Iraq, and a host of African countries are doing exactly what Mr. Raspail predicted they would and, tragically, so are the Europeans.

The underlying problem—and one that cannot be solved—is that whites have built the most pleasant places to live in human history while, with only a few exceptions, everywhere else is a dung heap. In some cases, such as Afghanistan, Iraq, and Libya, Western meddling has made things worse, but even without that, hundreds of millions of non-whites in a hundred different countries would move to Europe or America if they could.

And now, they can.

The Camp of the Saints put the white man’s dilemma in the harshest terms: slaughter hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children or face oblivion. The flotilla sets sail confident that Europeans do not have the nerve to kill in order to survive. Today as well, the Third World is crossing the Mediterranean confident that whites don’t have the nerve even to turn them back. Every vagabond who gets a bed in a reception center in Lampedusa or Dortmund tweets the good news to a hundred people back in Somalia and Syria. They will come in endless waves until they are stopped,

and if they are not stopped Europe will die, just as it does in *The Camp of the Saints*.

What Europeans are doing reflects something deep in their nature, which makes them capable of extraordinary levels of pathological altruism. But the present invasion also has a legal background that dates to the 1951 United Nations Convention Relating to the Status of Refugees. It defined a refugee as someone:

[who] owing to [a] well-founded fear of being persecuted for reasons of race, religion, nationality, membership of a particular social group or political opinion, is outside the country of his nationality and is unable or, owing to such fear, is unwilling to avail himself of the protection of that country.

The convention required “non-refoulement,” which meant refugees cannot be turned back at the border. It also prohibited countries from applying to refugees the usual punishments for illegal entry. The convention came out of the Second World War, applied only to Europeans, and gave signatories the option of limiting their definition of refugees to people who were displaced “as a result of events occurring before 1 January 1951.”

In 1951, the world population was 2.5 billion. It is now 7.3 billion, and the overwhelming bulk of the growth has been in those very countries that are so miserable that huge numbers of their citizens want to leave.

The United States did not sign the convention. What it did sign, in 1968, was a protocol added to the convention, which removed the original geographic and time limits. This meant signatories were required to take in anyone from anywhere, forever. Until 1968, however, the United States had no legal obligation to accept any refugees.

Virtually every member of the United Nations has signed both documents—Nauru, for example, signed in 2011—but countries such as East Timor, Afghanistan, and Zimbabwe have little fear of being called on to fulfill their obligations.

The United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR) sets up camps for refugees and is supposed to screen them. Except under crazy circumstances like those in Europe today, countries decide how many refugees they will accept, and dicker with UNHCR over who they will take. The supply is essentially unlimited: Last year, UNHCR said there were more than 50 million displaced people around the world, and they considered about 17 million of them genuine refugees.

Except for the countries right next to the places people are trying to leave, white countries accept by far the most refugees. China completely ignores the “non-refoulement” rule, turning back Burmese tribal people whom the authorities are driving out of the country. In 2014, Japan accepted only 11 out of 5,000 applications for asylum. Mexico, which sends us millions of people, accepts even fewer: It now has a total of 1,677 refugees to Japan’s 2,649. And it’s not as though no one applies to Mexico. Central America has produced plenty of “refugees,” but Mexico won’t take them.

Countries just do what they please, because the conventions have no enforcement mechanism. The only price for spurning refugees is accusations of heartlessness, and so long as a country isn’t white, there isn’t even much of that.

There has been some clucking about Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, and the rich Gulf States, which let in only a few carefully selected Syrians—on work visas. In fact, they are the only honest players in the game; they haven’t signed the conventions so they don’t have to accept anyone. At the same time, they have spent hundreds of millions of dollars on camps for displaced Syrians in Turkey, Lebanon and Jordan. The United Arab Emirates alone have splashed out more than half a billion to house their fellow Muslims. The UN and Western countries have also spent several billion dollars on those camps, where about 3.7 million displaced Syrians have been living safely—though not luxuriously—for years.

And that is what makes this “refugee crisis” not just a calamity for Europe but an absurdity. News reports routinely talk about Syrians “fleeing war and turmoil in the Middle East,” but it’s not as though the Syrian Civil War suddenly turned brutal, and shell-shocked families started fleeing war zones with only the clothes on their backs. Many have decided they are just tired of refugee camps—and, in fact, the ones in Lebanon have cut back somewhat on handouts. Those coming straight from Syria just want a chance at Europe, too. As one 35-year-old woman who brought two young children with her from Aleppo explained at the Hungarian border, “I decided to leave Syria because I want my kids to have a comfortable life.”

In any case, it’s hardly the poor who are making the trip. Smugglers charge as much as \$2,000 per adult to ferry people just a couple of miles from Turkey to a Greek island. It takes money to get to Turkey and to travel on to Germany or Sweden—though some European countries are laying on

free travel, food, and shelter. These newcomers are not the needy; they are the greedy.

Finally, this “refugee crisis” is not just an absurdity; it’s absurdity on stilts. Syrians *don’t qualify as refugees* under the conventions. As noted above, a refugee has to have a well-founded fear of *persecution*. Being caught in a war zone is not persecution.

A government can choose to treat Syrians as refugees, however, and most European countries have promised them special handling. People are therefore throwing away their identity papers as soon as they get to Europe and claiming to be Syrian. There is now a brisk market in fake Syrian passports; German authorities have confiscated hundreds of blanks. A Dutch journalist in Syria paid \$850 for a very convincing-looking custom-made fake, and they are now offered on the internet. Syrians have been getting into fights with imposters who, they think, make it harder for real Syrians to register as refugees.

Liberals are scratching their heads, trying to figure out why everyone suddenly decided to come *now*. The answer is simple: *Because they can*. Countless millions of miserable, brown-skinned people saw hundreds of thousands of Africans from such places as Senegal and Nigeria—without even a fantasy claim to being “refugees”—swarming across the Mediterranean from Libya. Not only did the Italian Navy save their lives when their boats sank, it turned them loose on the continent to go wherever the handouts were most generous. Firm treatment early on—towing the boats back where they came from as the Australians do—would have stopped them right away. Instead, Europe foolishly opened the door and is shocked that more have followed.

Germany, especially, has been letting in anyone who wants to come, and people from wrecked countries all over the world know a good thing when they see it. That is why only about one in five of the people pouring into Europe over the last three months is even Syrian. The rest come from South Sudan, Bangladesh, Afghanistan, Pakistan, Eritrea, and every other hell hole.

Chancellor Angela Merkel of Germany made things much worse by announcing that she expects to take in 800,000 waifs this year. Now the government says it could be more like a million. Mrs. Merkel has even been so stupid as to say that “the right to political asylum has no limits on the number of asylum seekers.” Technically, she’s right—the conventions say

nothing about limits—but this is an open invitation to every basket-case country everywhere.

Chancellor Merkel's invitation explains why nearly a million people have already pushed their way into Europe, and countless more are on the way. It explains why 3,000 arrive *every day* on the tiny Greek Island of Lesbos. And why nearly 4,700 foundering boat people were rescued off the coast of Libya just last Saturday (Sept. 20). And why the crush has so overwhelmed European transport systems that train service had to be stopped between Budapest and Vienna, and between Munich and Salzburg. It explains the mountains of rubbish, food, and feces the newcomers leave behind wherever they gather.

It explains why we can look forward to such piquant ironies as 75,000 Muslims showing up in Munich just in time for Oktoberfest. Will they spoil the fun for the 6 million locals and tourists who are expected to swallow 1.7 millions of gallons of beer?

The media keep calling these people “migrants,” as if they were Canada geese. Every one of them, wherever he came from, is an illegal immigrant. Israel calls such people “infiltrators.” It would not be incorrect to call them “invaders,” since they are an army of aliens come to occupy and transform Europe.

In the meantime, trying to feed, house, clothe, mediate, and teach German to this army won't be cheap. Current estimates are that if Germany takes in one million foreigners a year for two years the bill could run to €25 billion (\$28 billion). Germany had been running a budget surplus of a few billion a year; it will go back into the red.

The German Economy Minister Sigmar Gabriel, who is Chancellor Merkel's deputy, has said what may be the most idiotic thing yet: “If we manage to quickly train those that come to us and to get them into work, then we will solve one of our biggest problems for the economic future of our country: the skills shortage.” Germany already has an indigestible mass of Turks who are a recognized scourge, and if Germany needed skilled immigrants it could select them rather than let in masses of whatever shows up.

But Germany is burnishing its credentials as officially post-Nazi. Polls show that a majority of Germans welcome the refugees and are basking in international praise. Meanwhile, officials in the German *Länder*, or

states, that actually have to handle the crowds, worry that they are stretched to capacity.

The United States, which has so far let in only a couple of thousand Syrians, wants praise, too. Secretary of State John Kerry just announced an increase from 70,000 to 85,000 for next year's refugee quota, with a goal of 100,000 for 2017. He explained we can't let in more because it takes time to vet Syrians for terrorism. What does that say about the possible two million Germany could be in for?

The spinelessness of the Europeans is perfectly matched by the arrogance and aggressiveness of the illegals. One might think people who show up without permission in a foreign country would be grateful simply not to be turned back. Not these people. On the Greek islands they fought each other and rioted because they didn't think they were being treated well enough. On Kos, a tourist mecca, they blocked the main street of the town chanting, "We want papers. We want to eat." On Lesbos, with 20,000 surly young men camping in streets and squares, locals were afraid to leave their homes or send children to school. "They have stolen our lives," said one Greek resident.

Africans in Italian reception centers in Belluno, Sicily, and Rome went on hunger strikes because they were tired of Italian food and wanted African food. The strikers in Belluno slashed the car tires of Italians who worked at the center.

At the Serbian/Hungarian frontier, migrants massed at a border fence, chanting "open the door." They gave the Hungarians two hours to let them in, and then launched human-wave attacks on the fence to try to tear it down. When the Hungarians fired tear gas and water cannons, the illegals threw rocks and sticks at the border police. There was a running battle of several hours before the illegals finally gave up and headed for Croatia.

Rail service from Germany to Austria through the Freilassing border crossing had to be suspended when illegals hit the emergency break to slow down the train so they could jump off. They then walked around the border crossing so they wouldn't have to show papers. On all the rail routes leading to Germany, thousands of illegals have been sleeping in stations, filling the restrooms and platforms with filth, and cramming themselves onto any train that was passing through, whether they had tickets or not. Mobs at the Keleti railroad station in central Budapest shouted "Fuck you," and "Allahu Akbar" at Hungarian authorities.

Most of these illegals are young Muslim men who have never seen a woman in a bikini. There have already been reports of women and children being raped in some of the migrant centers, where Muslims consider unaccompanied women “fair game.” Even when they have segregated dormitories, women sleep fully dressed, and are afraid to walk around the centers. So many have been forced into prostitution that a social worker at a Bavarian shelter called it “the biggest brothel in Munich.” It’s no accident that in immigrant-happy Sweden the majority of rapists are immigrants—overwhelmingly Muslim. These are the people Chancellor Merkel’s deputy thinks will make good Germans.

This is what Europe gets for its cravenness. The illegals sense weakness, and they are right. They exploit that weakness, and their success inspires yet more hundreds of thousands—no doubt millions—from every wretched country. Only force will stop them, the force that any healthy people would have used immediately.

Fortunately, not all of Europe has gone insane. Hungarian Foreign Minister Peter Szijarto pointed out that if Germany is worried about the plight of Syrians it could use a tiny fraction of the money it has budgeted for “migrants” to improve conditions in the camps in Jordan, Turkey, and Lebanon.

Hungary’s Prime Minister, Victor Orban has been the most consistently clear-headed European head of state throughout the crisis. He has warned that Muslims will destroy Europe’s Christian identity and that Europeans have a right to refuse to become minorities on their own continent. His determination to keep illegals out has made him a hero to his people.

Slovakia said it would let in 200 Syrians but they had to be Christians. Interior Minister Ivan Netik explained that Slovakia doesn’t have a single mosque and that Muslims aren’t welcome.

Dutch political leader Geert Wilders has warned of an “Islamic invasion:”

Masses of young men in their twenties with beards singing "Allahu Akbar" across Europe—it’s an invasion that threatens our prosperity, our security, our culture and identity.

He’s right. Sheikh Muhammad Ayed, speaking at the Al-Aqsa Mosque in Jerusalem, encouraged the illegals to pour into Europe and mate with Europeans. “We will breed children with them, because we shall conquer their countries,” he said. “We will trample them underfoot, Allah willing.”

Ironically, it is former Communists, who lived under an overtly anti-religious, anti-nationalist ideology, that are still able to think in terms of nation and religion. When Chancellor Merkel said she wanted to assign mandatory “refugee” quotas to every EU member, Hungary, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Slovakia and the Czech Republic refused. Communism protected them from something much worse: “tolerance” and “diversity.”

Perhaps the greatest irony, however, is that emasculated West Europeans are accusing East Europeans of *not being European*. French Foreign Minister Laurent Fabius said that Hungary’s efforts to keep out illegals shows it does not “respect Europe’s common values.” It is only because Europeans fought Muslim invaders for 1,000 years—from 732 at the Battle of Poitiers to 1683 at the gates of Vienna—that Europe as we know it even exists. Incredibly, Mr. Fabius wants to throw it all away in the name of what he fatuously calls “Europe’s common values.”

Laurent Fabius could have stepped right out of the pages of *The Camp of the Saints*.

As Jean Raspail wrote in a 1985 essay:

[T]he West is empty, even if it has not yet become really aware of it. An extraordinarily inventive civilization, surely the only one capable of meeting the challenges of the third millennium, the West has no soul left.

He put it even more pithily in *The Camp of the Saints* itself: “The white race was nothing more than a million sheep.”

This article was published at AmRen.com on September 22, 2015.

4. A Different Perspective

A Curious Madness

‘GILDED HONOUR SHAMEFULLY MISPLACED.’

A curious state of madness descended on the country on October 24, and began to dissipate only by the first week of November. Americans lavished the praise and honor reserved only for supreme heroes on a woman whose sole achievement was to sit down for half an hour.

From the moment Rosa Parks died at the age of 92, until she was buried nine days later, virtually every politician and organ of the media competed to see who could babble more foolishly about a woman everyone called a “civil rights icon.” She became only the 30th person—and the first woman—to lie in state in the Capitol rotunda, where President George W. Bush laid a wreath. Her casket was accompanied by a military honor guard for memorial services in Washington, before she was shipped to Detroit for a seven-hour funeral. The President ordered that all flags over federal buildings and bases fly at half mast. It was an astonishing tribute to a woman whose lifetime of achievement began and ended in one afternoon.

The myth that has grown up around Rosa Parks is of an exhausted Birmingham seamstress who, in 1955, was too tired to give up her seat and move to the colored section of the bus so a white man could sit down. According to the myth, this spontaneous act sparked the Montgomery bus boycott and launched the civil rights movement. In the miles of column inches that greeted the news of her death, there were only hints of what really happened.

In fact, Parks’s decision to keep her seat was carefully planned by the NAACP, for which she had worked for 10 years as a secretary. Her arrest did help start the bus boycott, but she played no role in organizing it. And though the boycott has gone down in folklore as a great blow for freedom, it did not even succeed; it was a court order that integrated Birmingham’s buses.

Several black women had already done exactly what Parks later did. They were arrested and charged with minor infractions. Parks's best known predecessor was Claudette Colvin, a 15-year-old high school student who refused to give up her seat on March 2, 1955. She was arrested and taken off the bus kicking and screaming. Police say she was screaming obscenities; she later claimed she was screaming that her constitutional rights were being violated. Not even Miss Colvin's case was the spontaneous act for which Parks is now generally remembered. The girl had been active in the NAACP Youth Council, and had even discussed strategy with Rosa Parks herself.

The NAACP considered basing a desegregation case on the basis of Miss Colvin's arrest but soon decided she was not an attractive plaintiff. She was dark, and many blacks wanted a lighter-skinned spokesman. The NAACP also learned she was several months pregnant by a married man, and discovered her habit of breaking out in volleys of curses. This was not a girl conservative black church-goers would support.

As E.D. Nixon, then a leader of the Montgomery chapter of the NAACP, explained years later, "I had to be sure that I had somebody I could win with." Rosa Parks was far more promising: "morally clean, reliable, nobody had nothing on her."

The NAACP had been planning a bus boycott for years, and was waiting only for the right person to act as figurehead. Far from being an accidental hero, Parks was carefully groomed for her role. A white integrationist, Virginia Durr, had paid for Parks to attend civil rights strategy seminars at the Highlander Folk School in Tennessee. The school, known to be rife with Communist sympathizers, was under FBI surveillance.

Moreover, Parks's role was strictly limited: keep her seat and hold her tongue. Others swung into action immediately to organize the boycott. The very day she was arrested—it was a Thursday—an English professor at all-black Alabama State College named Jo Ann Robinson stayed up all night mimeographing 35,000 leaflets calling for a one-day bus boycott the following Monday. On Friday, she and her students secretly leafleted elementary and high schools. As part of a coordinated effort, Montgomery's black preachers met and agreed to endorse the Monday boycott from their pulpits, and to hold a mass meeting Monday night at Holt Street Baptist Church to assess the results. That evening, after a surprisingly successful boycott, thousands of blacks crowded into and around the church to hear

26-year-old Martin Luther King, Jr. give his first public speech. The boycott lasted for more than a year, with both the blacks and the bus company more stubborn than anyone had expected. Blacks organized carpools that even the Citizens Council had to admit operated with “military precision.” Parks played no role in any of this.

It was not the boycott that eventually brought integration, but a court case—and one in which Rosa Parks was not even a plaintiff. In *Browder v. Gayle*—one of the four plaintiffs was foul-mouthed Claudette Colvin—a three-panel district court in Birmingham ruled on June 5, 1956 that segregated buses were as much a violation of the 14th Amendment as segregated schools. The Supreme Court upheld the decision in December. Then, and only then, did Montgomery agree to integrate its buses.

It can be argued, therefore, that the boycott was both a failure *and* unnecessary. Rosa Parks was a catalyst in organizing what turned into an impressive demonstration of black solidarity, but virtually anyone presentable would have served equally well. Rosa Parks did not risk death. She did not face fire hoses or police dogs. She did not even face humiliation. She knew very well that if she was polite and cooperated with the police she would be treated courteously. She also knew that the NAACP and her white friends would immediately bail her out of jail.

It is impossible, even by the most sympathetic reading, to see Rosa Parks as anything but an unimportant actor in an overblown drama. Not once, in the intervening 50 years, did she do anything of the slightest importance. Black congressman John Conyers gave her a job in his Detroit office, apparently more out of courtesy than because of her abilities. As she grew older, she mismanaged her finances, and depended on a local church to pay her rent. Eventually, her landlord simply stopped charging.

Rosa Parks has dined out—and become a hero of American history—on the basis of a single half hour of immobility. Surely, never in the history of the world, has so small an act won such praise.

The last few years have been building up to the extraordinary excesses we have just witnessed. In 1996, President William Clinton presented Parks with the Presidential Medal of Freedom, and in 1999, Congress voted her its Gold Medal. These, too, are exalted honors.

Blacks are not likely to complain if whites make a demigod of an unimportant woman, but why do whites bow their heads before such transparent fraud? There is no satisfactory answer. Americans are never

happier than when glorifying non-whites who have denounced the alleged sins of whites. The adulation of Rosa Parks is just another chapter in the lemming-like rush to destruction whites everywhere appear to have joined. If a still-majority-white Congress and Senate can vote by acclamation to make Rosa Parks the first woman to lie in state in the rotunda, any act of racial self-mortification is possible.

This article first appeared in the December 2005 issue of American Renaissance.

The Truth About Tuskegee

ANOTHER FAKE STORY OF WHITE INFAMY.

The Tuskegee syphilis study ranks almost with slavery and lynching as a symbol of America's racist past. There is probably not one black American adult who does not know—or thinks he knows—about an experiment from the 1930s, in which government health authorities deliberately withheld treatment from 400 black syphilitics just to see what would happen to them. In some versions of the story, the government deliberately infected the men. At the very least, the authorities are said to have been guilty of withholding effective treatments that became available in the 1950s. Blacks often cite fear of “another Tuskegee” to explain why so few of them cooperate with public health programs or donate organs for transplant. They never know when white doctors might experiment on them.

Anthropologist Richard Shweder of the University of Chicago has just published a detailed analysis of the Tuskegee study at Spiked-Online, in which he shows that virtually every popular assumption about the study is false. It was undertaken by “progressives” who wanted to fight a disease that afflicted many blacks, it had the full support of black medical authorities to the end, and—most important—it probably caused no harm to the 140 men (not 400) who took part.

The US Public Health Service started the study in 1932 in Macon County, Alabama, where syphilis rates for blacks ranged between 20 and 36 percent. At the time, there were a number of treatments for the disease but they were complicated, disagreeable, and not very effective. The treatments involved a year-long series of carefully-monitored intravenous injections of an arsenic compound that had such unpleasant side-effects that fully 85 percent of patients dropped out before completing treatment. Of the 15 percent who stuck it out, few were cured. Public health officials knew they needed better drugs, but they also needed a baseline, or control group, to which they could compare the results of treatment. This was why they wanted to know what happens when there was no treatment.

As Prof. Shweder explains, syphilis is not always the raging killer most of us think it is. First, it is only in the early stages of the disease, when sores appear on the body, that it is contagious, and this was the only stage at which arsenic had any effect at all. After that, syphilis goes latent, with no symptoms, and the patient is not infectious. Untreated syphilis can then go

on to the tertiary stage and destroy vital organs such as the heart and brain—this is what happened to famous victims such as Al Capone (Nietzsche is widely thought to have died of syphilis but the disease was brain cancer)—but for perhaps 80 percent of syphilitics, the disease stays latent, and it is as though they never had it. The longer it is latent, the longer it is likely to stay that way. It is, in Prof. Shweder's terms, "self-limiting or self-correcting."

Today, most public information campaigns do not emphasize this. Health authorities trumpet the potential for devastation rather than tell people they have a good chance of escaping unscathed. The Illinois Department of Health is the exception in explaining that:

If untreated, syphilis then lapses into a latent stage during which the disease is no longer contagious and no symptoms are present. Many people who are not treated will suffer no further consequences of the disease.

It was the latent stage health authorities wanted to investigate in 1932. Consequently, when they examined 410 syphilitic blacks for possible inclusion in the study, they found many were in the early, infectious stage, and rejected them as candidates. They turned over no fewer than 178 for the standard arsenic treatment, and kept 140 for the study. They then checked up on these men at rather lengthy intervals—in 1938, 1948, 1952, and 1963—giving them full physical examinations, and treating them for any disease other than syphilis. A black nurse named Eunice Rivers ran the program, keeping in close contact with the men to make sure they did not drift out of touch. She was apparently a remarkable woman who created something of a social club around the study.

The outset of the program was therefore entirely unobjectionable. The men had already entered the latent stage of syphilis, for which the standard and largely ineffective cure of the day was no good at all. Foregoing that was no hardship, and in exchange they got free medical checkups and the benefits of Nurse Rivers's kind attention. The black administration of Booker T. Washington's Tuskegee Institute blessed the study.

By the mid-1950s, however, penicillin became available as the standard cure for syphilis. Should not the Public Health Service have stopped the study and treated the men? By then, they had been infected for 20 or 25 years. Some number had died of heart disease, probably brought on by tertiary syphilis, but for those who were still alive in the 1950s, the disease had very likely run its course. Ninety men were still part of the program at the time of the last examination in 1963, and penicillin treatment, even

when it first became available, would probably have done them no good. Prof. Shweder suggests that by then these men may well have had life expectancies as high as other black men of the same age who had never had syphilis at all.

It is possible, of course, to criticize the study on the grounds that its subjects did not give “informed consent.” No one explained the rationale of the study to them, other than to say they had “bad blood” (the euphemism for syphilis at the time), and that their occasional medical examinations had something to do with it. However, as Prof. Shweder points out, the concept of “informed consent” did not exist in 1932, and it was common for doctors to tell their patients—black or white—very little. He goes on to argue that since there was little harm to the men and some benefit, the Public Health Service would probably have had no shortage of subjects even if it had explained every detail at every stage.

Of course, the study finally was stopped in 1972, hardly helped by press coverage like that of the *New York Times*, which titled its July 26 story of that year, “Syphilis Victims in U.S. Study Went Untreated for 40 Years.” Not even the redoubtable Eunice Rivers was able to fight off the terrible black cloud that descended on the program, and it has gained a permanent place in the lore of American “racism.”

The “Tuskegee Study of Untreated Syphilis in the Negro Male,” as it was officially called, is probably beyond redemption. So many whites so badly want to hear the worst about themselves that they can hardly let the truth spoil a good yarn about “racism.”

This article was published at VDARE.com on February 2, 2004.

Milking the Dream

HOW THE KING FAMILY TRADES ON THE MLK MYTH.

Martin Luther King, Jr. was undoubtedly the most famous black activist of what is known as the civil rights period. He was an adulterer, plagiarizer, and Communist sympathizer, but even in the 1950s and '60s the white establishment was hesitant to criticize so eloquent a spokesman for racial integration. By the time of King's assassination in 1968, he was an advisor to presidents, Nobel Peace Prize winner, and recipient of countless honorary degrees.

As was the case with Presidents Lincoln and Kennedy, assassination at a time of national prominence probably ensured far greater fame than a full career would have. King was a man of abiding flaws that would have become impossible to ignore. Also, once the traditional "civil rights" program of integration, voting rights, and racial preferences was achieved, he would have had to endorse ever-more radical demands—demands that would have cost white support—to keep from losing the limelight to Black Muslims, Black Panthers, and other militants. Indeed, although King is still an obligatory hero to whites, many blacks now think of him as a trimmer and a Tom, certainly in comparison to someone like Malcolm X.

Assassination, therefore, came at the perfect time to establish a glowing King legacy. It also came at the perfect time to establish for his widow and children a well-paid profession as bereaved family members of the Great Man and official custodians of the legacy.

The very year of the assassination, Mrs. Coretta King established the Martin Luther King Jr. Center for Nonviolent Social Change. It has some exhibits and a gift shop, but its main job appears to be to cash in on martyrdom. The family's pursuit of money has been so single-minded it has often made it hard for others to use King's name and words, and its constant demand for royalties has sometimes blocked even the most favorable portrayals.

The Kings have copyrighted nearly every word the patriarch uttered, and are ruthless about asserting their rights. In 1993, for example, the family sued *USA Today*, which had celebrated the 30th anniversary of the 1,600-word "I Have a Dream" speech by reprinting it. The family would not relent, and the newspaper finally paid a \$1,700 reprint fee, plus the King Center's considerable legal costs. In the current era of abasement, few were

rude enough to point out that such punctilious insistence on intellectual property rights ill becomes the family of a man who was, himself, a life-long plagiarist.

In 1996, the King Center sued CBS because it included excerpts from the “dream” speech in a five-part video series called *The 20th Century with Mike Wallace*. CBS had filmed the speech in 1963, and not surprisingly thought it had the right to its own archives. The King Center thought otherwise, and sued for royalties, giving up only after it lost both in trial court and on appeal.

The saintly veil that has been cast over King and everything he touched has no doubt kept a lot of ugly maneuvering out of the public eye, but by 1987 the pattern was clear. That year, Mrs. King and the King Center sued Boston University to get back 83,000 King papers the university had held since the 1960s. The King Center already had more than 100,000 such papers but wanted every single one. After six years of legal skirmishing, the case went to trial. Boston University produced a 1964 letter from King saying his papers were to become the university’s “absolute property” upon his death. Mrs. King claimed never to have seen the letter. The university then produced a letter she herself had written in 1967 acknowledging the existence of the earlier letter. Mrs. King then switched tactics and insisted King had changed his mind about where the papers were to end up, but could show no evidence for this. A jury—including two blacks and a Hispanic—found for the university in 1987, but Mrs. King would not back down. She kept the appeal process going until she lost decisively in 1995.

When it comes to suing, the Kings judge not by the color of someone’s skin but by the content of his bank account. Henry Hampton is a black film producer who made the now-famous civil rights television series, *Eyes on the Prize*, which was broadcast in 1987 with a sequel in 1990. In 1992, the family demanded money from Mr. Hampton’s production company Blackside, Inc. because the series used footage of Rev. King. Mr. Hampton offered \$100,000. The family sneered at this figure and launched what Mr. Hampton called “an aggressive attempt to get an enormous amount of money,” adding that “they seemed to have the notion that millions of dollars were available.” Several broadcasters that had planned to rerun the series shelved the idea for fear of being dragged into the suit. When the Kings refused to back down, Mr. Hampton countersued, charging that the family’s threats “had a chilling effect on Blackside’s right of free speech.” The

parties eventually settled out of court for considerably less than the \$100,000 Mr. Hampton had originally offered. The Kings clearly think lining their own pockets is more important than letting other people—no matter how admiring—spread the great man’s wisdom.

Everyone in the family seems to have an eye for swag, and some charge for interviews. According to a German television company, the youngest of King’s children, Bernice, “wanted to have \$4,000 or \$5,000 for one interview, ten minutes.”

By the time the Kings got into a fight with the National Park Service, their reputation for money-grubbing was so bad even liberals were disgusted. In 1980, the family had asked the Park Service to help administer the part of Atlanta now known as the King Historic District. This sycophantic designation includes King’s house and the Ebenezer Baptist Church, where he preached. The feds turned the area into the third most popular historic site in America after the Statue of Liberty and Independence Hall in Philadelphia—and paid the King Center \$535,000 a year for the privilege. In 1994, the Park Service started work on an \$11.8 million visitor center across the street from the King Center. Although they had known of the project for years, the family waited until construction had begun before pushing for more money. Led by Rev. King’s son Dexter, the family announced the new center would cut into its own gift shop revenues and compete with an “interactive museum” they were thinking of building. As compensation, they asked the Park Service to triple its annual fee to \$1.5 million. The service said no.

The Kings then held a press conference to explain that the bureaucrats they had worked with profitably for 15 years were now no better than James Earl Ray. Coretta King said, “The same evil forces that destroyed Martin Luther King are now trying to destroy my family. We are more determined than ever that they who slew the dreamer will not slay the dream.” Dexter King claimed the white man was at it again, trying “to annex this area to control the dissemination of history.” “Our history has always been diluted,” he explained; “we can tell our history. We know best.” Of course, the dream would remain unslain, all accusations of diluting history would be withdrawn, and the government could go ahead with its visitor center if the Park Service would only ante up another \$1 million a year.

This was too much even for many blacks. Congressman John Lewis, who had been one of King’s collaborators, sided with the Park Service. Even

Joseph Roberts, then minister of Ebenezer Baptist Church, called the King family's demands "high-handed, dictatorial and undemocratic." Cynthia Tucker, a black woman who edits the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution's* editorial page and who never misses a chance to shout "racism," accused the Kings of "shortsighted leadership" and "profit mongering." People began to point out that the King Center is supposed to be dedicated to "research, education and training in nonviolent philosophy and strategy," but all it does is peddle "the legacy." The Park Service went ahead with its visitor center but left some of the exhibits pointedly empty because the Kings refused to turn over papers and artifacts they had promised.

For years the family took the pious view that King's image was not to be commercialized, and sued anyone so crude as to try. In 1982 the Georgia Supreme Court upheld its copyright on all representations of King, in a case against American Heritage Products, which was selling statuettes for \$29.95. In 1996, however, the lure of lucre won out over piety. The center authorized a Lladro statue and rushed a series of pins and medallions onto the market in time for the Atlanta Olympics. A line of King-image personal checks is now available, and there is talk of a Hollywood biography that could be directed by Oliver Stone. In 1997, the family swung a deal with Time Warner to bring out MLK books, CDs, and a web page. Estimated revenue for the King Center: \$10 million a year.

Recently, the Kings rented out the patriarch's words and image for advertising. Atlanta-based Cingular, a cellular telephone company, and the French telecommunications company Alcatel have both run King ads. In one, King's voice is featured with several others, including that of Kermit the Frog. There is no telling what could come next, now that Dexter King has visited Graceland—twice—to see how the Elvis "legacy" is marketed.

In 1995, the family once more set its priorities straight by shutting down the King holiday commission. Mrs. King had spent 10 years building up the organization, which promoted celebration of the King national holiday. As soon as it reached a certain prominence, it became a fund-raising competitor to the King Center. It was best to kill the commission—which only promoted King and "civil rights," after all—so as to clear the field for the center that pays the King family salaries.

Another recent money-grub has once again been over papers. In 1999, the family condescended to let the Library of Congress take custody of the papers still in Atlanta, in a deal that would keep the copyright firmly in

family hands. The King Center would no longer have to bother with looking after 100,000 papers, but could still charge fat reprint fees. The family had had the papers appraised for \$40 million, so it pronounced itself generous in offering custody for a mere \$20 million. The library didn't see it that way. It expects to have full use of personal papers in its collections, not just the joy of knowing they are there, and gets most of its materials by donation. Its most expensive purchase ever was a \$1.5 million 1930 acquisition of medieval manuscripts that included a Gutenberg Bible. Even the U. S. Congress, which will usually do anything in the name of racial atonement, jibbed at \$20 million, and the King family is no longer pushing the deal.

The latest example of eye-opening greed is the King family's demand for a hefty "licensing" fee to let the Martin Luther King, Jr. memorial planned for the Washington Mall use the King name. In 1996, President Clinton signed legislation setting aside four acres adjoining the tidal basin, and promising full maintenance for the memorial, but no federal funds can be used to build it. There is a deadline of November 2003, to scrape together \$100 million for the thing, but major donors are unwilling to stump up so long as the King family refuses to release the name. Tommy Hilfiger had promised \$5 million and General Motors was going to give \$10 million, but they will not write checks until the "licensing" problem is cleared up.

A monument on the Capitol Mall is about the highest honor the nation can pay. Leave it to the King family to see it as a chance to screw more money out of people. At one point, they were about to offer the King name for a flat \$600,000 but are now back to dickering over a percentage of the money raised for the memorial.

There is some fear that Alpha Phi Alpha, which was King's fraternity and is the group leading the project, may have to ask Congress to extend the seven-year fund-raising period. General Motors has already provided \$750,000 for "setup activities," but that is long gone. At least a third of it disappeared in September, 2000, in connection with a lavish celebration announcing the winner of the memorial design competition. It would be a blessing to the country if the King family's greed were so great it kept the Mall free of the memorial, but Congress will certainly vote an extension of the fund-raising period if it is needed, and whites will eventually offer enough money to satisfy the poor, grieving, bereaved family.

Which, of course, is the real problem. It is easy to scoff at the King family's transparent greed, but who is to blame? Mrs. King and the children

can be forgiven for thinking “Dr.” King was the most important American—perhaps the most important human—who ever lived. He and Jesus Christ alone share the distinction of federal holidays on their birthdays. King, who stands far higher in official estimation than such slaveholding wretches as George Washington or Thomas Jefferson, is an American saint who brought the promise of American liberty and democracy to full fruition. It is whites, of course, who have led or at least acquiesced in a canonization they could have stopped at any time. All the black frauds and con-men such as Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton, and every one of their local variants would be nobodies if whites didn’t pay attention to them.

But in letting the King myth expand to preposterous size whites have sorely burdened the King family. It is not easy being the child or widow of a saint. We can hardly expect such people to have anything like a normal sense of propriety and even less to dirty their hands in the unglamorous business of “non-violent social change.”

What is more, whites no longer need much help from blacks to promote whatever is meant by “civil rights.” They are past masters at confessing to “racism,” apologizing for their history and culture, and promoting multiracialism and their own dispossession. Why should the King family bother with that sort of thing when whites perform like trained seals already? Far better just to get on with the pleasant business of getting rich.

This article first appeared in the February 2002 issue of American Renaissance.

La Raza Eyes the Supreme Court

WHAT FANCIFUL PRINCIPLES WILL AN INCREASINGLY NON-WHITE COURT FIND IN THE CONSTITUTION?

President Obama has surprised no one by appointing a vividly race-conscious Hispanic as his first nominee to the United States Supreme Court. Some of Sonia Sotomayor's choicer observations have been widely reported: "I would hope that a wise Latina woman with the richness of her experiences would more often than not reach a better conclusion than a white male who hasn't lived that life." She also says sex and race "may and will make a difference in our judging." (These remarks appeared in a publication that is called—apparently with a straight face—the *Berkeley La Raza Law Journal*.) But what else should we expect from a member of the Puerto Rican Bar Association, the Hispanic National Bar Association, the Association of Judges of Hispanic Heritage, and the National Council of La Raza?

The way Miss Sotomayor insists we pronounce her name is another indication of how vehemently Hispanic she is. Zbigniew Brzezinski and Antonin Scalia don't tell us to talk the way their Polish or Italian ancestors did. They are Americans, and understand the way Americans speak. Not Sonia. It wasn't all that long ago that people tried to fit in, and many newcomers even changed their names to become more American. Now, not even someone who wants to sit on the Supreme Court worries about fitting in. We have to adjust to her; not the other way around.

Miss Sotomayor also appears to think her role is to rule, not to ensure that the laws are Constitutional. In another well-circulated comment she said that a "court of appeals [the level at which she now sits] is where policy is made." No, Sonia, the legislative branch is where policy is made. It would be hard to think of a statement that so blatantly demonstrates a lack of what we used to call "judicial temperament."

Miss Sotomayor's record shows that, like Justice Ruth Ginsberg, she is likely to give foreign legal opinions considerable deference. One European legal flourish much admired by liberals is to justify clamping down on free speech by arguing that some opinions are too loathsome to be permitted. Miss Sotomayor has not yet had a chance to try this argument out on the First Amendment, but I suspect she would love to. If she is confirmed, she will end up like Thurgood Marshall, whose racial preoccupations and biases eventually became so simple-minded as to be almost comical.

And there is little doubt she will be confirmed. As noted above, she is on record as saying, in effect, that Hispanic women are wiser and better than white men. The spineless white men we call senators will prove her right by confirming her.

Of course, justices such as Sonia Sotomayor are what Americans, whether they knew it or not, were voting for last November, and we can count on more nominations of the same stripe: unapologetic quota-appointments designed to turn the Supreme Court into an engine of increasingly blatant dispossession. If a majority-white court has repeatedly shown itself capable of finding that equal opportunity requires discrimination against whites, what fanciful principles will an increasingly non-white court find in the Constitution? Mr. Obama will no doubt do his best to make sure we find out.

In the meantime, we can at least pronounce the nominee's name the way it should be pronounced: with the accent on the first syllable and the two last syllables rhyming with "mayor," as in the mayor of New York. If someone corrects you, just explain that you are doing Miss Sotomayor the undeserved favor of treating her like an American.

This article first appeared in the July 2009 issue of American Renaissance.

“Noble Fiction”—or Noxious Poison?

WHY WE MUST TALK OPENLY ABOUT RACIAL
DIFFERENCES.

“Let us hope that it is not true, but if it is, let us pray that it will not become generally known.” Such is reported to have been a Victorian lady’s reply on first being told of Darwin’s theory of evolution. I am reminded of that lady whenever I hear people who know the truth about race and IQ but who think it should never be discussed openly. Some suggest that official endorsement of racial equality is a “necessary noble fiction.”

This is utterly wrongheaded. I don’t think there is a single truth it should be our government’s job to suppress, and it is precisely because the question of race is so vexed that we need candor rather than evasions. Those who insist that all races are equal in every way may be well-meaning, but the “noble fiction” does not smooth race relations; it poisons them.

I think a substantial genetic contribution to racial differences in average IQ is about as close to proven as anything ever is in the social sciences. Some day, the gene variants that raise and lower intelligence will be identified, and the question of whether they are equally distributed among all groups will be laid to merciful rest. I would bet the next 20 house payments that some races got more of them than others, and we should be preparing for what is almost certain to be true, rather than clinging to something almost certain to be false.

Here are the arguments for suppressing the truth:

1. Any discussion of IQ is a crushing insult to blacks, and if differences were widely acknowledged it would drive them to despair or even violence.
2. Mean-spirited whites will use IQ data as an excuse to hurt blacks.
3. Racial differences have no legitimate implications for public policy, so there is no point even thinking about them.

Wrong on all counts.

Let’s look at (1). Surely blacks will be furious if we talk about race differences, won’t they? All whites think so, so they never talk to blacks

about IQ—and so they don't know the answer to that question. They just think they do.

I will never forget the first time I gave a lecture on race and IQ to an audience that included blacks. I looked out over the crowd and I wasn't sure my legs would carry me to the podium. My heart sank to think how wounded the blacks would be by what I was about to say. I swallowed hard and gave my talk.

When I finished, a black man shot up, shouted about “racism,” and stormed out. Another did the same. The rest of the blacks kept me on my feet for an hour answering questions. The whites asked technical questions about intelligence testing, but the blacks asked meaty questions about what IQ means for people and for society

Afterwards, at least half a dozen blacks came up to speak to me. They smiled, complimented me on my talk, shook my hand warmly, and wanted to talk for as long as I was willing. The same pattern repeated itself on other occasions: an outburst or two followed by keen interest and genuine cordiality.

After several lectures, I figured out what was happening. First, the subject of race and IQ is taboo, and blacks are just as curious about taboos as whites. I know a lot about the subject, and do not patronize people. I give a rattling good talk about race and IQ, and people appreciate a good talk.

Second, blacks are not stupid. They see the miserable state of Africa and Haiti—and their own neighborhoods. They see how so many blacks fail despite the opportunities given them. Racial differences in intelligence are as plausible to them as to anyone else as an explanation for the world as it is.

But what about the warmth and cordiality? I believe it was because many of those blacks felt that for the first time in their lives they had had a *totally honest conversation about race with a white man*. Maybe it was their first totally honest conversation about *anything* with a white man. I think they deeply appreciated being spoken to like adults rather than children.

I suspect most blacks are no more afraid of race differences in IQ than whites are afraid of the possibility that Chinese and Japanese are smarter than they are. For years, at heavily-Asian schools such as Berkeley and UCLA, the rule for whites has been to skip any science or math class that has too many Asians in it. Who needs the competition? Does the possibility that Asians are smarter than they are reduce whites to desperation and

misery? Not at all, though it sometimes reduces them to psychology or English.

Let us not forget that until perhaps 60 years ago, almost all Americans took it for granted that blacks were not as smart as whites. Did blacks take drugs, kill people, get each other pregnant, or riot as a result? No. Many lived more stable and wholesome lives than they do today. Whites are patronizing blacks disgracefully when they assume—without evidence, I might add—that blacks can't handle the truth.

What about (2)—the claim that whites might use IQ data as an excuse to mistreat blacks, either individually or as a group?

First, it is worth recalling that the whites who freed the slaves were all, by today's standards, foaming-at-the-mouth white supremacists. Whatever whites have historically thought of blacks, there has *never* been a time when anyone seriously proposed internment or extermination or whatever other lurid fantasies today's enemies of candor may have.

Second, the tiny number of whites who do deliberately hurt blacks don't do it for abstract reasons. When John King dragged James Byrd to death behind a pickup truck in Jasper, Texas, he didn't have Raven's Progressive Matrices on his mind. I suspect he was thinking about the blacks who gang-bugged him in prison.

There will always be a few sadists and psychopaths in any population. If some of them decide to hate blacks (or whites or women or homosexuals) it will have nothing to do with IQ. No one is going to read Arthur Jensen's *The g Factor* and then go out and burn a cross.

Human beings have a knack for hating. In Sri Lanka, Tamils and Sinhalese slit each others' throats; in Iraq, Shiites and Sunnis blow each other up. Yes, they would probably tell you their enemies are stupid. But they have a hundred other primitive, tribal, and far more visceral reasons for killing each other. People do not hate each other because of overlapping bell curves.

As for (3)—implications for public policy—the obscurantists are right when it comes to individuals. There are smart people in all races, even though the percentage of smart people varies a great deal from race to race. As a practical matter, if the black candidate is the best qualified, then let him run General Motors—or be President, for that matter. If we must have a multiracial society, common sense about race and IQ need not be a barrier to any individual getting ahead.

The dogma of equality still makes terrible policy mischief because it requires identical group outcomes. The notorious No Child Left Behind Act brands schools as failures if they cannot close the achievement gap between blacks (and Hispanics) and whites (and Asians). Because not one of the approximately 98,000 public schools in the country has managed to do this, every “diverse” school in America would be declared a failure, if the government followed its own rules.

The requirements keep being loosened to avoid this absurd outcome. But that did not keep 4,000 teachers, administrators, and snake-oil salesmen from attending an “Achievement Gap Summit,” in Sacramento last November. No fewer than 125 different panels were devoted to various forms of hand-wringing over the fact that no one, anywhere, no matter how hard he tries, can get Mexican-Americans to read or do math as well as Chinese-Americans.

“Closing the gap” is a national priority; it is also a futile and dangerous priority. After all, there is a different achievement gap that is far larger but gets no attention at all: the gap between the top ten percent and the bottom ten percent of white students. It is a yawning gap. Shouldn’t we be fretting about closing it? Why does no one care?

Because everyone knows that some children are just plain smarter than others. Everyone knows it would be crazy to spend millions of dollars trying to make all white students get the same grades. A few people even know that *every* child does better school work if he gets instruction specifically tailored to his level of ability—but that this makes the gap between the top and bottom scores *grow even wider*. Everyone’s performance rises with optimal, individualized teaching, but the scores of the brightest children rise *more* than the scores of the dim children. The gap gets larger.

Just imagine what perverse incentives would be built into a school system that was under terrible pressure to make sure all the white children got exactly the same grades. Is it possible that in their zeal to pull up the low scores, some teachers might skimp on their efforts to teach the high flyers? Gifted classes are being cut back all around the country. No one admits this is the reason, but whenever a school stops offering special classes for bright students—who are overwhelmingly white and Asian—the effect is to narrow the racial achievement gap.

Narrowing this gap should *not* be a goal. The goal should be the best possible performance for everyone, gap be damned.

If all students of every race were getting the best possible education, everyone would learn more but the racial gap would grow. So what? We shouldn't give the racial gap any more thought than we do the gap between the top and bottom white scores. It is egalitarian dogma that has sent the country on this fool's errand of gap-closing.

But there is much worse. The "noble fiction" of racial equality does terrible damage to race relations. According to the fiction, blacks, Hispanics, whites, and Asians are all equally smart and hard-working. Even the slightest deviation in outcomes has only one cause: white racism, past and present. (The fact that Asians do better than whites is conveniently omitted from this argument.)

This means we are constantly telling blacks that white people are cheating them. If blacks are not as rich as whites, if they are more likely than whites to be in jail or on drugs or have AIDS or be on welfare or get shot or knocked up, it is because vicious, systematic racism did it to them. They are responsible for none of it.

For all of us, a basic stage in growing up is the realization that if you lose a race, it is because you didn't run fast enough, not because you were cheated. Sooner or later, all of us come to terms with the fact that we are not the smartest, best-looking, most musical person on earth (Bill Clinton may be an exception). We accept our limitations, and make the most of what we have.

But according to the "noble fiction," blacks are never allowed to grow up. If they lost the race it was only because they were cheated. We tell them that if they are behind as a group, it is never their own fault. It is because—and only because—whitey hates them and holds them down. If our goal were to teach blacks to hate white people, it would be hard to think of a better way to do it (along, of course, with constant reminders of slavery, lynching, and Jim Crow).

According to the "noble fiction," the measure of black failure is the precise measure of white viciousness, and that gives blacks an inexhaustible reservoir of bitterness. No wonder Jeremiah Wright preached the sermons he did, and no wonder his congregation danced in their pews. No wonder rap lyrics are so full of anti-white vitriol. No wonder any given

black is 40 times more likely to do violence to a white than the other way around.

Race relations in this country would improve dramatically if blacks got an entirely different message: that they sink or swim according to their own efforts and abilities, that they are not the puppets of white people; that they are adults who must be responsible for their own lives rather than children at the mercy of vicious, omnipotent strangers.

Recognizing the likelihood of racial differences in IQ is an important part of this.

Race denial is not a “noble fiction.” It is a noxious poison.

This article was published at VDARE.com on June 24, 2008.

Transition to Black Rule?

THIS IS NOT THE FIRST TIME WHITES HAVE

WEPT FOR JOY.

The presidential election of 2008 brings to mind another vote that took place 16 years ago in South Africa: the referendum in which whites voted to turn power over to blacks. Though it has long been overshadowed by the 1994 general elections that brought the African National Congress (ANC) to power, it was the referendum of March 17, 1992, that ended white rule.

By 1992, President F. W. de Klerk and his National Party government had repealed all the major apartheid laws. The ANC had been unbanned, and Mr. de Klerk had started discussions with Mr. Mandela on a new constitution that would enfranchise blacks and “share power.”

Andries Treurnicht and his Conservative party led the opposition to these negotiations, saying the president had no authority to negotiate a new constitution. Mr. de Klerk decided to put the question to the people. If he won the referendum, he would push on to a new constitution; if he lost, he would resign and call a general election.

The referendum asked the following question: “Do you support continuation of the reform process which the State President began on February 2, 1990, and which is aimed at a new constitution through negotiation?” (It was on February 2, 1990, that Mr. de Klerk announced the unbanning of the ANC and the release of Mr. Mandela from prison.)

The National Party—the traditional party of the Afrikaners—mounted a massive campaign for a “yes” vote, warning that a “no” would mean more international sanctions and black violence. One of its campaign posters was of an armed member of the Afrikaner Resistance Movement—a militant white organization—with the slogan, “You can stop this man! Vote YES.” In other words, the real menace for South Africa was a white man with a gun.

The Conservative Party, which campaigned for a “no” vote, warned that “power sharing” was just another name for black rule, and that whites had the right and the duty to govern themselves.

How did the people of the Great Trek, the Battle of Blood River, and the Boer War vote? They feared international isolation more than they feared black rule; whites voted 68 to 31 percent for “continuation of the reform process.” Nor was this a decision forced upon Afrikaners by white English-

speakers. Though some militant groups boycotted the referendum, all election analysts agree that a majority of Afrikaners voted “yes,” and some even believe there was more support among Afrikaners than British South Africans. Whites therefore had the chance to keep their country, but gave it away. That vote ensured the ANC victory of 1994 and everything that has followed.

American whites are not quite as eager as the South Africans were. In the November 4 election, only 43 percent voted for black rule—pardon me, for Barack Obama. Fifty-five percent of whites wanted John McCain to be their president but it was blacks and Hispanics who got the president they wanted, not whites. Every year, as the number of non-whites increases, whites will have less say about who rules them.

Entirely aside from politics or questions of competence or experience, the election of a president most whites did not want is a jarring symbol of lost autonomy. If their numbers continue to decline, whites will not get the schools, the neighborhoods, the culture—and ultimately, the country—they want.

Perhaps it is because whites have brought diminished status upon themselves that we are expected to take pride in it rather than fight to reverse it. As Paul Krugman explained helpfully in the *New York Times*, “If the election of our first African-American president didn’t stir you, if it didn’t leave you teary-eyed and proud of your country, there’s something wrong with you.” This means there is something wrong with at least 55 percent of whites, but that has been the *Times*’s position for years.

Dr. Krugman’s joy in Mr. Obama’s victory is shared by whites all around the world. “We have great hopes that we are standing at the dawn of a new era,” wrote the Norwegian daily *Aftenposten*. “One Giant Step for Mankind” read the front page of England’s *Sun* newspaper. A headline on the London *Telegraph* website declared: “Barack Obama Victory Allows Britain to Love US Again.” The *Times* modestly headlined its election story, “The New World.” Prime Minister Stephen Harper of Canada spoke of Mr. Obama’s “tremendous, historic” victory, and the Toronto *Sun* called it “an historic milestone like no other.” *Le Monde* in Paris noted that “from Left to Right, [French] politicians have been competing for superlatives with which to praise the election of Barack Obama.” Milan’s *Corriere della Sera* wrote that Mr. Obama was “the man who can save America from utter breakdown.”

This chorus of rejoicing has eerie parallels to how the world's whites welcomed black rule in South Africa. In 1993, Mr. Mandela and Mr. de Klerk shared the Nobel Peace Prize for their new, "power-sharing" constitution. Mary McGrory of the *Washington Post* gushed only slightly more than most when she wrote in her May 12, 1994 column that "Nelson Mandela has won what the *Post* calls 'one of history's sweetest victories over racial subjugation' and he is going to keep it clean and beautiful so that newspaper readers will think they are reading scripture when they read dispatches from South Africa that cannot be read except through tears."

Fourteen years later—just 14 years later—does anyone have second thoughts? Under white rule, South Africa was climbing steadily in the UN's Human Development Index. It reversed course the first year of black rule and has dropped ever since. South Africa can no longer keep accurate crime statistics, but it is unquestionably one of the most dangerous places on earth. Anyone who can afford to lives in a private fortress, and carjacking is so common it is considered foolish to stop at a red light after dark. Amazon.com limits shipping to South Africa because postal workers steal so many packages. Interpol reports that South Africa has the highest rape rate in the world—and the highest AIDS rate. About one-fifth of South African men admit they have raped a woman, and an estimated 35 percent of the armed forces have AIDS. Race preferences for blacks are so ruthless that approximately 50 percent of white men are self-employed and nearly a million whites have emigrated, most citing crime and race preferences.

Surely, not even Mary McGrory would think this sounds like the Book of Matthew. And how about Mr. de Klerk? Would he not give up a hundred Nobel Peace Prizes for a country in which his grandchildren could live proudly and in safety?

Of course, our election is different from the South African referendum but the effect is the same: Whites are placing their destinies in the hands of others. The South Africans did it suddenly; we are doing it slowly.

Let us hope whites all over the world save their newspapers from November 5, 2008, with their extravagant headlines and dizzy hopes. Let them reread them 10 or 15 years from now—and let them think of South Africa.

This article was published at AmRen.com on November 14, 2008, shortly after the election of Barack Obama to his first term as president.

Race and Literature: Why Is It Always Liberal?

HOW RACIAL CONSCIOUSNESS IS DESTROYED.

I went through high school without reading Harper Lee's *To Kill a Mockingbird*. I had always heard it was a great, anti-racist classic, so I recently picked it up.

It is a great novel. It convincingly brings to life the small-town South, childhood, and the complexity of human relations. Its characters and dialogue are charming, its plot is lively, and it brilliantly weaves together youthful innocence and serious adult themes.

To Kill a Mockingbird is also racial propaganda and this, of course, accounts for much of its success. More than 30 million copies are in print, and a 1999 poll in *Library Journal* voted it nothing less than the "Best Novel of the Century." It is the most widely read non-textbook by Americans in grades 9 through 12. No other book has so successfully ridden the wave of contemporary racial orthodoxy, which Harper Lee captured with uncanny prescience in a manuscript she completed in the summer of 1959.

Readers will recall that the novel is set in the fictional town of Maycomb, Alabama, during the depression, and is narrated by a white girl of about nine named Scout. There are a number of subplots, but the central event is the trial of Tom Robinson, a black man accused of raping a white woman, Mayella Ewell. Atticus Finch, who is Scout's father and a lawyer, puts on a brilliant defense that makes it clear Mayella sought Tom's attentions, which he prudently tried to avoid. Mayella was found black and blue after what took place, not because Tom had overpowered her but because her father caught her showing interest in a "nigger" and beat her. Nevertheless, the all-white jury dares not tarnish the image of pristine, Southern white womanhood, and finds Tom guilty of rape.

This is a perfect book for white liberals, who love to read about the "racism" of other whites, and to preen themselves on their superiority to the lower orders. *To Kill a Mockingbird* offers endless frissons of superiority, not only because the worst characters are white trash, to whom all readers can feel immensely superior, but because the story catches even respectable whites in racial hypocrisies and vanities. There is no greater darling to the

reading public than a Southern author—and Harper Lee is authentically Southern—who unmask the prejudices of fellow Southerners.

Some examples:

After the trial, the blacks of Maycomb grumble about the guilty verdict, and one respectable white lady, Mrs. Merriweather, gets tired of it:

I tell you there's nothing more distracting than a sulky darky. Their mouths go down to here. Just ruins your day to have one of 'em in the kitchen. You know what I said to my Sophy? I said "Sophy," I said, "you simply are not being a Christian today. Jesus Christ never went around grumbling and complaining," and you know, it did her good. . . . I tell you, Gertrude, you never ought to let an opportunity go by to witness for the Lord.

The leading ladies of Maycomb are trying to raise money to support the missionary work of a certain J. Grimes Everett, who ministers to the fictional but no doubt African Mrunas. In a passage Hillary Clinton, author of *It Takes a Village*, would love, nine-year-old Scout recounts what she learned about the Mrunas from listening to the grownups:

They had so little sense of family that the whole tribe was one big family. A child had as many fathers as there were men in the community, and as many mothers as there were women. J. Grimes Everett was doing his utmost to change this state of affairs, and desperately needed our prayers.

More about the Mrunas:

Mrs. Merriweather's large brown eyes always filled with tears when she considered the oppressed. "Living in that jungle with nobody but J. Grimes Everett," she said. "Not a white person'll go near 'em but that saintly J. Grimes Everett."

Mrs. Merriweather weeps for the far off oppressed but will not put up with a "sulky darky."

The school teacher Miss Gates is no different. She gives her class a rousing talk on the evils of Adolf Hitler and his treatment of the Jews. (This would have been a real achievement for a rural schoolteacher during the Depression. At that time, most Americans were more interested in how Hitler was putting Germany back to work than in what he thought about Jews, but Miss Lee was writing after the war, so could have her character give the Nazis a good thumping.) But like Mrs. Merriweather, Miss Gates saves her sympathy for the far away. Scout tells her father Atticus about what she overheard Miss Gates saying about blacks:

I heard her say it's time somebody taught 'em a lesson, they were gettin' way above themselves, an' the next thing they think they can do is marry us. How can you hate Hitler so

bad an' then turn around and be ugly about folks right at home.

The “respectable” people are thus almost worse than white lout Bob Ewell who beat up his own daughter, because “respectable” people should know better. Ewell is a snarling, ignorant cur who lives in a pigsty and ends up trying to kill Atticus Finch’s children because Finch made a fool of him on the witness stand. There could hardly be a more despicable character, and just to make sure we get the message, when he gives his full name in court, it is Robert E. Lee Ewell.

All the black characters, on the other hand, are wise, respectful, and—above all—long suffering. With one unexplained exception, there is not a false note out of a single one of them. The unexplained exception is “Lula” who plays no other role in the story than to object when Atticus Finch’s black maid brings his children to the black church one Sunday. “You ain’t got no business bringin’ white chillun here,” she says. “They got their church, we got our’n.”

The white children are ashamed and want to go home, but a black man steps forward to reassure them. “Don’t pay no ‘tention to Lula,” he says. “She’s a troublemaker from way back, got fancy ideas an’ haughty ways—we’re mighty glad to have you all.” The children stay and are warmly received. Aside from Lula, every black is forgiving and generous, and endures hardship with “Biblical patience.” Only the most swinish white could fail to love such noble people. To read *To Kill a Mockingbird*—and it has been translated into 40 languages—is to get a first-class lesson in liberal fantasy.

Many people reportedly claim they decided to become lawyers because of Atticus Finch’s courage in defending an innocent black man caught up in the viciousness of Deep South racism. No doubt many others have been inspired to other acts of racial liberalism.

Political Power

To Kill a Mockingbird is thus a fine example of the political power of fiction, and virtually all the genuinely great fiction, drama, and movie-making that has a racial message is sharply leftist. Starting with *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* and continuing through Israel Zangwill’s *The Melting Pot*, right up to *South Pacific* and virtually every movie made today, the message is always one of the equivalence of races and the brotherhood of man. When race realists try to think of a major novel with a healthy racial message, they usually get no further than Thomas Dixon’s *The Clansman*—

and that isn't even a good novel. *From Double Eagle to Red Flag*, by General Pyotre Krassnoff and published in English in 1926, is a powerful, reactionary novel, but its message is not racial so much as anti-Bolshevik and anti-Semitic.

Why are there no great race-realist novels? Many fine novelists had sensible views of race. Jack London and Joseph Conrad clearly had no illusions about race. Anthony Trollope and Alexandre Dumas drop an occasional line that shows they shared the racial views of their time. In fact, university literature departments would run out of things to do if they stopped writing papers about "race, class, and gender" in books written before the current reign of terror. But no one has written a great novel that, even in passing, underlines the importance of white consciousness.

Partly, this is because racial thinking was transformed in the space of just a few decades, and Trollope and Dumas probably never sensed a threat to their way of life. Until the second half of the 20th century, non-whites were not a demographic threat and most whites never thought about them. Europeans traditionally felt much more strongly about nation than about race (see following article).

At the same time, fantasy and good feeling are always much more appealing than reality, and fiction is, after all, fantasy. It is easier and more uplifting to write happy-ending stories about the redemption of small-minded white people than it is to warn of the consequences of liberal sentimentalism.

Stories of magnanimity, renunciation of privilege, and kindness to the weak are much more heart-warming than stories about defending what belongs to you. This is especially true when you are defending what is yours against people who are weaker than you. There was no heroism in putting down Denmark Vesey's 1822 slave rebellion or in President Eisenhower's expulsion of 1.3 million illegal-immigrant Mexicans in "Operation Wetback." These actions were necessary, but hardly the stuff of inspiring novels.

Our hearts do stir at the story of the Spartans at Thermopylae, the Texans at the Alamo, and the British at Rorke's Drift, but those were battles against overwhelming odds. That is not how the racial struggle is being fought today.

If Mexicans or Muslims attempted an armed invasion, whites would fight. As it is, dispossession is gradual, and Mexicans and Muslims hope to

enjoy the benefits of armed invasion without paying the price. The real enemies are not armies of non-whites but the traitors of our own race who welcome and encourage unarmed invasion.

There is material here for literature. It would be possible to write a novel about a prominent white Democratic politician, for example, who gradually wakes up to racial reality. This admittedly unlikely process would be full of dramatic possibilities, and once his eyes were open, how would a prominent ex-liberal resolve incompatible loyalties? How would he explain himself to colleagues and family? Would he dare shift his politics? A novel of this kind could put the protagonist in the familiar hero's role of a single courageous man fighting power and corruption. The main antagonists could also be white, and would therefore be worthy and interesting opponents.

What other themes might a racial novel raise? Probably only a great novelist could think of the best and the most subtle, but a straightforward approach is to start with multiracial degeneracy. The white hero combats this degeneracy—both psychologically and physically—and leads his people into a more promising future.

This is roughly the pattern of William Pierce's novels or Harold Covington's *Northwest Quartet*. *Mister* by Alex Kurtagić and *White Apocalypse* by Kyle Bristow also deliver a racial message as fiction. The trouble with these books is that, whatever their novelistic merits—and some are well crafted—they are political tracts that take the form of fiction. Only people who are racially aware will read these books, whereas we need novels that are so good everyone will want to read them. The racial message would be subtle and therefore more effective. Although I have not read it, others tell me that Tom Wolfe's *Bonfire of the Vanities* achieves something of this effect.

Our real need is for great novelists who have a racial consciousness and a racial message, not racial activists who write novels. Unfortunately, it is *harder* to write a great racial novel than a great anti-racist novel. Reconciliation and forgiveness, harmony and togetherness—these are the obvious resolutions to dramatic tension. Anti-racist novels can have happy endings, even though they are nothing more than poisonous fairy tales. The happy ending for a racial novel is more like tragedy: the recognition that some interests *cannot* be reconciled, that some forms of togetherness are fatal. People do not read novels because they want lessons in reality; they read them to escape reality.

Until the great talent arises that can solve these problems, the best antidote to *To Kill a Mocking Bird* may be great literature from the recent past. Read Anthony Trollope, George Elliot, Wilkie Collins, Joseph Conrad, Alexandre Dumas, Leo Tolstoy, or even Sinclair Lewis, Edith Wharton, or Theodore Dreiser, and try to imagine their characters “celebrating diversity.” These authors had a genius for capturing the human condition—as does Harper Lee—and the human condition is often mediocre. But they wrote of societies that had cultural and racial coherence, in which even the most insignificant character is part of a common heritage and destiny. That common destiny is impossible in a multiracial society.

One of the most charming tales in the English language is *Anne of Green Gables*, by L. M. Montgomery, published in 1908. It is still a great favorite, and not just among young girls. Montgomery brought to life an idyllic yet entirely believable world, set in her native Prince Edward Island. It is a coherent, healthy world, inhabited only by white people. Read *Anne of Green Gables* and try to imagine it with a population of blacks, Mexicans, and Muslims. It is impossible for a racially conscious white to read *Anne* without mourning the loss of her world, and her story must exert a primal, racial tug of nostalgia on even hardened multiculturalists.

But to return to Harper Lee, she reaped honor upon honor over her long life. In 2007, George W. Bush awarded her the Presidential Medal of Freedom, the highest honor the government can give a civilian. Just the year before, Miss Lee received an honorary doctorate from Notre Dame. All the students got copies of *To Kill a Mockingbird*, which they waved in admiration as they gave her a standing ovation. We can be sure that if her book had a healthy racial message—or no racial message at all—her life would have been very different.

She unquestionably wrote a great novel but, alas, it is one for the other side.

Narrow Loyalties: Nation vs. Race

In 1912, Robert Scott reached the South Pole, but met terrible weather on the trip back. Eventually he realized that he and his men were going to die. He wrote a number of farewell letters that were found on his body by another team of explorers eight months later.

Face to face with death, Scott was vividly conscious of representing a group larger than himself, but it was his nation—really, his ethnic group—not his race. As he wrote to J. M. Barrie, his good friend and the author of *Peter Pan*, “We are pegging out in a very comfortless spot. . . . We are showing that Englishmen can still die with a bold spirit, fighting it out to the end.”

To his friend, Edgar Speyer, one of the organizers of the trip to the pole, he wrote this:

I fear we must go and that it leaves the Expedition in a bad muddle. But we have been to the Pole and we shall die like gentlemen. I regret only for the women we leave behind.

. . . If this diary is found it will show how we stuck by dying companions and fought the thing out well to the end. I think this will show that the Spirit of pluck and power to endure has not passed out of our race. . . .

By “race,” Scott meant the English “race.”

He also wrote to Vice-Admiral Sir Francis Charles Bridgeman: “[W]e are setting a good example to our countrymen, if not by getting into a tight place, by facing it like men when we were there.”

Scott was determined to die like an Englishman and a gentleman, not like a white man. He saw himself as a representative of a people, however, and it is easy to imagine him expressing a broader loyalty. If any of today’s Brits were facing death in the Antarctic, would they think of themselves as Englishmen, or believe it their duty to be a model of “the Spirit of pluck and power to endure”? Would a mixed band of British Pakis and West Indians have anything like the same sense of duty?

Percival Wren’s *Beau Geste*, written in 1924 and based on his experiences in the French Foreign Legion, is steeped in the same sense of national loyalty. There is a scene in the early pages that defines the Englishman as the true standard of mankind. After several years of separation, George Lawrence of the Nigerian Civil Service happens upon an old French friend, Major Henri de Beaujolais:

For de Beaujolais, Lawrence had a great respect and liking as a French soldier of the finest type, keen as mustard, hard as nails, a thorough sportsman, and a gentleman according to the exacting English standard. Frequently he paid him the remarkable English compliment, “One would hardly take you for a Frenchman, Jolly, you might almost be English,” a bouquet which de Beaujolais received with less concern by reason of the fact that his mother had been a Devonshire Cary.

Why, of course de Beaujolais has fine qualities; his mother was English!

Beau Geste is a manly adventure of heroism and high demeanor, about three English brothers who unfailingly do their duty and defend their honor. Most of the action takes place in North Africa, where the brothers have been sent by the Legion. They meet all manner of Europeans, but the Germans are louts, the Italians and Portuguese are thieving cutthroats, the Americans are stout but simple, and though the French produce an occasional man of parts, they never get it quite right.

The best Englishmen behave as if their motto were death before dishonor, but they would have thought the phrase far too grandiose. Heroism is simply a matter of gentlemen doing their duty, though they do permit themselves to say "Stout fellow!" to each other after really stupendous acts of bravery.

There are many Arabs in the story, but Wren takes no more individual notice of them than he does of horses or camels. In other words, he takes race for granted; for Wren, only white men matter, and Europeans measure themselves only against each other.

Americans have long had a less national and more broadly racial sense of identity. This is because European quarrels were far away, and Americans married across national lines and lost their European identities. But most important, they lived with blacks and American Indians. Unlike Europeans who rarely saw a non-white, Americans knew that they might be of British or German or Dutch stock, but what united them was that they were white.

Just one year after Scott died in the Antarctic, Jack London wrote *The Mutiny of the Elsinore*. He wrote of a pan-European racial consciousness that might at first have seemed strange to Scott or Wren, but it was one they would surely have understood.

The *Elsinore*, one of the last commercial sailing ships, is on a passage around Cape Horn when its crew of half-breeds and off-whites mutinies. The narrator, who has come on board as a passenger, joins the officers in holding off the mutiny, and falls in love with the captain's daughter.

Near the end of the book, he is barricaded on the poop deck with his sweetheart and the remaining men. The mutineers offer not to hurt them if they surrender, but threaten the worst if they hold out:

[A]cross my brain flashed a vision of all I had ever read and heard of the siege of the Legations at Peking, and of the plans of the white men for their womenkind in the event of the yellow hordes breaking through the last lines of defense. . . .

And I knew anger. Not ordinary anger, but cold anger. And I caught a vision of the high place in which we had sat and ruled down the ages in all lands, on all seas. I saw my kind, our women with us, in forlorn hopes and lost endeavours, pent in hill fortresses, rotted in jungle fastnesses, cut down to the last one on the decks of rocking ships. And always, our women with us, had we ruled the beasts. We might die, our women with us; but, living, we had ruled. It was a royal vision I glimpsed. . . . It was the sacred trust of the seed, the bequest of duty handed down from all ancestors.

And I flamed more coldly. It was not red-brute anger. It was intellectual. It was based on concept and history; it was the philosophy of action of the strong and the pride of the strong in their own strength. Now at last I knew Nietzsche. I knew the rightness of the books, the relation of high thinking to high conduct . . . on the poop of a coal-carrier in the year nineteen-thirteen, my woman beside me, my ancestors behind me, my slant-eyed servitors under me, the beasts beneath me and beneath the heel of me. God! I felt kingly. I knew at last the meaning of kingship.

Despite the bravado of this passage, London was aware of the precariousness of the white man's position. Just a few pages earlier, he writes:

Yes, I am a perishing blond, and a man, and I sit in the high place and bend the stupid ones to my will; and I am a lover, loving a royal woman of my own perishing breed, and together we occupy, and shall occupy, the high place of government and command until our kind perish from the earth.

London had a racial consciousness, but he did not write books in order to spread it. Most of *The Mutiny of the Elsinore* is a good seafaring yarn, and the racial message is so small a part that probably no one noticed when the 1937 movie version left it out. What is more, *To Kill a Mocking Bird* is a much better novel than *Mutiny*. London is more convincing when he puts thoughts into the minds of dogs than when he puts words in the mouths of people.

The great racist novel is yet to be written.

These articles were published at AmRen.com on January 30, 2012.

An Open Letter to Conservatives

YOU AREN'T JUST BETRAYING YOUR PRINCIPLES.

This article was originally published under the title “An Open Letter to Cuckservatives,” when “cuckservative” was an increasingly common term of derision for conservatives unwilling to take race seriously. The term became so popular on Twitter that “cucks” themselves began to complain about how stingingly effective it was. Its appearance, just when Donald Trump was refusing to disappear, was part of the political and social upheaval of the 2016 presidential election.

Dear Conservative:

There is rot at the heart of your movement: American conservatism can conserve nothing if it cannot conserve the nation's founding stock. I'll put it bluntly: Nothing you love will survive without white people.

Do you stand for limited government and a balanced budget? Count your black and Hispanic allies. Do you admire Thomas Jefferson? He was a slave-holder who will end up on the dung heap along with the Confederate flag. Do you care about stable families and the rights of the unborn? Look up illegitimacy, divorce, and abortion rates for blacks and Hispanics. Do you cherish the stillness at dawn in Bryce Canyon? When the park service manages to get blacks and Hispanics to go camping they play boom-boxes until 1:00 a.m. Was Ronald Reagan your hero? He would not win a majority of today's electorate.

Do you love Tchaikovsky? Count the non-whites in the concert hall. Do you yearn for neighborhoods where you can leave the keys in your car? There still are some; just don't expect them to be “diverse.” Are hunting and firearms part of your heritage? Explain that to Barack Obama or Sonia Sotomayor. Are you a devout Christian? Muslim immigrants despise you and your faith. Do you support Israel? Mexicans, Haitians, Chinese, and Guatemalans don't.

Your great festival—CPAC—is as white as a meeting of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. That's because blacks and Hispanics and even Asians don't share your dreams. You've heard the old joke: “What do you call the only black person at a conservative meeting? The keynote speaker.” Outreach doesn't work. You can't talk someone into loving what you love.

Faith, patriotism, duty, and honor come from deeply cultural, religious, and ancestral sources you can't reach.

Why do you evoke Martin Luther King, Jr. when you call for a "colorblind" America? You know he wanted quotas for blacks. You evoke King because you think he'll help you silence blacks and liberals. But it doesn't work, does it? That's because only whites—and Asians, when it suits them—even think in terms of "colorblindness." Blacks and Hispanics will squeeze every unfair advantage out of you they can. At what point will they ever abandon their aggressive racial agenda? When they're the majority just think how hard they'll squeeze your grandchildren.

You tell yourself that the things you love about America—and I love them, too—are rooted in certain principles. *That is your greatest mistake.* They are rooted in certain people. That is why Germans, Swedes, Irishmen, and Hungarians could come and contribute to the America you love. Do you really believe that a future Afro-Hispanic-Caribbean-Asiatic America will be anything like the America your ancestors built?

Let's consider your principles. Do you dream of a traditional, religious, free-market society with small government, low taxes, and no gun control, where same-sex marriage is illegal, and abortion, divorce, prostitution, and illegitimacy are scorned? There are such places: the tribal areas of Pakistan and Somalia.

And what about countries that violate your principles—with high taxes, huge government, clogged markets, a weak church, strict gun control, and sexual license of all kinds? There's Scandinavia. And yet if you had to leave the United States you'd much rather live in Denmark than in Waziristan.

Do you see the pattern? Even when they violate your principles, white people build good societies. Even when they abide by your principles, non-whites usually don't.

We see that in America. Can you think of a majority non-white neighborhood you'd like to live in, or a majority non-white school you'd like your children to attend? No, you can't. Why, then, don't you fight with all your strength against the forces of immigration and integration that are turning ever-greater parts of your county into Third-World wastelands?

I know it would be frightening for you to step outside the ever narrower confines of what we are permitted to say about race. You would court the disapproval of every institution in America. Not since the last Red Scare has the price of speaking out been so high. In the 1950s, it was dangerous to

spout Marxist foolishness. Today, the most dangerous ideas are the historical, biological, and moral truths that men such as Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Teddy Roosevelt, Mark Twain, Walt Whitman, and your grandparents took for granted.

Muster up the courage. Speak these truths. They are your heritage. They are your destiny. They are in your bones. And when you speak these truths, you will join the people who see the only future for America in which the things you love are even conceivable. When you speak these truths you will join the camp of the saints.

And until you speak these truths, you are betraying your principles and dreams—even though you think you are working for them. Worse still, you are betraying your people.

This article was published at AmRen.com on July 30, 2015.

The Folly of Women in Combat

ONE WEAK LINK COULD GET THE

WHOLE SQUAD KILLED.

On January 23, 2013, Defense Secretary Leon Panetta lifted the ban on women in combat. He gave the generals three years to open up all positions to women, and if any of them think there is a job women can't do, they'll have to explain why.

The combat arms—infantry, armor, and artillery—are closed to women for good reasons: Women can't do the job, and they keep men from doing the job.

Drones and laser-guided munitions haven't changed things for a grunt: You still have to run up hills with an 80-pound pack, live in dirt for weeks, and hump 96-pound 155mm artillery shells onto the back of a truck. Your buddies count on you to carry them out of the fight if they are wounded, and they can't count on someone with half the upper-body strength of a man.

An extensive 1994 Army study of men and women [Marilyn A. Sharp, "Physical Fitness and Occupational Performance of Women in the U.S. Army"]—written by a woman—discovered the obvious: "The average woman does not have the same physical capacity, nor can she be trained to have the same physical capacity as the average man." This study included strength tests with practically no overlap. On Maximum Lifting Strength, the worst 2 percent of men were at the 92nd percentile for women.

Soldiers may have to kill or be killed at close quarters. All your enemy needs is an extra inch of reach, an extra pound of muscle, or an extra burst of speed, and he will use that advantage to kill you. No one is talking about putting women on professional sports teams—we might lose a game!—but the military is now asking for weak links that could get the whole squad killed.

In March, 2013, a lady Marine captain named Katie Petronio published an article in the *Marine Corps Gazette* called "Get Over It! We Are Not All Created Equal." She is a pretty tough gal—she says she could bench-press 145 pounds and squat 200 pounds—but when she worked with men in the field, "the rate of my deterioration was noticeably faster than that of male Marines."

She writes that if women join up, the infantry is “going to experience a colossal increase in crippling and career-ending medical conditions for females.” Some of these toy soldiers will break before they even see the enemy and then spend their lives drawing disability pay.

Women in combat? Combat means close quarters. During the 2003 Iraq invasion, Marine Ryan Smith rode in an amphibious assault vehicle designed for 15 men. There were breakdowns and “by the end of the invasion we had as many as 25 men stuffed into the back.” They went 48 straight hours in the vehicle with no sanitation, and men got dysentery. “When an uncontrollable urge hit a Marine, he would be forced to stand, as best he could, hold an MRE [meals ready to eat] bag up to his rear, and defecate inches from his seated comrade’s face.”

When they got to Baghdad:

We had not showered in well over a month and our chemical protective suits were covered in a mixture of filth and dried blood. We were told to strip and place our suits in pits to be burned immediately. My unit stood there . . . naked, sores dotted all over our bodies, feet peeling, watching our suits burn. Later, they lined us up naked and washed us off with pressure washers. [“The Reality That Awaits Women in Combat,” *Wall Street Journal*, Jan. 23, 2013.]

Squad Leader Smith does not want women in combat.

As ex-Marine John Luddy explained, there are other reasons why women do not belong at the front:

[I]n the one historical case where women were deliberately placed in combat—in Israel during the 1948 Arab-Israeli War—they were removed within weeks. The reason: It was clear that men reacted to the presence of women by trying to protect them and aiding them when they became casualties instead of continuing to attack. The Israelis also learned that unit morale was seriously damaged when men saw women killed and injured on the battlefield. [“A National Security Agenda for the New Secretary of Defense,” The Heritage Foundation, February 10, 1994.]

Men take crazy risks to make sure women are not captured and to rescue them if they are. Remember Jessica Lynch, the 100-pound supply clerk who got into a traffic accident during the Iraq invasion and was taken prisoner? The Army told colossal lies about her Rambo-style knife fight with Iraqis—she went down on her knees to pray and never fired a shot—and then went to absurd lengths to get her back. There was a diversionary battle to draw off Iraqi troops, and a joint team of Delta Force, Army Rangers, Navy

Seals, and Air Force Pararescue Jumpers—with much better things to do—snatched her from a hospital that turned out to be unguarded.

PFC Lynch was lucky. She fell into the hands of a regular Army that treated her well. But what would the Taliban do with a captured American woman? Gang-rape her, for sure. Then would she disappear into the most wretched brothel in Afghanistan or come back mutilated and pregnant and a psychological wreck?

Finally, there is sex. As one Marine Corps veteran explains, “Male bonding is what takes the hill. And male bonding just doesn’t happen with women around.”

One soldier recently put it this way on a private, combat-related bulletin board:

The Infantry squad is, hands frigten’ down, the backbone of any armed conflict. They can do anything, anywhere, anytime—because the lives of their buddies depend on it. The bond between men in an Infantry squad is like no other The addition of women would utterly turn the squad’s level of cohesion and unity upside-down faster than anything. The female would become the center of attention, and the butt-end of every joke. Morale would be a crushing weight dragging the squad down into the dirt.

It destroys what the Army calls “group cohesion” if a man has been jilted by the squad tart and then has to listen to her squealing all night in someone else’s foxhole.

The military hands out condoms as if they were candy, but accidents happen. In the 1990s, Navy Captain Martha Whitehead testified before a military commission that women were three times more likely to be “non-deployable” than men, and that 47 percent of the time it was because they were pregnant.

In 2009, so many pregnant lady soldiers were being evacuated from Iraq that Major General Anthony Cucolo ordered a court martial and possible jail time for any woman in his command who got pregnant—and for the man responsible. “I’ve got a mission to do,” he said. “I’m given a finite number of soldiers with which to do it and I need every one of them.”

There are other problems. From 2006 to 2011, the rate of violent sex crimes in the military shot up 64 percent, with an estimated 19,000 sexual assaults in 2010 alone. Women are 14 percent of Army personnel but are 95 percent of sex-crime victims. (The Army warns there will be more cases of men raping men now that homosexuals don’t have to worry about being kicked out, but that is a different problem.)

General Martin Dempsey, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, says he thinks women in combat will *help solve the problem of sexual harassment*. He pushed Leon Panetta very hard to lift the ban. “I have to believe,” he explains, “that the more we can treat people equally, the more likely they are to treat each other equally.” This is certifiably insane.

A man in fighting trim runs on testosterone. That is what makes him a reliable killer; it also makes him think about sex every minute of the day. Putting women on the battlefield is like shoving the cheerleaders into the locker room with the winning team after a football game and locking the doors.

Combat troops are young men who kill people for a living. In the all-volunteer Army they are there because they like killing people. The military throws young women at them and is shocked—shocked—to discover that the men don’t always behave like gentlemen. So the Navy has mandatory anti-sex-assault training for every sailor, and the Army has SHARP (Sexual Harassment/Assault Response & Prevention). They don’t change their idiotic policies; they try to change men.

When Leon Panetta made his announcement, President Obama was delighted: “Today, every American can be proud that our military will grow even stronger with our mothers, wives, sisters and daughters playing a greater role in protecting this country we love.”

He got it exactly backward. Men go to war precisely so that their mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters *don’t* have to go. War is ultimately about national survival. Half the men could die in combat but if women survive, the men who are left can keep the nation going. A society that sends child-bearers into combat has gone mad.

Secretary of the Army Togo West once said that keeping women out of combat slows their promotions and prevents them “from reaching their full potential.” A soldier’s job is to find the enemy and kill him—yes, him—not to be part of a giant experiment in egalitarian fantasy. The only military men who talk like Togo West wear ribbons instead of helmets. Only degenerate countries put women in combat.

Of course, it will work for a while—with higher casualties, grinding inefficiencies, and endless lies and cover-ups. But when the century draws to a close and the Chinese write the history of what used to be the United States, they will note that it was a sure sign the place was doomed when the

American soldier became a social worker with a rifle instead of a professional killer.

This article was published at Takimag.com on January 30, 2013, under the title, "Women in Combat: Another Nail in the Coffin."

The Rush for the Lifeboats

IS EGALITARIAN ORTHODOXY BEGINNING

TO CRUMBLE?

William Saletan is a national correspondent for the online magazine *Slate*. On November 18, 19, and 20, he published a three-part series about the powerful evidence for the view that the average IQ difference between blacks and whites is caused at least partly by genes. Much of his data came from a first-rate meta-study by Philippe Rushton and Arthur Jensen that appeared in the June 2005 issue of *Psychology, Public Policy, and Law*.

It was so much of a surprise to find a reasonably objective treatment of IQ at a website owned by the *Washington Post* that we posted excerpts at our own site, AmRen.com. The series strayed so far from the *Post*'s slavishly egalitarian line that I felt sure Mr. Saletan would be spanked, and sure enough, he was. On November 28, a week after the series ended, he limped back on line to confess that he was not an expert in IQ, and that he had done sloppy work:

In researching this subject, . . . I missed something I could have picked up from a simple glance at Wikipedia.

For the past five years, J. Philippe Rushton has been president of the Pioneer Fund, an organization dedicated to "the scientific study of heredity and human differences." During this time, the fund has awarded at least \$70,000 to the New Century Foundation. . . . New Century publishes a magazine called *American Renaissance*, which preaches segregation. Rushton routinely speaks at its conferences.

I was negligent in failing to research and report this. I'm sorry. I owe you better than that.

He certainly does owe us better than that. Rather sad, really, that Mr. Saletan's apology for "bad research" should contain genuinely bad research. *American Renaissance* does not preach segregation; it promotes free association, noting only that when they have such freedom, most people prefer the company of others of their own race.

On Nov. 29, after another furious round of hostile comment at *Slate*, Mr. Saletan scurried back onto the plantation to prove his "anti-racist" credentials by explaining why the Pioneer Fund should *never ever ever* give money to AR:

Taylor is a perfect illustration of racist abuse of science. He takes bits of data and weaves them together with completely unscientific inferences to suit his segregationist ideology. In doing so, he does tremendous harm to both science and society.

If you run a research fund, you have a responsibility not to subsidize that kind of crap. Period.

Oh, dear.

On November 30, I posted a comment on *Slate* with what I thought was a reasonable request: “There are more than 15 years of back issues of American Renaissance at our web page, AmRen.com. Can I trouble you to point out even one example of ‘racist abuse of science’?”

This mostly brought forth name-calling, guilt-by-association, speculations about my personal life, and an occasional glimmer of common sense, but not one example. Mr. Saletan did not, himself, reply, so I sent him the same question by e-mail. Mr. Saletan is, of course, a very busy and important man, so he hasn’t quite found the time to reply.

On December 3, poor Mr. Saletan got another spanking. Stephen Metcalf, who bills himself as *Slate*’s “critic-at-large,” railed at his colleague, calling his conclusions “flatly untrue” and “highly questionable.” (Please make up your mind, Mr. Metcalf.) Mr. Metcalf also called Arthur Jensen “highly biased.” Prof. Jensen is perhaps the most careful, fair-minded, respected, cited, and apolitical figure in the entire field of IQ research.

What is going on here? I suspect we are in the early days of what will be an increasingly absorbing but, ultimately, unedifying spectacle. We are seeing what happens when what was once thought to be the most odious of heresies begins to triumph through sheer weight of evidence: blurted half-truths, hasty retractions, shrill denunciations. As the number of heretics grows, a few of the less blinkered liberals can see that the egalitarian edifice is shaky. No one wants to be the last defender of a doomed orthodoxy.

There will be more Saletans. Their vanity tells them that the last to abandon ship will look ridiculous. In retrospect, everyone will see there was not one scrap of evidence for egalitarian nonsense. But when will it be safe to jump? Their cowardice tells them to wait; you can never be sure who will be heralded as undeceived and far-seeing, and who will be put to the stake. The defenders of orthodoxy are still powerful, and desperation makes them vindictive.

Those of us who left that leaking ship long ago can settle in and watch the show. In our lifetimes, no other scientific orthodoxy as significant as

this is likely to go under. It is like watching the Berlin Wall crumble. Recovering egalitarians will insist, as Mr. Saletan did in his original series, that shocking as the truth may be, it really has no policy implications. They are wrong. Education policy, race preferences, immigration, diversity, welfare—all will be reexamined. There may even be sober reflection on how we could have been so wrong for so long.

When will the ship finally go down? In his latest book, *Avoid Boring People*, James Watson made a rough prediction that in 15 years—maybe 10—we will have found the genes that contribute to intelligence, and that they will be shown not to be distributed equally among all races. The Saletan pirouette shows that not everyone will wait that long. But one thing is sure: The final rush for the lifeboats will be ugly.

This article first appeared in the January 2008 issue of American Renaissance.

5. Speaking Personally

Why I Hate the Super Bowl

NOTHING IS MORE COLOSSALLY UNIMPORTANT.

Years ago, when I was living in Silicon Valley, I spent Saturday night at a friend's house and drove home on Sunday. The freeway was empty—spookily, worryingly empty. I began to wonder if the Rapture had happened, or if there had been a nuclear war. The next day, I learned why the freeway was a desert. Everyone in California had been watching the Super Bowl.

I have never understood why anyone cares about professional sports. I must have been seven or eight when my father shocked me by explaining that not everyone who plays for the New York Yankees is from New York. “What?” I remember thinking. “They let people from Boston or Chicago play with the Yankees? The whole thing is a fraud.” Why do New Yorkers care about a bunch of strangers who are going to defect to some other team if they get a better offer?

Nothing is more colossally unimportant than professional sports. Unless you have money on the game, whether the Bumble Bees beat the Polar Bears has real-world consequences that can be measured to a value of precisely, exactly, irrefutably zero. Win or lose, nothing changes. No one has been fed or clothed, nothing has been produced, no problem solved—it's a gigantic waste of time. And yet the happiness of millions hangs in the balance. There are fully grown adults who seem to care more about a game than the results of a biopsy.

College sports can mean something. The team represents a school, and athletes are friends and classmates—except when the players are basically professionals who take make-believe classes and go to their own separate gyms and dining halls. I was a good deal older than seven or eight when I learned something else that shocked me: a coach can make more money than the college president. At the University of Alabama, the football coach makes \$7.3 million a year; the president makes \$535,000, or less than one

thirteenth the coach's salary. Winning football games is much more important than running the university.

I'm not completely against spectator sports. People on high school teams and minor-sports college teams are real students who represent their schools. People watching a high school game care about the school and probably know some of the players; winning or losing means something when there is a genuine connection to the team. National teams make sense for the same reason, except in cases like the French national soccer team that looks more Senegalese than French.

So why do we pay grown men to play children's games? Why do people bother with professional sports? Some fans say they admire the skill of the players. Well, I admire jugglers and acrobats. A lot of men say it's sublimated warfare. Since men don't get to work off testosterone by raiding enemy tribes anymore, they watch overpaid louts smash each other instead. How pitiful is that? You don't satisfy your appetite for steak by watching someone else eat one. If a man really wants the thrill of combat he should get on the field himself. That's what amateur leagues and masters competitions are for.

Sports are a great way to fill an empty mind. People who can't name the last 10 presidents can tell you who won the last 10 Super Bowls. And sports make boobs into experts; people with no discernible opinion on anything else can tell you why it was a mistake to trade the second-string quarterback. The more a man knows about professional sports the more I wonder about his judgment. The more a woman knows about professional sports the more I wonder if she's a woman.

But there's something deeper at work. Before I became a family man, a friend took me to a bikini contest. The girls pranced out one by one, fully clothed, and stripped down to bikinis—some of them quite tiny. That was pleasant enough, but the men set up a terrible din. They bellowed like bulls and screamed like banshees as every new bit of skin came into view. What an exercise in power the evening must have been for the girls. They reduced a whole roomful of men to howling idiocy just by wriggling around. Even in my dreamboat youth, I never had that effect on women.

I was struck that the men in the room sounded just like sports fans. They even shouted the same thing—"Go, go, go, go!"—as the girls pulled off their clothes. Judging from the primitive noises, sports must reach as deeply into the male psyche as sex.

Of all American professional sports games, the Super Bowl is the most hysterical, gaudy, and drenched in money. People actually think part of the fun is being able to talk about the *commercials* the next day. The Super Bowl is certainly the most pretentious game in American sports. The pre-game and half-time shows are as gussied up with patriotic bunting as a political convention. The promoters and commentators act as if it's our *patriotic duty* to watch their silly game.

But maybe they're right. Super Bowl Sunday might as well be a national holiday. Americans celebrate it almost as earnestly as Christmas or Thanksgiving, and with a lot more gusto than Memorial Day or Presidents' Day.

When is the nation more united than at the kickoff? Blacks and whites are sucked together down the Super Bowl's red gullet. It's an orgy of red-white-and-blue meaninglessness so powerful it could even turn Somalis and Guatemalans into Americans. Nothing else can.

So go ahead and join the crowd in front of the TV set on February first. When you get up four hours later ask yourself if you don't feel soiled. I'll be at a museum. I'll have the place to myself.

This article was published at AmericanThinker.com on January 31, 2015.

The White Magic of Anthony Trollope

NO SEX, NO VIOLENCE, NO ABDUCTIONS,

NO SHIPWRECKS.

It is hard to think of behavior that is genuinely exclusive to one race. Naming one's daughter Quaneesha or leaving one's estate to the Sons of Confederate Veterans are as close as anything I can think of, but there are others that are not far off: having 30 children by 11 women, volunteering for the Red Cross, or living under a bridge after a career with the NFL. Certain things just seem quintessential.

It occurred to me, as I read the last few pages of *Barchester Towers*, that a taste for Anthony Trollope is something else that sends an almost unerring racial signal. You could add "reads Trollope" to the profile of people you would like to meet through a dating service, and you wouldn't have to specify race. If Detroit still has public libraries, I bet the Trollope volumes never leave the shelves.

Trollope is one of my favorite authors—I have read a dozen of his novels—but probably even in the eyes of most whites he has little to recommend him. In *Barchester Towers* there is no sex. There is no violence—with the exception of a lady who boxes the ear of a man who forgets himself so far as to put his arm around her waist. There are no car chases—cars had not been invented—no shipwrecks, no abductions, no mistaken identities, no great matters of state, in fact, nothing that would make for *excitement* by contemporary standards.

Barchester Towers is a story of 19th-century church politics, set in the fictional British cathedral town of Barchester. Most of the characters are curates, chaplains, archdeacons, bishops, minor canons, deans, prebendaries, and their families. I don't know how it would be possible to make a novel sound more boring. But Trollope was a genius, who filled his stories with finely drawn personalities whose passions and follies and triumphs and weaknesses are as vivid as anything in literature. Within the unpromising limits of rural England, he invents high drama that is all the more compelling because his characters *are* so ordinary. He sometimes gets people into improbable fixes, but this only gives him a greater range of emotions to depict. To read one of his novels is to take a tour of the human mind, with one of the English language's great stylists as your guide.

Trollope wrote in sentences that are sometimes long but always well crafted. He makes classical allusions. He expects his readers to enjoy language as much as he does, and to be unafraid of antique and unusual turns of phrase. In other words, people who are forced to read him before they are old enough to understand him hate him just as they hate Shakespeare or Dickens, but for those who discover him when they are ready, he is pure joy.

I skimmed in my description of *Barchester Towers*. It is about church politics, but it is also about love. With few exceptions, Trollope's novels follow at least one couple to the point of a declaration, but there are always snags, and the lady is as likely to spurn her suitor as she is to accept him.

I don't know why reviewers of novels so seldom let the novel speak for itself, but *Barchester Towers* is worth quoting almost at random. Here is the state of mind of a 40-year-old prelate, who has become acquainted with an agreeable young widow:

He had, as was his wont, asked himself a great many questions, and given himself a great many answers; and the upshot of this was that he had set himself down for an ass. He had determined that he was much too old and much too rusty to commence the manoeuvres of love-making; that he had let the time slip through his hands which should have been used for such purposes; and that now he must lie on his bed as he had made it. Then he asked himself whether in truth he did love this woman; and he answered himself, not without a long struggle, but at least honestly, that he certainly did love her. . . . He also decided that Eleanor did not care a straw for him. Then he made up his mind not to think of her any more, and went on thinking of her till he was almost in a state to drown himself in the little brook which ran at the bottom of the archdeacon's grounds.

And here is the redoubtable Signora Neroni, ravishingly beautiful, but a married woman and a cripple who must spend her life on a couch. She fascinates all men who meet her, including the unfortunate Mr. Slope:

As for the signora . . . she cared no more for Mr. Slope than she did for twenty others who had been at her feet before him. She willingly, nay greedily, accepted his homage. He was the finest fly that Barchester had hitherto afforded to her web; and the signora was a powerful spider that made wondrous webs, and could in no way live without catching flies. Her taste in this respect was abominable, for she had no use for the victims when caught. She could not eat them matrimonially as young lady-flies do whose webs are most frequently of their mother's weaving. Nor could she devour them by any escapade of a less legitimate description. Her unfortunate affliction precluded her from all hope of levitating with a lover. It would be impossible to run away with a lady who required three servants to move her from a sofa. . . .

Mr. Slope was madly in love, but hardly knew it. The signora spitted him, as a boy does a cockchafer on a cork, that she might enjoy the energetic agony of his gyrations. And she knew very well what she was doing.

Needless to say, ladies do not like the signora, and Mrs. Proudie, the bishop's wife, does not even leaven her feelings with any hope of reform:

Her dislike of Signora Neroni was too deep to admit of her even hoping that that lady should see the error of her ways. Mrs. Proudie looked on the signora as one of the lost—one of those beyond the reach of Christian charity, and was therefore able to enjoy the luxury of hating her, without the drawback of wishing her eventually well out of her sins.

Sentences like these were not written for speed reading, but they are full of entertainment for those who take the time to find it. Some people like this kind of writing and some don't. Some people like opera and some don't. But I think it is hard to like Anthony Trollope and not be white.

This is hardly unique to Trollope, of course. All the great authors of Western literature—and some critics do not even rank Trollope among the really great—have the same subtle understanding of human nature and make the same demands on readers. They appeal to a sensibility that is not only thoroughly adult, but adult in a way that is thoroughly European. I suppose there must be a few Frenchified Senegalese who read Stendahl for pleasure, but it takes an effort of the imagination to conjure one up.

And this, of course, is one of the reasons why curricula are changing. Hispanics and blacks do not see the point of reading Tolstoy or studying Italian, and as their share of the population increases, colleges and high schools will give up trying to get even whites to do these things. And some unfortunate whites who have been taught to think that Alice Walker and Rigoberta Menchu are great writers will never discover what great writing really is.

I am not saying that you have to read Antony Trollope to be genuinely white; far from it. But those who have not yet read him have in store an experience that is, I believe, quintessentially white.

The article was published at AmRen.com on May 25, 2012, under the title "Quintessentially White."

Unsexing the Language

GENDER IS NOT SEX.

Yesterday I stopped by a Methodist church that was having a charity Christmas-tree sale. A man told me the sale was over for the day and then wished me “Happy Holidays.”

“Don’t you mean ‘Merry Christmas’?” I asked.

Yes, this is the season in which we must spare the sensitivities of Jews—and now Hindus and Buddhists and atheists, I suppose—by downgrading Christmas to just another “holiday.” Even people who sell Christmas trees at churches don’t dare utter the offensive word.

Christmas has not been completely rubbed out, though. Surely the preacher, from the safety of his pulpit, will bring himself to wish his congregation a Merry Christmas. Far greater damage to the language has been done by replacing “sex” with “gender.”

First, let’s get one thing straight: Humans don’t have a gender; we have a sex—until recently, just one each. Gender is a grammatical term used in languages such as French and Spanish to describe the differences between masculine and feminine words. Examples are *la grande fille* and *le grand garçon*. English has gender in such words as waiter/waitress and actor/actress.

In the past, writers occasionally used “gender” in order to avoid having to repeat the word “sex,” as in this sentence from a letter written by Lady Mary Montagu in 1723: “To say truth, I have never had any great esteem for the fair sex, and my only consolation for being of that gender has been the assurance it gave me of never being married to any one among them.”

It wasn’t until the 1960s that feminists cranked up the word “gender” as a complete replacement for sex, but D. H. Lawrence unwittingly pushed things in that direction back in 1929. His was the first recorded use of the word “sex” as a euphemism for coitus rather than to mean what distinguishes men from women. The expression “to have sex” should mean that a species—unlike the amoeba—has sexes. Its current usage is absurd—and completely unnecessary. Our language has plenty of polite words for the act—coitus, copulation, intercourse, rutting, congress—and even situational refinements such as adultery and fornication. The impolite variants are endless. But thanks to D. H. Lawrence, even movies or books

can now “have lots of sex” in them, when before his time they might have been lewd, lascivious, lubricious, salacious, scabrous, or risqué.

Once sex ceased to be merely a clinical distinction and began to mean copulation, feminists saw an opening for subversion. Now, “gender” means all the oppressive freight society loads onto women and that keeps them from their natural roles as mathematicians and prize fighters, and makes them want to have babies. “Gender” works the way “race as a social construct” works. Race, the lefties tell us, is a sociological optical illusion that has nothing to do with biology. We may think there are racial differences, but it’s all in our minds.

That’s exactly what feminists wanted us to think about sex. “Gender” means “sex as a social construct.” Nothing is fixed or normal. Biological sex is just as much a delusion as biological race. It’s only brutish custom that makes men into soldiers and women into nurses. In the world of gender, what we used to think of as sex differences is arbitrary convention, if not vile oppression. “Gender” is the word the left dragged out of a grammar book and dressed up in fancy ideological clothes as part of this attack on common sense.

So far, no one has come up with a word that means “race as a social construct.” I suggest “render.” It’s ridiculous enough to appeal to lefties.

But the feminists were too successful with “gender.” It became so common it began to lose its ideological edge and started to mean just, well, sex. Forms now ask for your “gender”—and it’s not to thwart the jokers who used to write in “as often as possible.”

Unfortunately, the feminists have done what may be even greater damage: They have bullied us into breaking one of the basic laws of grammar. It is a peculiarity of English that we use the singular pronoun “he” and the possessive “his” when the subject’s sex is unspecified, as in “Each student has his own desk.” Students can be boys or girls, but each has a desk. Feminists can’t stand this. They claim that “his” excludes half the population, but this is absurd. Did anyone ever think that “He who hesitates is lost” doesn’t apply to women? Or that only men would be living in the workers’ paradise of “From each according to his ability, to each according to his need”?

Americans have been browbeaten into either the clumsy “his or her” or the ungrammatical “their,” as in “Each student has their own desk.” “Their” is pathetically, miserably wrong. It is the *plural* possessive, as in “The

fourth-graders left their classroom.” However, when Twitter wants you to find out more about someone, it cravenly suggests, “View their profile.”

Our language is full of words that have been slipped into it for baldly political purposes. “Homeless” is one. Sometime in the 1970s, bums and winos got a promotion and became “the homeless,” as if their trim houses in the suburbs had been leveled by tornadoes.

This kind of subversion comes only from the left. Every change is a tiny attempt to poison someone’s mind—if not yours then your children’s. Today, plenty of young people would be astonished to be told that “Every student should do their homework” is as wrong as “They goes home.”

Every day, the left is hacking away at the language. Fight back. Proudly use such sentences as “Since man is a mammal, he suckles his young.”

And in the meantime, Merry Christmas. Or should I say “Mary Christmas”? After all, she did all the work, didn’t she?

This article was published at Takimag.com on December 19, 2012.

150 Years after Fort Sumter

WOULD SECESSION SUCCEED TODAY?

150 years ago tonight—at 4:30 a.m. on April 12, 1861—Confederate forces opened fire on Fort Sumter.

My great-great-grandfather, William Robertson Boggs, was an engineer who helped prepare the gun emplacements at Fort Moultrie, which delivered the heaviest fire. All my ancestors on both sides of my family were Confederates, so my lineage is about as Southern as it could be. What does any of that mean 146 years after Appomattox?

Americans are famously ignorant of history, and the past is always receding—but for not a few Southerners “The Waw” and its consequences are never far below the surface. William Faulkner famously said: “The past is never dead. It’s not even past.” This rings true only for Southerners (except perhaps for a few Mayflower-descended Brahmins). Indeed, some Southerners still dream of an independent nation of their own. Since 1994, an organization called the League of the South has tried to prepare for independence, though its leaders—thoughtful and honorable men—concede that that time has not yet come.

Will it ever come? There are enormous obstacles. The South is filling up with Yankees and Mexicans for whom the idea of a Southern nation is meaningless. Blacks are moving back from the North, and for them, a Southern nation is worse than meaningless: it is anathema. Southern nationalists imagine a benign and romantic revival of the Confederacy, with battle flags, chivalry, and conservative Christianity; but for many Americans, there can be no benign revival. They cannot separate the Confederacy from slavery. And any goal with even the slightest, second-hand, undeserved taint of slavery is at a deep, probably fatal, disadvantage.

I am confident that not one person who dreams of an independent South has the slightest desire to reinstitute slavery. But that doesn’t matter. Any Southern sovereignty movement that even mentions Lee and Jackson or hums “Dixie” is automatically suspect. And what Southern independence movement can there be without Lee, Jackson, and “Dixie”?

It makes no difference that slavery flourished under the Stars and Stripes for far longer than it did under the Stars and Bars. It makes no difference that Lincoln had no use for blacks and wanted them out of the country. The

Confederacy and the entire South have been nailed to the cross of slavery—but these obstacles could be overcome by fiercely determined people.

Something more serious holds back Southern nationalism: Its support is limited almost entirely to people who profess a certain kind of politics, whereas national movements must be beyond politics. An independent South would need the support of people who may not be conservative, who may not be suspicious of big government, who may not be Christian, who may not oppose marriage for homosexuals, but who are still devoted to the South. The roots of a Southern nation would have to spread widely and not just sink deep.

Take the admittedly unscientific sample of my sainted mother. Born in 1922, she believed Southerners were different from Yankees, and was thankful to have been born a Southerner. She rose when “Dixie” was played and looked daggers at anyone who did not. She turned her back on “The Battle Hymn of the Republic.” When Jimmy Carter was elected—after a campaign in which Democratic radio ads throughout the South actually featured “Dixie,” incredible as that may now sound—she thought it was wonderful finally to have a President who did not speak with an accent.

She lived in Massachusetts for a year, and loved to drive through the New England countryside. She didn’t know what to make of the monuments to the Union dead that are in virtually every town square, until she came up with a good, Southern way to think about of them: as monuments to Confederate marksmanship.

And yet, my mother would not be part of today’s Southern nationalism. She was a professional social worker and a Norman Thomas socialist. She was an early champion of women’s liberation, and campaigned for gay rights. She believed in the redemptive power of government, and went to her grave a committed liberal.

My mother loved the South because she grew out of that red dirt, because that was the land that formed her. She was Southern because she was born Southern. The Confederacy was part of her extended family—and whatever a Southern lady does, she loves and defends her family.

But today, how many Southerners feel as she did about the South *unless* they also are deeply conservative? The cause of the South must be at the political center, not the fringe.

Let me be clear: I am not blaming today’s Southern nationalists for their political opinions, many of which I share. I am pointing out only that the

broadly-based Southern patriotism of which my mother was a part is gone. There are not many Southern nationalists today who would march for gay rights or would expand the welfare state.

Fifty years ago was the 100th anniversary of firing on Fort Sumter. In 1961, I was a fourth grader in Richmond, Virginia, and my teacher, Bela Outlaw, was an outspoken Southern patriot. We were never to talk in her class of the “Civil War” but of the “War between the States” because, as she explained, ours had been a battle for independence, not a fight over who sat in the White House. She taught us that secession was in the tradition of the American Revolution—which was secession from England—and that George Washington is on the Great Seal of the Confederacy because our ancestors believed they were acting in his name. She taught us that the 9th and 10th Amendments cannot be read as prohibiting secession, and that our ancestors were legally and morally right.

All my classmates were staunch Confederates. “Yankee” was a term of contempt. The Battle Flag was our symbol of bravery and devotion. That year, I saved up my meager allowance and bought two genuine Confederate \$20 bank notes. I thrilled to imagine whose hands might have touched those sacred relics.

Fifty years later, after the enforcement of *Brown v. Board*, I suspect today’s Richmond fourth graders are not as Confederate as my class was. I’m certain their teachers are not as Confederate as Bela Outlaw was.

And yet Miss Outlaw was not a conservative. There were rumors that black children might be coming to our all-white school, and she had firm views about that, too. She said she would treat black children exactly as she treated us, and, like it or not, we had better do the same.

I don’t know about my class-mates but I remain sympathetic to secession. I would be glad to see an independent South—or an independent Vermont or Texas or Cascadia. I applauded the disintegration of the Soviet Union, as much because it meant independent homelands as because it signaled the death of Communism. Today, I root for the Chechens against the Russians, the South Sudanese against the Arabs, the Kurds against the Turks, the Flemings against the Walloons, the Quebecers against Ottawa. Men need homelands that are *theirs*, that commemorate their heritage and ensure its survival.

But when the Czechs and the Slovaks peacefully seceded from each other, it was because millions of people were Czech or Slovak

nationalists first, and many different things second. They set aside all other disagreements in the name of nation.

The American South does not now have the same broad-based national fervor, and the few sparks of Southern patriotism that remain are smothered by newcomers who are indifferent or hostile to the South.

Looking back 150 years, I am struck by how remote an irritant the federal government then was. About the only brush with Washington most Americans ever had was buying stamps at the post office. The feds never dreamed of telling you whom you had to hire, what you could put in your food, or how many days off you had to give the help. No American had to account to Washington for every penny he earned and then hand over a big part of his income. Not even Louis XIV or Ivan the Terrible exercised that kind of tyranny. The people of Illinois and Wisconsin would have voted articles of secession before South Carolina did if they had lived in the grip of today's central government.

And yet, the irony is that our pestilential bureaucracy has nothing like the resolve with which Lincoln's government fought the war. A country that chants mantras about diversity and tolerance has no idea what it even is. It has no identity to impose on people who know who they are, know what they want, and are prepared to fight for it.

The real tragedy is that Southern nationalism crested 150 years too soon. I am convinced that if, today, the people of the South—or of any state—were as determined to secede as my ancestors were in 1860 and 1861, the federal government would not now slaughter them to keep their corpses in the Union.

Independence is there for any group that is united in its determination to take it.

This article was published at VDARE.com on April 11, 2011.

Heroic Violence

WHEN THE FIGHT STARTS, YOUR INSTINCTS

MAY SURPRISE YOU.

All boys dream of acts of heroic violence. By the age of seven or eight they have saved their mothers from countless imaginary villains, and as they get older they save other even more interesting females.

The trouble is that for those of us who do not make a living carrying a gun, opportunities for heroic violence don't come very often, and when they come we are likely to muff them. I have had two such opportunities.

The first time, I was living in a dodgy part of Washington, D.C. One afternoon, I heard confused cries of "stop him," and "thief," and a young black man sprinted by, not 20 feet away. I just stood and watched. I stood and watched as a white guy jogged after him. There was no chance the jogger would catch him, and I thought he was probably just pretending.

I went home and brooded. I was just out of college, where I had been a respectable quarter-miler, and I couldn't understand why I didn't chase down that robber and thrash him. It must have been the suddenness and the unexpectedness that paralyzed me, but I did nothing. I felt ashamed whenever I thought about it.

About five years later I got another chance. I was coming out of the Macy's department store in New York City with my mother, with a big shopping bag in each hand. Once again there were confused shouts, and I saw a man break out of a crowd at a run. This time, I dropped the bags on the sidewalk and went after him instantly. He ran down the stairs into a subway station, sprinted along a corridor, and out another exit onto a street that was surprisingly deserted.

It must have been because of the accumulated shame of all those times I had reproached myself for not catching the robber in Washington, but I was mad enough to kill this one. To my amazement, I heard myself raging at him, cursing him. It must have slowed me down, and it warned him I was after him, but I couldn't help it. I tackled the man and he went face down. I turned him over and shouted, "What did you take?"

He then did something that saved him from a terrific beating. He went completely limp. He laid his head back on the sidewalk, stretched out his throat, put his hands up by his head, and opened them wide. He was holding a gold-colored necklace, which he let me take without resistance.

I have since marveled at this many times, but in that space of perhaps a second, all my fury drained out of me. His complete submission took the anger out of me like the air out of a balloon. An instant earlier, I had been ready to kill him, and I'm sure I would have beaten him bloody if he had tried to fight me. But on his back and helpless, I didn't know what to do with him anymore. I let him up, and he turned to go. "Never do that again," I said, and he loped off down that strangely deserted street.

I walked back to Macy's and found a knot of people standing around a woman. The thief must have ripped the necklace right off her throat, because she was crying and holding her neck. She hardly noticed me when I gave her the necklace, but a man standing next to her thanked me, staring at me with big, grateful eyes.

I found my mother. She had not even seen me go, and had turned to find her bags dropped on the sidewalk. She pointed out that I was bleeding. Tackling a man on a sidewalk is rough business. The backs of my hands were banged up, and both elbows and knees were bleeding. I had been wearing flip-flops, of all things, and had scraped the skin off the tops of my toes. I hadn't noticed any of this.

I think there were lessons here. In Washington I learned that in an emergency I cannot count on myself to do the right thing instinctively. I was immobilized by the unexpected. Only after rehearsing my humiliation dozens of times in my mind did I react instantly. Soldiers say that in battle, they fight the way they train. Maybe some people do the right thing instinctively, but some of us need training or mental preparation for the unexpected.

Another lesson was that high emotion begets primitive behavior. People who observe wolves in the wild say that when they fight, the loser can stop the violence immediately by offering his throat to his opponent. This gesture of submission takes all the fight out of the stronger wolf, and instead of snapping at the jugular he lets the weaker wolf walk away.

Humans must have some of this in us, too. When I brought that man down, he must have known it was pointless to resist. Maybe my bellowing helped convince him he was in the presence of a superior force, and that he had better show his throat. Instinct must have told him this was the best way to draw off my fury, and he was right

"You just don't have the killer instinct," one friend said. He thought I should have given the jerk a good pounding, and held him for the police.

That would have made for a much better story, but after all the fight went out of him, it went out of me, too.

So when you imagine yourself dealing out heroic violence, I have a warning: If something catches you completely by surprise, you may be too stupefied to act. And when the fight starts, your instincts—both for mayhem and for mercy—may surprise you.

This article was published at Takimag.com on November 14, 2007, with the title “Primal Moments.”

Remembering Joe Sobran

FROM THE MERELY ADMIRABLE TO THE TRULY GREAT.

Joe Sobran, who left this world on Sept. 30 [2010], was perhaps the most brilliant man I have ever known. Not brilliant in all ways, of course, and even obtuse in some, but in his power to see the essential, to lay bare hypocrisy, to capture an idea with a turn of phrase, to mock with gentle humor, and to treat the heaviest subjects with the lightest touch, I have never met his equal and never expect to.

Like so many others, I first met Joe through his writing, specifically, his “Pensées: Notes for the Reactionary of Tomorrow,” which appeared in the December 31, 1985 issue of *National Review*. A friend had sent them to me, but I set them aside. The article ran for 35 magazine pages, for heaven’s sake, and I was put off by the murky title. My friend insisted, however, and so I first encountered the mind of Joe Sobran. Today the essay is only slightly dated by its Cold-War-era tone; its central wisdom and insights will never go stale. Joe cared about permanent things, and asked questions that demand answers. Here is just one: “What we really ought to ask the liberal, before we even begin addressing his agenda, is this: In what kind of society would he be a conservative?”

Joe was a very approachable man, and it was not long before we met at his house in a woodsy part of Arlington, Virginia. I will never forget two things about that first visit: the tip in which he lived, and the sparkle of his conversation. Practically every square inch of that house was knee deep in newspapers, books, letters, clothes—all in complete disorder. One got from room to room through narrow channels where bits of floor were still visible, but otherwise Joe lived in a landfill.

Like so many conversations I had with him since, I wish I had jotted down the dazzling observations he seemed to throw off so effortlessly. I remember two: “The purpose of a college education is to give you the correct view of minorities, and the means to live as far away from them as possible.” The other was a little story, which hinted whither his interests were heading, and that I will paraphrase as best I can remember:

There are lots of squirrels out here where I live. They are interesting little creatures, and I’d like to get to know them better. I suppose it’s natural for them to be suspicious of any animal that is so much bigger than they are, but you just can’t get close to them. They see anti-squirrelism everywhere.

Later I also moved to Virginia, and Joe and I got better acquainted. We saw each other at conferences and meetings, and he must have been to my house for dinner a score of times. My wife grumbled that he came empty handed and never reciprocated. I tried to explain to her that there are limits to the entertaining powers of middle-aged bachelors, and that she would be risking her health to set foot in his house. I was always the debtor no matter how often he came to dinner. It was at one of those evenings that I heard another Sobranism I have often trotted out as if it were my own: "In their mating and migratory habits, liberals are indistinguishable from members of the Ku Klux Klan."

It was this light touch, this sparkle that, I believe, lifted Joe's writing from the merely admirable to the genuinely great. I write too, but if I really care about something, I get grimly serious, and the sentences scowl. Not Joe. He cared deeply about things—Lord, how he cared—but he could write about the most awful stuff with sentences that smiled. This was a gift Joe shared with only a very few: men like H. L. Mencken and Mark Twain. I rarely envy a man's writing, but I envied Joe's.

There were swathes of Joe's life, though, that were unknown territory to me. It was not that he kept people out; our interests simply diverged. Joe's devotion to the church, his concern about abortion, his interest in Israel, his veneration of Shakespeare—these things took him in his own directions.

On this last point, though, I remember talking to him about the sonnets. I told him I had been baffled in high school because so many seemed to be love poems addressed to a man. I had asked my English teacher about that, but he gave me some tortured explanation I don't even remember. Not Joe. As always, he went where few would dare. He was among those who doubted the Stratford-on-Avon man could have been the real bard, and he had his own candidate: Edward De Vere, Earl of Oxford—who, he had concluded, was homosexual. When Joe's book on the Shakespeare authorship question, *Alias Shakespeare*, appeared in 1997, he lamented that try as he might, he couldn't get the publisher to use what he thought was a brilliant advertising line: "He's queer. He's here. He's Edward De Vere."

The great turning point in Joe's career, of course, was his quarrel with *National Review* and William F. Buckley, Jr. Joe believed Buckley had sacrificed him for cowardly reasons, and he wrote about it—several times. He wrote in his usual deft way, but there was a sting in his words.

That is why I felt a pang when I started yet another column by Joe about Buckley, in which he wrote he had just learned his former boss had emphysema and that the outlook was bad. I was half expecting Joe's own dulcet version of "serves the bastard right," but to my surprise and everlasting admiration, Joe devoted the column to telling us how fine a man Buckley was. I knew Buckley only from the back of a lecture hall, but Joe's column was a living portrait of generosity and even nobility. That column was, for me, an inspiring expression of Joe's own nobility.

Joe was not always noble, of course, and as his health declined and his circumstances grew straitened this could not help but narrow his perspective. But nothing could keep Joe from being Joe. I had not seen him for some time before he died, but I hear that he kept his courage and dignity to the end, that he died ready—confident that he would meet his Maker. I am confident that I will never meet his like again.

This article was published at VDARE.com on October 1, 2010.

Sam Francis, RIP

SAM WAS AN INSPIRING COLLEAGUE AND

A DEAR FRIEND.

One day in 1986 or 1987 I was sitting in my house in Menlo Park, California, reading an article in a San Francisco newspaper. I had not noticed the author's name when I began to read, but halfway through the article, I said to myself: "This man is brilliant, and he is one of us." I looked up at the by-line, and made a mental note to remember the author's name. It was Samuel Francis.

I began to look elsewhere for the Francis by-line, and soon he and I were in correspondence. I flew to Washington, DC, on business—probably in 1988—and Sam agreed to meet me for dinner. It was the first of countless dinners, meetings, phone calls, conversations, and was the beginning of what became a cherished friendship. This first meeting with Sam was before I had started what became *American Renaissance*, and over the months he strongly urged me to begin publishing. He promised to write for the magazine, and the knowledge that I could rely on at least one first-rate contributor was a source of much encouragement in what could have been an uncertain venture.

It was in those early years of our friendship that I learned that beneath Sam's gruff manner there was a warm-hearted and sensitive man—even a shy man. When I telephoned, he would greet me as if I were a bill collector. "Great to hear from you," was not Sam's style. But he *was* glad to hear from me, and he continued to write for AR and offer invaluable advice.

When, after several years of publishing, I decided to hold a conference for AR readers, Sam was the first person I thought of as a speaker. The 1994 conference—once again, an uncertain undertaking—was a great success thanks, in no small measure, to Sam's willingness to speak. At every AR conference since then, his talk was always one of the best attended and best received. His droll wit, his striking parallels, his arresting metaphors, his impromptu sallies during the question period—no one could both edify and entertain as Sam could, and after the day's proceedings, he was always at the center of a convivial circle late into the night.

Unfortunately, much as Sam's association benefited AR, the reverse was not always true. In fact, his participation at the 1994 conference was at least partly responsible for a sudden shift in his career. From the time I had first

known him, Sam had been both a syndicated columnist and a staff columnist for the *Washington Times*. His position at the *Times* was one of high visibility and considerable influence, and just as many people subscribed to *Chronicles* mainly to read Sam's column, a certain number of readers picked up the *Times* only because he wrote for it.

Sam first got in trouble at the *Times* for a column ridiculing the Baptist Church for a groveling, official apology for slavery. Though the column did not defend slavery, Sam pointed out that nowhere in the Bible is slavery described as a sin, and that the church had no doctrinal reason to apologize for something in which no living Baptist had had a part.

The *Times* gave him a warning, but kept him on. Soon after, however, there was some publicity about his remarks at the 1994 conference. Though Sam himself never got a full explanation for why he was dismissed from the paper, the following words, spoken to the AR audience, appear to have been part of the reason:

The civilization that we as whites created in Europe and America could not have developed apart from the genetic endowments of the creating people, nor is there any reason to believe that the civilization can be successfully transmitted to a different people.

Perhaps today, the *Times* would have overlooked this not-very-shocking, even obvious statement. It has recently brushed aside ideological attacks on its writers in an exemplary manner. Ten years ago, however, this appears to have been too much, and Sam began a career as an independent journalist. If anything, we are probably the better for it, because he was so productive. In addition to his twice-weekly syndicated columns and monthly essays for *Chronicles*, he was editor of *The Citizens' Informer* and book editor of *The Occidental Quarterly*. To this he added a regular stream of books and monographs, numerous speaking engagements, and service on several boards of directors, including that of AR's parent organization, the New Century Foundation.

Of Sam's brilliance and boldness as a thinker and writer there can be no doubt. His articles for AR alone are ample testimony to that. He was undoubtedly the premier philosopher of white racial consciousness of our time, and was an original and provocative writer on a host of subjects, bringing broad historical knowledge and years of reflection to any subject on which he wrote. Sam, indeed, felt he was at the height of his powers. Not long ago I told him I thought I detected in myself the occasional memory lapses and slipped mental cogs of which people over 50 often complain.

Sam sounded surprised. His brain, he said, had never been more agile or more powerful.

Sam could have built an impressive career as a public intellectual or think-tank executive if, like so many, he had been willing to trim his sails and steer between the buoys. This, of course, was not Sam's way, and by writing forcefully about what he knew to be true, moral, and vitally important, he sacrificed prominence and acclaim for the greater reward of doing what he saw to be his duty.

Sam's convictions—so at odds with the pieties of his time—were in contrast to his private demeanor. He did not enjoy sharp disagreement, and had no taste for the shouting contests that pass for political debate. This was why he did not enjoy radio or television appearances, and did not seek them. He could not abide the ignorance and even rudeness he could expect from the hosts of most programs.

Sam was a surprisingly shy man, and never pressed himself on others. At any large gathering he kept to the people he knew best rather than search out new contacts. But, of course, people came to him—attracted by his brilliance, his erudition, and his sometimes savage wit. His gruffness kept some admirers at a distance, but many more learned, as I did, to know Sam's real warmth and charm. He made and kept friends from every period of his life, from Johns Hopkins, the Senate, and among the many people who clustered around the magazines and intellectual movements over which he exerted such a strong influence.

Like so many men of great talent, Sam's attainments were striking even in areas for which he was not well known. For example, he read deeply in literature, both serious and popular. He had an encyclopaedic knowledge of the author H.P. Lovecraft, on whom he wrote several essays. His knowledge of literature made it a pleasure to discuss my own reading with him. Whenever I snatched the time to read a novel by Joseph Conrad or even just a poem by Alexander Pope, Sam always had insightful recollections about the author and the work itself. I was part-way through Dickens's *Dombey and Son* when Sam died, and in a tiny corner of the immense sadness I feel, is the pang of knowing I will never have the pleasure of his commentary on that great novel.

Unlike many people, whose Ph.D. is a labor undertaken for professional purposes and quickly left behind, Sam's historical learning reflected a real joy in knowing the past. He seemed to retain all he had ever learned, and

was an inexhaustible source of insight and information. When, in my desultory way, I might stumble across an obscure but piquant incident from a 19th century British colonial campaign, Sam would know everything about the campaign, why the colonial minister of the time had ordered it, and why the foreign minister opposed it. When I became acquainted with the Greek historian and geographer Strabo, Sam, of course, knew all about him and why he was important.

What a terrible waste that a man of such immense learning and insight should suddenly be struck down! Only a few weeks before he died, Sam had received a grant to write a major critique of American conservatism, and had been clearing away inessential commitments to make time for what would have been, I am sure, his most important book. This book that should have been—like others he would certainly have written—is a loss that can never be made good.

Sam was therefore, for me, both an inspiring professional colleague and a close friend. There was no man who accomplished more for our cause, nor was there one with whom a more agreeable and edifying evening could be spent. Our movement is fortunate to have had him, and I am even more fortunate to have known him in the confidential way I did.

Sam deserved many more years at his chosen place in the vanguard of our movement, laying bare the lies and hypocrisies of our time, and fighting for the people and civilization he loved. Our best tribute to Sam is to do what he would have expected of us: to carry forward with renewed commitment the great work of which he was so important a part.

This article first appeared in the April 2005 issue of American Renaissance.

A NOTE ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jared Taylor was born in Japan, where he lived until age 16. He has a bachelor's degree in philosophy from Yale University and received the *diplôme* in international relations from l'Institut d'Études Politiques de Paris. He has worked as a banker in New York and Tokyo, and as a consultant to American companies doing business in Japan. For three years, he was the West Coast Editor of *PC (Personal Computing) Magazine*.

In 1990, Mr. Taylor founded the monthly magazine *American Renaissance*, which has been described as “a literate, undeceived journal of race, immigration, and the decline of civility.” In January 2012, what had been a print publication moved entirely to the internet at www.AmRen.com.

Mr. Taylor has written for many publications, including the *Wall Street Journal*, *Chicago Tribune*, *Washington Post*, and *National Review*.

He is the father of two daughters and lives in Oakton, Virginia.

Reading Jared Taylor's anthology has made me aware once again of his remarkably graceful prose and of how strenuously he argues against our cultural decadence and the "cancer of egalitarianism." A tribute that he bestowed on Sam Francis would apply to him equally: Like our deceased friend, he has become invaluable in the way he "lays bare the lies and hypocrisies of our time."

—PAUL GOTTFRIED,

former professor of humanities at Elizabethtown College,
and author of *Multiculturalism and the Politics of Guilt*

Jared Taylor's fine collection of essays from the last quarter-century tells the side of the story that *The New York Times* leaves out. If more of our ostrich-like journalists had read these, they would not have been so stunned by Donald Trump's upset presidential victory.

—RON UNZ,

publisher of *The Unz Review*

Most of the race-talk to which we are incessantly subjected consists of attempts to manipulate us intellectually or emotionally. When I came across Jared Taylor's writing on race 18 years ago, I sensed at once something altogether different: the ring of truth, clearly and fairly presented for an audience of adults capable of making up their own minds. He is the perfect antidote to the ubiquitous race propaganda of our time.

—F. ROGER DEVLIN,

author of *Sexual Utopia in Power*,
and Editorial Advisory Board member of *The Occidental Quarterly*.

Jared Taylor is the firebell in the night, to adapt Jefferson's famous phrase, that signals the approaching crisis of the American Union—every bit as much an irrepressible conflict as that which led to the (first) Civil War. Unlike the Civil War, however, this is a crisis entirely created by recent public policy, and of which our elites, resolutely uninformed by Taylor's brilliant work, remain invincibly unaware.

—PETER BRIMELOW,

editor of VDARE.com and author of *Alien Nation*.

There may be no man more responsible for reawakening white identity in the 21st century than Jared Taylor. Unbearable in debate, always readable, he has sacrificed much for our cause. His chrestomathy is a can't-miss for anyone interested in how identity politics will define the 21st century and for all who have a stake in the survival of Western Civilization. If our civilization and people do survive, this collection will be further proof that Taylor will someday be regarded as a hero.

—GREGORY HOOD,

identitarian activist and author of *Waking Up from the American Dream*.

New
Century
Books



\$22.95

Race Relations/
Ethnic Identity

Table of Contents

[Cover](#)

Front Matter

[Half Title](#)

[Series page](#)

[Title page](#)

[Copyright page](#)

[Introduction](#)

[Table of Contents](#)

[1. Basic Principles](#)

[If We Do Nothing](#)

[The Ways of Our People](#)

[Is a Multiracial Nation Possible?](#)

[White Survival: Beyond Conservative and Liberal](#)

[Diversity Destroys Trust](#)

[Pathological Altruism](#)

[What We Owe Our People](#)

[2. History](#)

[The Racial Ideology of Empire](#)

[Brown vs. Board: the Real Story](#)

[Miscegenation at Monticello?](#)

[Africa Since Independence](#)

[3. Current Events](#)

[Hot Times in the Big City](#)

[Thoughts Worse Than Murder](#)

[Africa in Our Midst](#)

[Hard Time](#)

[Open Letter to Eric Holder](#)

[President Obama on Ferguson](#)

[The New York Times Stumbles onto the Truth](#)

[How New Americans Are Made](#)

[Is This the Death of Europe?](#)

[4. A Different Perspective](#)

[A Curious Madness](#)

[The Truth About Tuskegee](#)

[Milking the Dream](#)

[La Raza Eyes the Supreme Court](#)

[Noble Fiction — Or Noxious Poison?](#)

[Transition to Black Rule](#)

[Race and Literature: Why Is It Always Liberal?](#)

[An Open Letter to Conservatives](#)

[The Folly of Women in Combat](#)

[The Rush for the Lifeboats](#)

[5. Speaking Personally.](#)

[Why I Hate the Super Bowl](#)

[The White Magic of Anthony Trollope](#)

[Unsex the Language](#)

[150 Years After Fort Sumter](#)

[Heroic Violence](#)

[Remembering Joe Sobran](#)

[Sam Francis, RIP](#)

[A Note About the Author](#)

[Back Cover](#)